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JULY 25, 1931

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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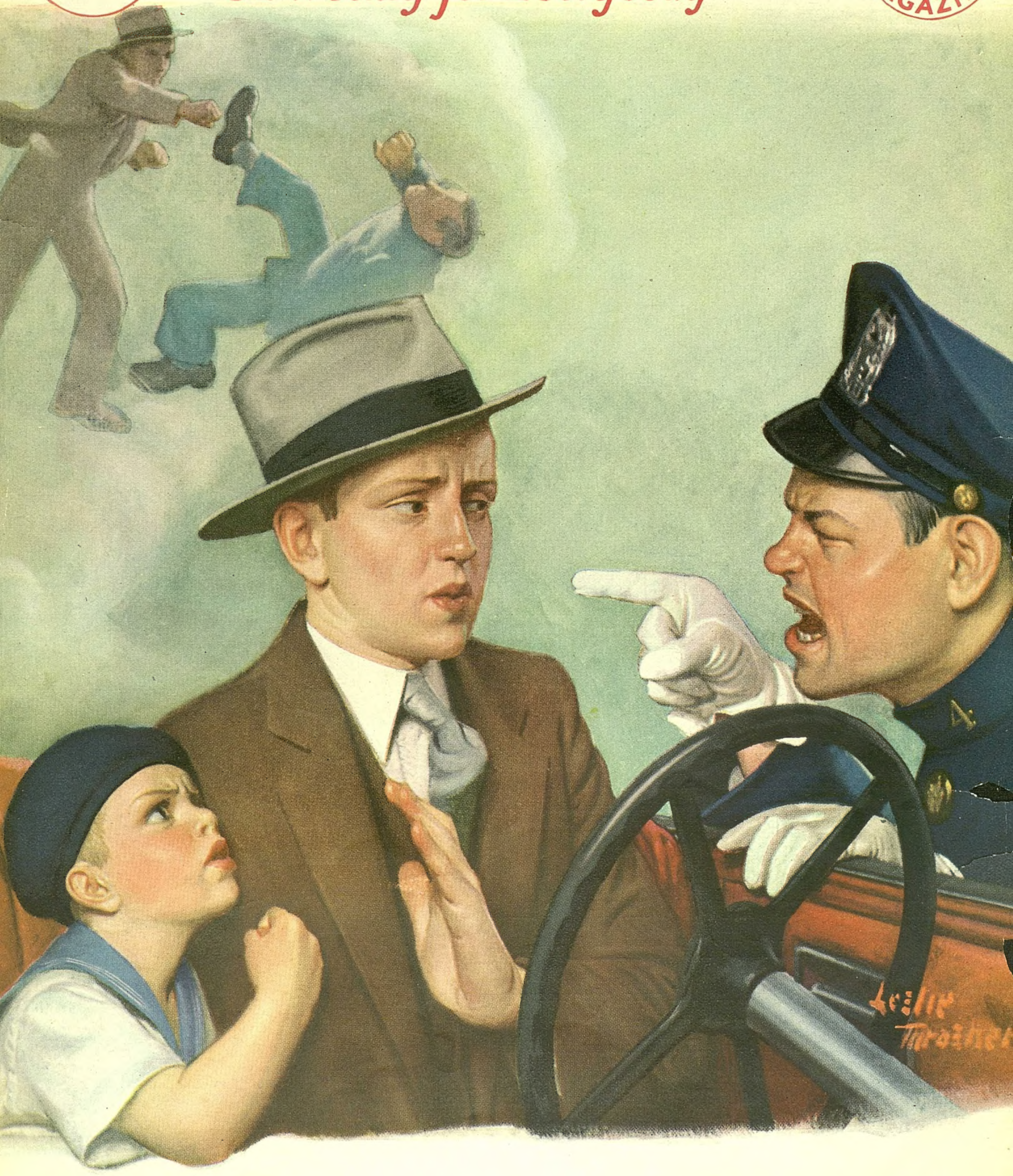
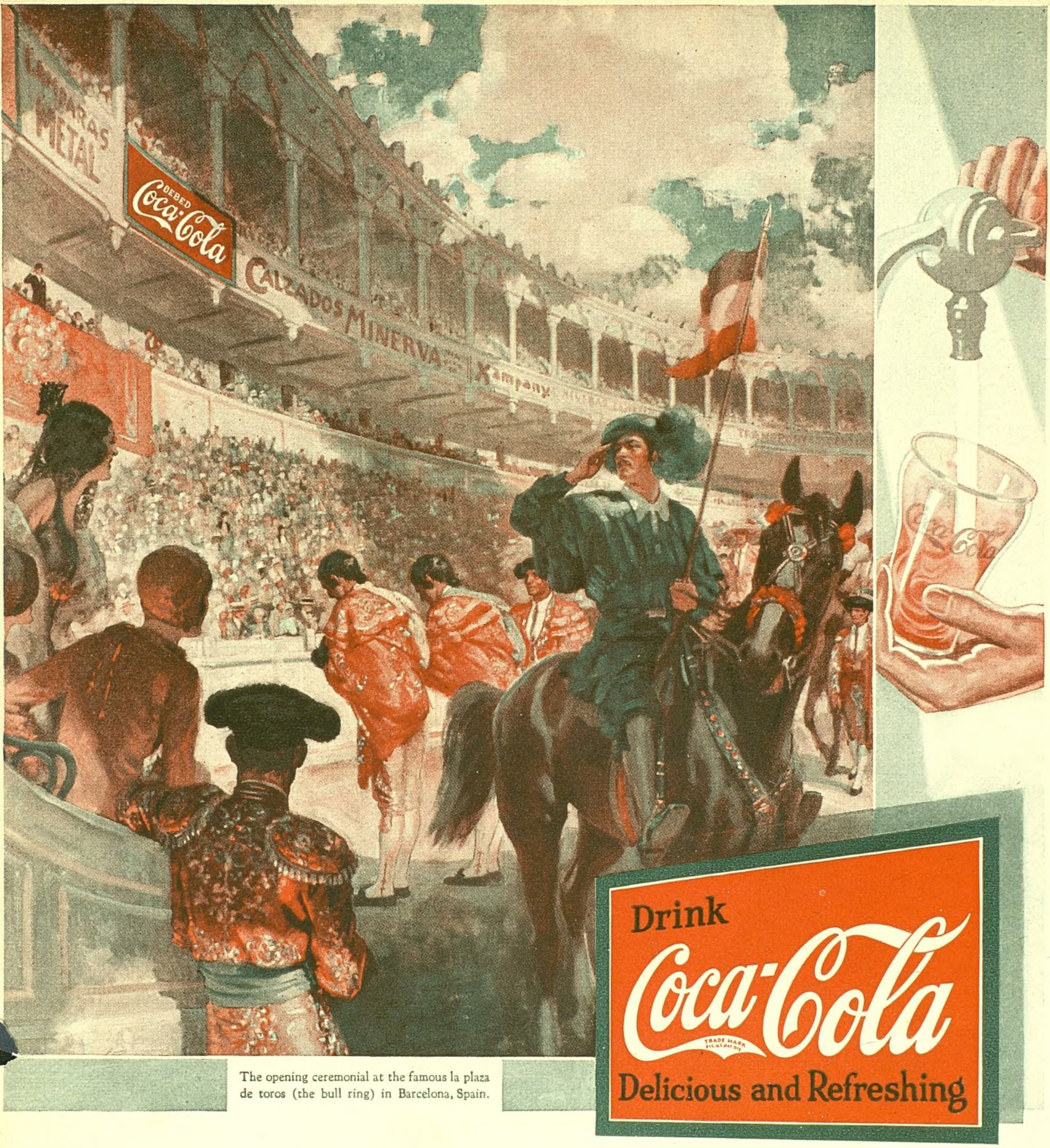


IS FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT Physically Fit to be PRESIDENT?



The opening ceremonial at the famous la plaza de toros (the bull ring) in Barcelona, Spain.

BALL PARK OR BULL RING , , , THE SAME RED SIGN SIGNALS: *Pause and refresh yourself*

It's a long way from an American ball park to a Spanish bull ring. But there's a touch in both which shows the whole world is kin: The same red sign signals and the same great drink brings *the pause that refreshes.* , , , The popularity of Coca-Cola began with sports and recreation. It has followed them around the world—into 76 countries. Naturally, workers have caught the point. A little minute is made long enough for a big rest. In America ice-cold Coca-Cola is ready around the corner from anywhere. A'tingle with delicious taste. Giving a cool after-sense of refreshment. *The pause that refreshes* with this great drink means to come up smiling for what's ahead. Don't miss it. The Coca-Cola Co., Atlanta, Ga.

LISTEN IN
Grantland Rice—Famous
Sports Champions—
—Coca-Cola Orchestra
Wed. 10:30 p. m. Eastern
Daylight Saving Time
— Coast-to-Coast
N. B. C. Network.

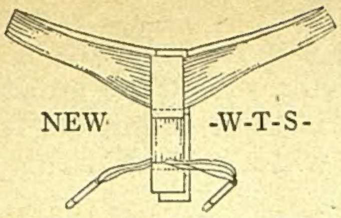
OVER NINE MILLION A DAY , , , IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

ONE WORD SOLVES A DOZEN PROBLEMS

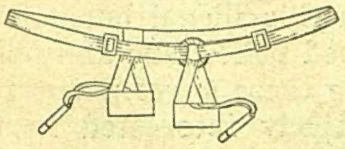
"Naturally it's Hickory!"

A Summer Message by Ruth Stone

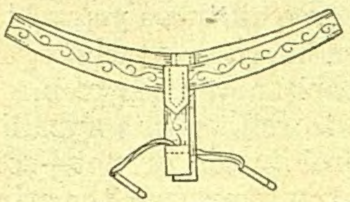
Sketched below are four of the most charming girdles by Hickory that have proven so popular this summer among smartly dressed women. These styled-right, comfortable creations come in a pleasing variety of materials and are perfectly tailored. Ask to see Hickory Girdles in your favorite Notions Department—you will like their fine styling and modest prices.



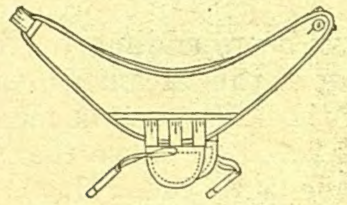
-W-T-S-"Woven to Shape" holds its curve when s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-d. 50c to $1.



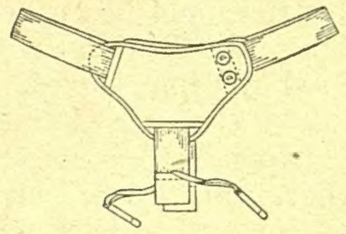
Petite Style, of ⅜ inch Narrow Rayon Elastic; adjustable, with taped-on pins or patent clasps. 50c. Other styles, 25c.



Curveweave Style—"Shaped to fit"—of 1 and 1½ inch Rayon Elastic. Satin trimmed, 25c to $1.



Shaped Shield Style, Button Belt; Sateen Cloth. Waist measure sizes, 50c.



Shield Style Button Belt—Elastic sides and pendant. 35c to $1.

Write to Mrs. Ruth Stone—the well-known Supervisor of Styling for Hickory—about any personal question or your particular needs. Address 1145 Congress Street, Chicago.

Since clinging gowns of sheerest fabrics are the vogue, you will appreciate, more than ever, the wonderful new belt by Hickory—created expressly for today's mode. It is called -W-T-S-, Woven to Shape, illustrated at the top of the column above.

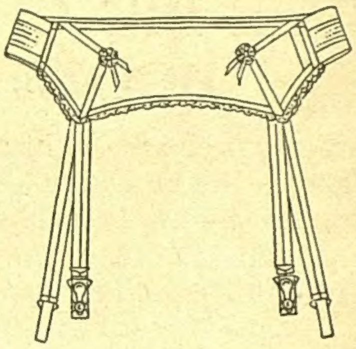
This belt is the only one made that will hold its curve when s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-d. It doesn't just *seem* curved . . . it is woven to shape! That means perfect comfort because of perfect fit—and, what is more important, no tell-tale lines!

While we especially recommend the New -W-T-S-, you will note that you can choose from five delightful models—the particular style that you feel suits you best. Of course, you know that Hickory Belts are scientifically made *by* women *for* women to meet every personal need. Approved and recommended by leading medical authorities. They are always comfortable—always secure—and always dependable. By all means, insist on Hickory—the belt that never binds.

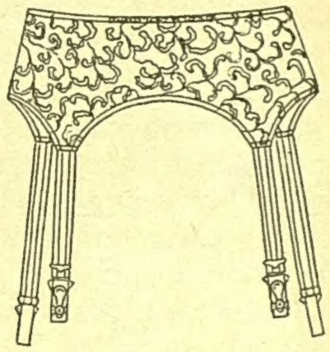
Good Notions Departments also feature these very fine Hickory Personal Necessities: Sanitary Aprons, Bloomers, Step-ins, Shadow Skirts, and Dress Shields.

HICKORY

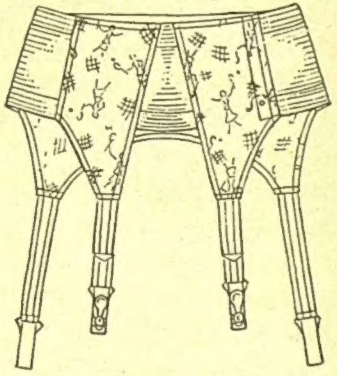
BELTS *and* GIRDLES



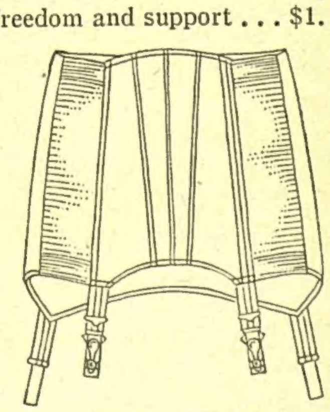
Lace trimmed crepe de Chine panels, rayon elastic inserts and hose supporters. 50c and up.



Beautifully embroidered net over lightweight sateen, rayon elastic at back. 50c and up.



Ideal for sports—Novelty figured rayon cloth panels with elastic inserts—perfect freedom and support . . . $1.



Deep panels, feather boning, live, serviceable elastic inserts and hose supporters. $1 and up.

A. STEIN & COMPANY *CHICAGO NEW YORK LOS ANGELES TORONTO*

Other Hickory Girdles at 50c to $5.

JULY 25, 1931

Liberty

VOL. 8 No. 30

A Weekly for Everybody

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☞ **Address all communications to 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.**

> ***"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."***
> ***—Abraham Lincoln.***

THE BIG CHIEF OF THE BOOZE GANG

At last we can see light ahead!

Capone, the gangster—the mighty hero of the bootlegging tribe—has been laid low.

As long as the man who is known everywhere as the leader of this criminal trade was allowed to freely continue his activities, but little respect could be given to law-enforcement officials. As long as he was allowed to live in luxury and to continue his business unmolested, just so long did we naturally suppose that the arm of the law was unable to cope with him.

He was too strong—had too much influence.

And now that he has pleaded guilty to the various crimes with which he is charged, it is stated that the evidence against him includes offenses against the dry law over a ten-year period, and that he is charged with evading his income taxes since the year 1924.

The average citizen will naturally wonder why Capone was not arrested when he first began his activities. When he failed to pay his income tax in 1924, why was he not called to account at that time? When he committed offenses against the prohibition laws nine or ten years ago, why were they ignored? It would hardly be reasonable to suppose that all the evidence of all these offenses has just been secured. It has probably been on file for years. We naturally wonder why the officials were inactive.

But, disregarding this phase of the unpleasant situation, we can all breathe a sigh of relief. After all, there is law in the land; there are officials who are apparently ready to enforce it.

Capone, the leader, has been arrested. He has been sentenced to imprisonment. Just how much punishment this will represent to him will be answered as his sentence progresses.

Government officials are apparently starting at the top. Some of our cynical citizens are wondering if Capone has simply been made a martyr by his associates, or if the government really intends to go after prohibition violators. If such is their intention, they have made a good start and we will all watch with deep interest their future activities.

There are many miniature Capones—thousands upon thousands of them. They have become millionaires and multimillionaires in this illegal business of selling booze. They have bribed politicians and police officials, and in some instances these government representatives have become actively interested in the associated financial rewards.

The arrest of Capone may stifle the hue and cry that has been heard throughout the land. "Why has such a lawbreaker been allowed to go free all these years?" is the natural query that has been heard everywhere, and a satisfactory answer will probably never be given.

But whatever may be done to relieve this appalling situation—whether we have prohibition or not—some action of some sort should be taken to prevent the criminal element of our country from amassing millions upon millions of dollars which they use to support and promote the underworld.

Crime and criminals have been adding to their powers day by day. The arrest of this infamous leader may call a halt; the balance of the scales may be moving in the other direction; but it will take more than the temporary elimination of Capone to bring back the respect for law that has been slowly disappearing in this country within the last decade. As long as the prohibition law is on the statute books it should be enforced, and if nothing else can be done, the leaders in this criminal trade should be arrested and imprisoned.

The government has started by striking at the top in Chicago. We are all waiting to see similar activity in every large city. Is the federal government strong enough to cope with the corruption and bribery which support this vicious trade with millions upon millions to spend? They can buy anything they want.

Money is a vast power for good or for evil, and when it is serving a vicious purpose we should at least make every possible endeavor somehow to stop the tide of riches which flows from this illegal trade. If we must have prohibition, let us at least find some way of diverting the enormous wealth that these law violators are accumulating.

Why not take their profit away from them? Now, while we are crying to the housetops because of heavy taxes, some of the huge illegal gains brought in by bootlegging might be used for this purpose. If they cannot be secured in any other way, make the income tax of every man in this business 100% of his profits. If the government could collect such a tax it would probably amount to a billion or more dollars every year.

At least we can now be hopeful. This evidence of activity on the part of our officials will give us more confidence in our law-enforcement division.

IN THIS ISSUE

Is Franklin D. Roosevelt Physically Fit to Be President? .... EARLE LOOKER 6
Roots—*A story* .... KONRAD BERCOVICI 11
Rollicking Reno .... CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR. 20
An intimate view of the land of the free
Making Love in the Talkies—*Movie reviews* FREDERICK JAMES SMITH 26
Three Million Per Cent—*A story* .... JAMES HOPPER 28
To the Ladies! .... PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN 32
A Masseuse Looks at the Stars—*Part IV* SYLVIA OF HOLLYWOOD 34
Pirates and the Rum Patrol .. FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER 42
The Real McCoy and his men face death at sea
Into Mine Hands—*A short short story* .. GRANVILLE FORTESCUE 47
The Peril at End House—*Part VII* ..... AGATHA CHRISTIE 51
Love Letters of an Interior Decorator .... BERT GREEN 57
$500 a Week for Limericks—*Some winners and another offer* .. 59
Show Girl in Society—*Part IX* .... J. P. McEVOY 60
Editorial (p. 4); Twenty Questions (19); Vox Pop (40-41); Bright Sayings of Children (46); Cross Word Puzzles (48-49); For the Love o' Lil (50) Cover by Leslie Thrasher

58 agencies . . 92 advertisers

Place $1,521,677 in *NEW* Liberty *Orders*

Within 60 days of April 1, 1931

The spring of the year is not popular for list making. The spring of 1931 was not popular for planning expenditures. Yet 92 boards of directors approved an expenditure of $1,521,677 in Liberty —within 60 days of Liberty's newly announced plans for mechanical improvements with continued low rate.

It is reasonable to suppose that these orders are more than a gesture of confidence in the new plans. Expressions of faith in the management's new business policies have been widespread; but faith can butter no 1931 advertiser's bread. Letters of encouragement have followed the announcement that Liberty will continue to publish the best authors and illustrators, with the tenets of good taste ever paramount; yet encouraging opinions cannot justify an expenditure of $1,521,677 to 92 hard-bitten boards of directors.

These advertisers and their agencies may be buying futures—but they're primarily investing in a magazine that pays record *result* dividends NOW. They may be counting on a ground floor entry to a coming advertising medium—but they're spending this year's money in the magazine asked for by more READERS *today* than any other magazine in the world. They may feel that they can soundly lay the foundations for a new campaign of cumulative effect—but they're buying more circulation in the money centers of 25,000 population and over, this week and the next, and the next, than they can buy through any other magazine in America.

New 1932 paper stock, reinstated color opportunities, greater editorial strength than ever before, make Liberty the cynosure of all far-seeing eyes. But Liberty's every-member-of-the-family coverage at *one-half to two-thirds* the rate-per-page-per-thousand of other leading magazines makes Liberty a 1931 bet that can't be overlooked by advertisers fighting the battle for 1931 profits.

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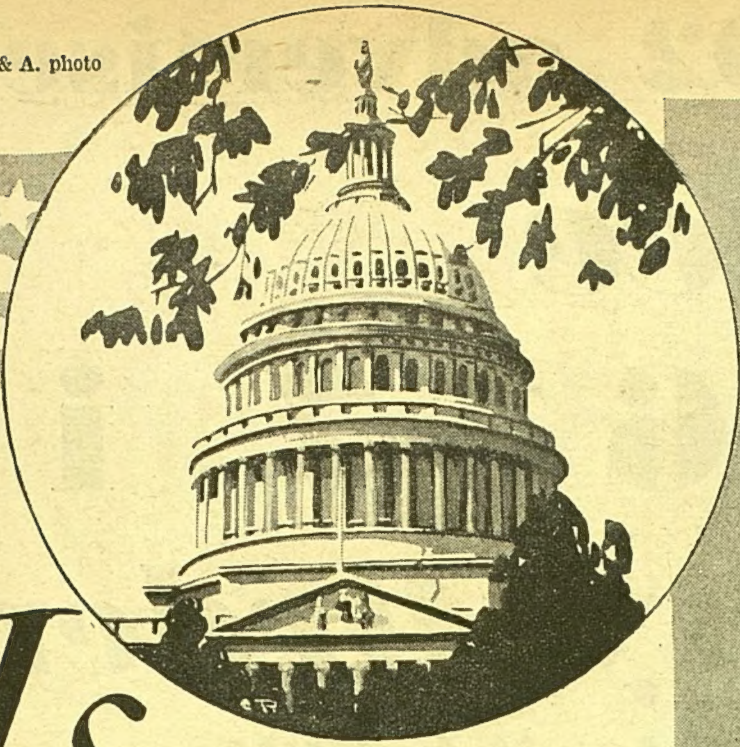


Is Franklin D. Roosevelt

By EARLE LOOKER

(Reading time: 21 minutes 12 seconds.)

IT is an amazing possibility that the next President of the United States may be a cripple. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Governor of the State of New York, was crippled by infantile paralysis in the epidemic of 1921 and still walks with the help of a crutch and a walking stick. Yet by all the political signs he will emerge as the Democratic nominee.

If there were only a small possibility of Roosevelt securing the nomination at the Democratic National Convention, it would seem more decent not to let the subject get into print; but at the present moment he is the four-to-one preference of the Democratic politicians who will select their candidate, and a two-to-one preference among Democratic business and professional people so far polled.

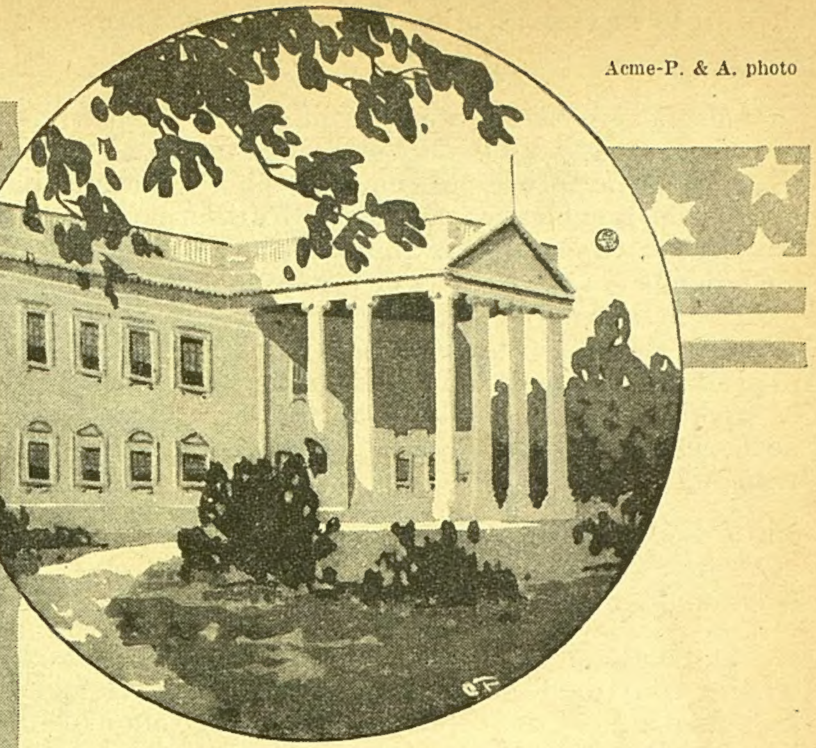
An average of one thousand editorials or editorial comments each week, published in newspapers for or against him throughout the country, testifies to the actuality of the national interest.

The political elimination of other able men who have been suggested for the nomination—apparently because of special ability in their own fields of endeavor—and the poor caliber of the "also running" have contributed to the strengthening of the Roosevelt boom. His amazing political luck, making him seem "Franklin the Fortunate" to the practical politicians who will select the candidate, has increased the impression—despite the virulence of the attacks being prepared against him through assaults on Tammany, the regular Democratic organization of New York City—that he will undoubtedly emerge as the Democratic nominee for President.

A sound mind in a sound body has more and more come to be a requirement for the Presidency. This is outside the legal requirements, but two recent breakdowns in office, those of Woodrow Wilson and Warren G. Harding—to mention merely the latest Democratic and Republican Presidents who were unable to stand the burdens and responsibilities of their office—very pertinently raise the question whether or not Franklin Roosevelt is fit to be President.

Rumors from places widespread upon the map of the United States have been for some time questioning his physical fitness.

Perhaps it was because the possibility of his nomination turned into a probability that in the last week of April these undercover whispers rose up in the first outspoken public raising of the question. At a meeting of the National Women's Democratic Law Enforcement League a speaker was nationally reported to have said, "This candidate, while [illegible] qualified for the Presi-



Acme-P. & A. photo

GOVERNOR and Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, from recent photographs.

A Man to Man Answer to a Nation-Wide Challenge

Physically Fit *to be* PRESIDENT?

dency, *is utterly unfit physically. . . .*" The statement, whether true or false, was not contradicted by Franklin Roosevelt.

But long before this, by a letter addressed directly and personally to the governor, I had challenged him with regard to his physical condition as follows:

281 Elm Street,
Northampton, Mass.
February 23, 1931.

MY DEAR GOVERNOR:

The proposal I am about to make may at first seem more like a challenge; but either as a proposal or a challenge it will have to be met if, as seems inevitable, your name is mentioned as the nominee of the Democratic Party for President of the United States.

I refer to the propaganda that will be set in motion to convince the voters that even though you have recovered from your attack of infantile paralysis, the strain of the Presidency will be such as seriously to raise the question as to whether or not you are physically fit to be President.

As a Republican and, as you know, an ardent admirer of the aggressively strenuous tradition of the Roosevelt name, I am writing to ask that you make a frank avowal as to whether or not, in the event of your nomination, you are sufficiently recovered to assure your supporters that you could stand the strain of the Presidency.

Believe me, my dear Governor, with great respect,

Most sincerely,
EARLE LOOKER.

Hon. Franklin D. Roosevelt,
The Executive Mansion,
Albany, New York.

I awaited his answer, if any, with considerable interest. It came.

State of New York
Executive Chamber
Albany

February 28, 1931.

MY DEAR MR. LOOKER:

This is to acknowledge your letter of February twenty-third.

Of course no statement from me as to my physical fitness

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

IS FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT PHYSICALLY FIT TO BE PRESIDENT?
Continued from page seven

should really be acceptable to you. Your question, however, is very distinctly a personal challenge to me, no matter what my present or future position as a public servant may be—even in the humblest of positions. Furthermore, not being in any sense a candidate for any other public office, it is equally a challenge to any business or professional work which I may assume on leaving Albany.

Being assured of your integrity, I am therefore prepared to permit you to make an investigation of my physical fitness, to give you every facility for thoroughly making it, and authority for you to publish its results without censorship from me.

Very sincerely yours,
FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT.

Earle Looker, Esq.,
281 Elm Street,
Northampton, Mass.

The challenge had been caught and thrown back to me within four days, despite the fact that my letter to him had been almost brutal in its tone. The tenor of his reply was startling; it was so apparently without reserve.

I lost no time in arranging for my first interview with Franklin Roosevelt at the Executive Mansion in Albany.

Arriving there, I was ushered into a room to the left of the entrance, furnished with good taste and containing ample evidences of the interests of the owner. These were mostly nautical. Upon the walls there were old prints exemplifying the traditions of the American navy.

Perhaps it was the nautical spirit of the room which for a moment caused me mentally to compare the motionless governor with a ship's figurehead, magnificently dimensioned from the waist up. Most unexpected was his width of shoulder and Dempsey-like development of chest, with muscled athlete's wrists and great vigorous hands gripping the arms of his chair. He seemed larger all around than the usually accepted scale of life size. He carried a head in proportion. His forehead was broad and high, his eyes wide-spaced and blue, his nose straight, and his lips firm. This face was undeniably fine. I saw now that the tan upon it had contributed to my first impression of a resemblance to a figurehead, for the texture of his skin suggested that it had been long exposed to the glare of the sun and the stinging of salt spray.

Acme-P. & A. photo

Dr. L. R. Williams, who selected the medical experts who examined Governor Roosevelt.

Franklin Roosevelt went directly to the point. Yes, he was unreservedly willing that this proposed physical investigation be made. And he was fully aware we should need medical counsel. Further, he himself suggested an all-important question.

"DO you realize," he said, "that this is infantile paralysis, and, if you are really going to make as thorough an investigation as is called for—the kind of investigation I am now challenging you to make—that while I only gave you permission to look into my physical condition, such paralysis is generally understood either to affect the brain, or to be caused by a brain condition?"

"But, governor," I protested, "I am not questioning your mental fitness as a result of infantile paralysis, because I understand that the disease is not connected with the brain.

"You're quite right," he answered, "but this fact is not generally understood, and in fairness to myself as well as to all the others who have been touched by it, you must not only make this clear but use my own case as proof."

I agreed, seeing that Roosevelt himself had broadened the scope of my investigation.

"Governor," I asked him, "do you want to be President of the United States?"

"Do I understand," he countered, "that as a Republican you are making a political thrust, with the thought that any admissions I might make will be used against me and against my party?"

"It would be well," I said, "for you to consider the question in just that spirit."

The governor threw his head back and laughed.

"It is necessary for me," he said with great seriousness, "just as it is for the several others who are being suggested for the Democratic nomination, to answer that question not only as if you were a microphone broadcasting to a very considerable number of people listening, but also to give you and them the absolute truth. So I say this: Personally, from my years in Washington and as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, I know a great deal about the responsibilities and the burdens of the Presidency; no man who understands them as I do could look forward with any intense personal desire to assuming those burdens and responsibilities.

"Ask some of the older men about the state Capitol here in Albany—men who have seen governors come and go—ask them if they'd personally like to have the job as governor. Every one of them would say decisively and with feeling, 'No!' Was I personally anxious to be governor? I was not! But I accepted that nomination in order to accept an opportunity for service. You must understand I have to use the old words, and that one particularly—'service'—because no other word exactly fits.

"I feel the same way about the Presidency. That's all there is to it. Anyone could have a great deal to say in amplification of that, but that's the complete net of it."

"MR. ROOSEVELT," I said, "if you became the leading choice of the Democratic Convention and it was then a question of your personal decision, would you sacrifice your personal desires?"

Roosevelt's answer was so quick that he fairly snapped out the words: "The opportunity for service that the Presidency affords has not honestly been considered a personal sacrifice by anyone I have ever known or heard of who has had that opportunity, despite its tremendous difficulty and its great responsibility. You have as complete and as fair an answer as I can ever give anyone."

Momentarily the silence was tense. But at this instant Mrs. Roosevelt entered the room. Her interruption, she explained, was caused by an official visitor it was necessary for the governor to see personally. I excused myself and went out into the rococo hall, where Mrs. Roosevelt joined me.

As the daughter of Elliott Roosevelt, T. R.'s brother, Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt possesses the Roosevelt brow and nose, the quick smile and the occasional burst of real Rooseveltian laughter. She is politically minded, a family trait.

This tall, competent lady was now regarding me seriously. Really, she was silently questioning me as to my interview with her husband. Obviously, it was also her business.

"Mrs. Roosevelt," I said, "you know that my letter to the governor was dictated by the fact that there are a great many people concerned about the possibility of his becoming President because of the toll the office has taken among men who seemed fit when they were elected and then were broken down by the burden. The fact that Governor Roosevelt is allowing the most thorough examination to be made must indicate that he has some basis for believing that he can stand the strain."

Mrs. Roosevelt neither smiled nor frowned. As if repeating for the thousandth time a conclusion to which she had come after long and earnest thought, she said: "If the paralysis couldn't kill him, the Presidency won't."

This was the question which was now to be answered in so far as was humanly possible.

If Franklin Roosevelt was human, it would be natural for him to be on his guard with me as one of the opposition. To offset what he might easily have believed were my preconceptions regarding him it would be natural for him to act his best part before me. The risk, therefore, of getting a false impression of him from regular interviews was too dangerous.

The official visitor had gone. Returning to the governor, I said to him, "Interviewing you and observing you in the usual way will not be altogether satisfactory. I realize that you are in the difficult position of Irvin Cobb's famous goldfish, so I can't be satisfied just to press my nose against the glass bowl and watch you swim around."

His blue eyes looked directly into mine. "Come on in," he said, "the water's fine!"

"Thank you," I replied. "But no, thank you, if you mean just for a swim or two."

"No?" he said. "Then, when you come swimming, don't come at specified times, don't come by special invitation, but splash around as frequently and as long as you desire. I will suffer you to come and go as you please."

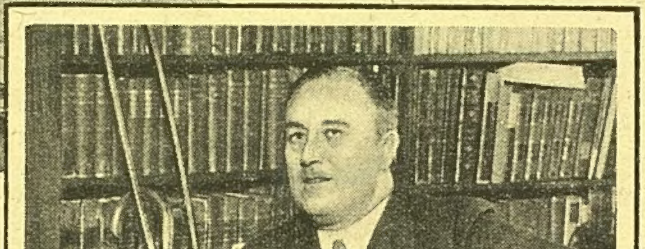
"Shall I be free to come and to go wherever you happen to be for the next many months—everywhere I may judge to be helpful to a full investigation?"

"Suits me!" the governor said without hesitation.

Almost immediately that evening I had a most unusual opportunity to observe him. In the meantime as we had been talking we had been interrupted at least five times by telephone calls for the governor. Our talk had therefore been catch as catch can.

Acme photos

Governor Roosevelt on the bank of the outdoor pool at Warm Springs, Georgia.



This picture of Governor Roosevelt shows the leg braces that he says he forgets when he takes them off and "most of the time, anyway."

As he pushed the telephone aside for the last time, I said, "Well, I suppose your business is ended for the day?"

He grinned. "I am going to rest now," he said, "for about two hours, if I can get it, and then more work."

"It is about quarter past eight now," I said. "You don't mean to tell me that you'll rest until quarter past or half past ten, and then work again?"

"I'll work," he said, "until I have finished what there is for me to do. That will probably be about one o'clock tomorrow morning. I'm going to rest now because I should have a clear mind about the work I'm doing tonight. Pardons and commutations won't wait. They affect the lives of the many people involved more closely than do many other decisions of a governor. The decisions for and against must be made as immediately as possible, because it takes a long time for the investigation of each case prepared for my action and, after I take it, time elapses before my decision can be put into effect.

"In the meantime, no matter what the rights or wrongs of the case, there is suffering—as, for example, on the part of women and children never mentioned in the records of the case, persons who may be quite innocently involved—"

"No one," I said, "would quarrel with your working on such decisions tonight."

"If you knew the character of these cases," he said, "which are usually unknown outside the Parole Board, you would rest, if you could get the chance, before tackling them, but you certainly wouldn't delay them. I have a case tonight— But, first, we're all going up to the third floor to see a movie. I believe it's Outward Bound tonight."

On the third floor of the Executive Mansion is a hall perhaps thirty feet square, which has been arranged as a private motion-picture theater.

As we settled in our seats and the lights were switched off, someone in the darkness close to the governor asked him a question about a state appointment. More sharply than I had yet heard him speak, he said, "Yes, I know exactly what I'm going to do about that. But this is the evening before, isn't it? I'm not considering that now, or anything else but Outward Bound—whatever that is."

Evidently he was trying to clear his mind of all business for these two hours before him. As I watched him in the gray light reflected back from the screen, his face relaxed and seemed to soften. That his mind entered wholly into the spirit of the play was obvious.

At the end of the film, as the lights were switched on, there was a long pause before the illusion was entirely broken by enthusiastic comments on the picture.

"Now I must get to those pardons," the governor said in a businesslike voice. "But as we were interrupted so many times by the telephone, should I not give you ten more minutes tonight?"

Since it was the first and most important question, I returned to his physical condition. "Governor," I said, "since you are willing to have a thorough examination and have, yourself, widened its scope, may I suggest that I go to the director of the New York Academy of Medicine and request him to form an experts' committee to act as my counsel? Let him suggest a medical man, an orthopedist, and a neurologist. This will give us a report on your general health, the bone condition, and the brain condition. Certainly nothing could be fairer to you and nothing could be more authoritative for the public. The manner in which these specialists will be chosen will absolutely insure an unprejudiced report and one that will be accepted by everyone in and out of the medical profession."

"I entirely agree," the governor said. "You may arrange just that; and since I am the subject—or the victim—of the examination I will write a letter giving the specific authority for those specialists to do their worst."

It seemed only fair before the actual examination to get Franklin Roosevelt's own idea of his physical fitness to perform executive functions.

With thousands of my fellow countrymen, I knew that bathing at Warm Springs, Georgia, where the governor spends an annual vacation, had worked something of a miracle for him in restoring his legs to some use. But now I learned that it was *swimming* in the blood-warm waters of these Georgia springs and not their medicinal properties that was really responsible for his remarkable improvement.

"I go in three times a day," he said, "and I stay in about two hours each time. Six hours daily out of twenty-four given up to swimming, for a period of several weeks, is giving me back the use of my legs."

"You were always a fine swimmer, I have heard," I said, "and it must have pleased you immensely to find your favorite form of exercise coming to your aid in your helpless condition."

"Yes," he replied. "At first I doubted whether I'd

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

IS FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT PHYSICALLY FIT TO BE PRESIDENT?

Continued from page nine

be able to swim at all. But the thing worked out well. You see, the buoyancy of the water removed the weight of my body from my legs. In the beginning I swam with my arms almost entirely, but now I can use my legs as well. Recent scientific investigation has proven that exercise taken while swimming in tepid water will restore nerve force to paralyzed limbs. Surely I am an example of it.”

“ I notice you are not wearing your leg braces now,” I remarked.

“ Oh, the braces,” he replied. “ I forget them when I take them off. I forget them most of the time anyway. I wear them all day at the office.”

NEXT WEEK—

CHURCH STATE and SEX

By

Benito MUSSOLINI

“ They give you the opportunity to move about your office as you wish, I suppose? ”

“ I don't move about my office,” he answered. “ But I can and do move about the state. I don't see any particular advantage in moving about my office, do you? How many times do you wander about your own office, or writing room, when you are supposed to be working? ”

“ Not often,” I answered.

“ Don't you ever get the fidgets? ” the governor asked.

“ Yes, of course,” I replied. “ I get up and stretch, look out the windows into the garden—”

“ Well,” laughed Franklin Roosevelt, “ I don't move from my desk all the time I am in my office. Do you remember the tale that Dumas had to be locked up in his workroom in order to make him finish his play, Bonaparte? And wasn't there some other French writer who had his valet chain and padlock his ankle to his writing table at a certain hour each morning, so that he could not get away and was forced to work, whether he wished or not? ”

I had to admit that I had heard these legends.

“ Isn't it better,” the governor asked, “ if you have a big job to do, to be held to that job and not to be able to waste time indulging in fidgets? I'll say this: Staying at my desk does not make my work any more difficult, and it certainly does not waste time.”

Franklin Roosevelt saw advantages to his work in his physical disability. Certainly it was a philosophic way for him to look at it, and the “ out ” from his point of view, but judgment of the evidence must be reserved for future opportunity to observe him independently. The functions of governor of a great state are not to be compared exactly to those of an ordinary administrative or business executive. He must not be a bureaucrat, drawing information to himself only in the form of complicated and perhaps misleading reports; he must be able to see some of the action himself and look upon the evidence, in some cases, at first hand; he must be able to form his own judgment independently of official and political influence.

No, the question of the effect of his immobility upon his capacity was not at all proved.

FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT'S personal charm, of which I had heard so often as a political asset, was undeniable. He was a gentleman in the sense in which we use the term in democratic America. He had stood for the questions I had to ask with an evenness of temper that showed a well disciplined mind.

Nevertheless, the experts' examination would have to be cold and dispassionate; my personal observation would have to be continued under every possible condition, favorable as well as unfavorable to Franklin Roosevelt.

This was the net of my plan of investigation, but by no means a fair outline of it. An independent lay estimate was required of the possible strains to which Franklin Roosevelt might be subjected, together with comment upon his probable ability to withstand them as indicated along lines suggested by details of the physicians' reports. These details were to be disclosed to me, but not to Franklin Roosevelt. Observation and report were essential upon these personal traits of character which could not but be connected with Franklin Roosevelt's physical condition, whatever that was found to be.

ON April 29, 1931, the three specialists selected for me by Dr. Linsly R. Williams, director of the New York Academy of Medicine, went to the governor's town house in New York City to examine him. I was also in the house, but of course I did not witness the actual examination.

The door of the governor's room was closed for an hour and a half while the medical committee put him through his physical and mental paces. Waiting, I wondered again and again what would be the final verdict. And I realized that a good many millions of my countrymen were entitled to hear it, too.

I asked for the truth the moment I entered the governor's room, just after the conclusion of the examination. The specialists refused quite bluntly to give me their answer, on the grounds that while each had made his examination, none of them was prepared to report without due consideration and time to check up on details. Moreover, they had not consulted.

Franklin Roosevelt grinned at me. The specialists smiled. The governor was as ignorant of the result as I was. The three specialists might already have formed their separate opinions—but they would not reveal them yet, even to each other, until each was absolutely sure.

But my own lay decision had been reached after some weeks of investigation and observation. I had interviewed forty-three disinterested persons in Albany and in New York who had observed the governor; the total of their report was that he seemed to be more physically able now than he had been four years before. Personally, I had watched him working and resting. I had noted the alertness of his movements, the sparkle of his eyes, the vigor of his gestures. I had seen his strength under the strain of long working periods. In so far as I had observed him, I had come to the conclusion that he seemed able to take more punishment than many men ten years younger. Merely his legs were not much good to him. But my own conclusion was only a generalization. I did not possess scientific facts.

“ When will I know? ” I asked the doctors that day.

“ You'll hear,” I was told, “ when the facts have all been checked—”

“ And then checked again,” was added.

The doctors looked at their watches and departed. I bowed to the governor and followed. I had nothing!

In the late afternoon of that same day, before I returned to Northampton, a telegram from New York was delivered at my home. It read as follows:

EARLE LOOKER 281 ELM STREET NORTHAMPTON MASS

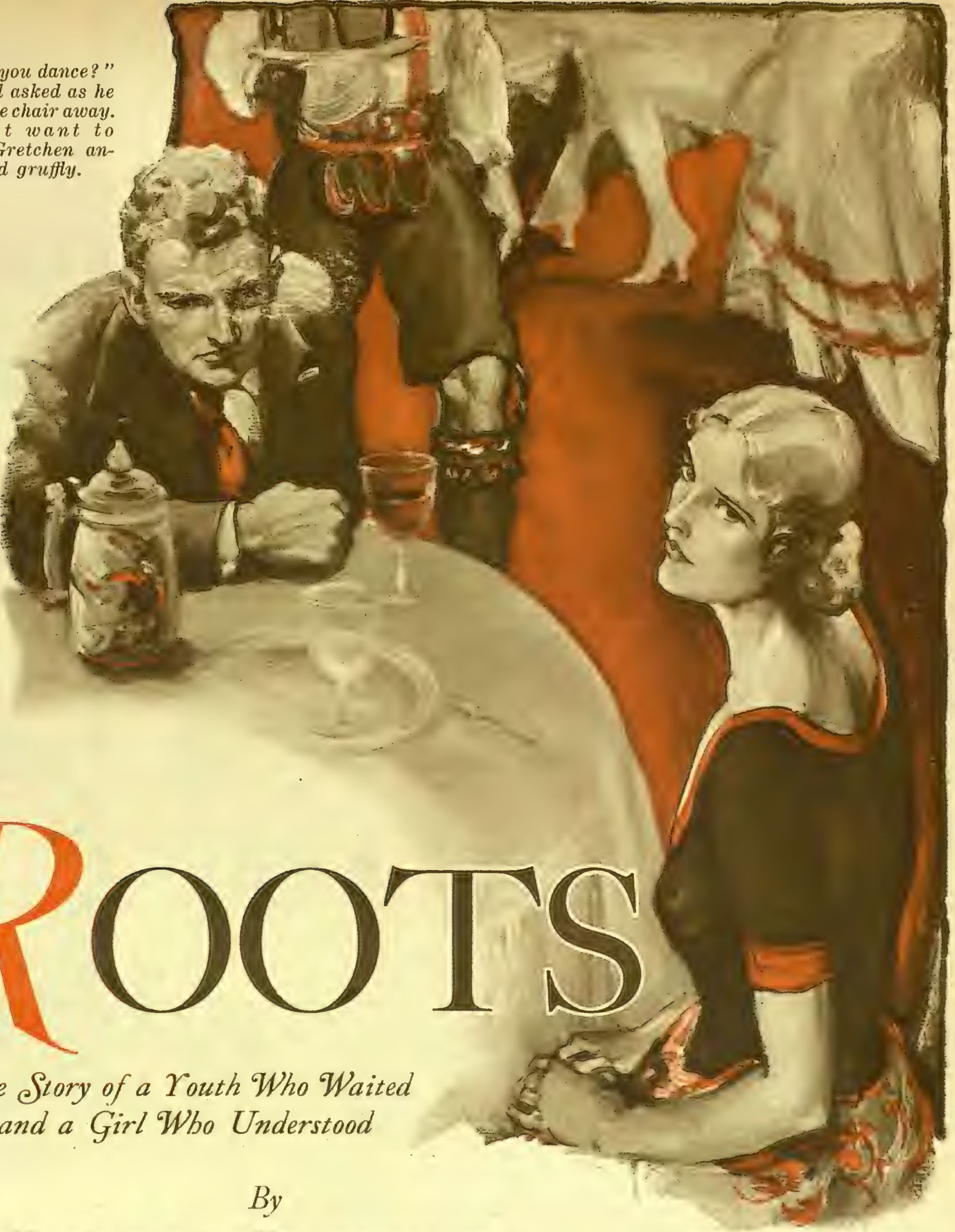
WE HAVE TODAY CAREFULLY EXAMINED GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT WE BELIEVE THAT HIS HEALTH AND POWERS OF ENDURANCE ARE SUCH AS TO ALLOW HIM TO MEET ANY DEMAND OF PRIVATE AND PUBLIC LIFE

SAMUEL W LAMBERT MD RUSSELL A HIBBS MD FOSTER KENNEDY MD

So, from the specialists' examination, as well as from my own observation, I am able to say unhesitatingly that every rumor of Franklin Roosevelt's physical incapacity can be unqualifiedly defined as false.

In fairness, then, to Franklin Roosevelt, let it be said that, whether his traits of character indicate his fitness or his unfitness for the Presidency, *he is physically fit.*

THE END



"WILL you dance?" Carl asked as he pushed the chair away. "I don't want to dance," Gretchen answered gruffly.

ROOTS

The Story of a Youth Who Waited and a Girl Who Understood

By

KONRAD BERCOVICI

Pictures by DELOS PALMER

(Reading time: 33 minutes 5 seconds.)

THE glittering spires rising over the tall buildings encircle the peaceful German Quarter of Yorkville, in the center of New York. The names in the windows of the shops, the toy-house façades of the brownstone buildings, the people on the streets, the men with little feathers in the bands of their round little hats, and the women with their flaxen hair in thick knots on the napes of their necks, make it easy to forget that one is in New York, within sound of the foghorns of the boats on the East River, the rumbling of the elevated trains, and the rush and surge of a wave of spluttering humanity that has not yet found its haven of rest.

Papa Stengler, the red-bearded violin repairer, had lived on the East Side in Eighty-sixth Street ever since he had come to this country, some twenty years ago. The neighborhood had remained almost unchanged in these years. The Lutheran church was still around the corner. Fried the baker and Henckler the butcher still did business in the shops he had found them in when he first came here. Senft, the saddle maker, who was also the leader of the Männerchor (singing society), had moved once, a few streets below; but he had returned rapidly from his excursion.

Evenings, after Papa Stengler had rolled down the sleeves over his freckled, hairy arms, taken off his leather apron, hung his tools back on the nails on the wall, and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

ROOTS
Continued from page eleven

had cleaned up his workbench of the little sawdust that had accumulated on it, he could imagine himself back home, on the Nuremberger Strasse in München, waiting for his friends. The rush, the whirl, the noise, and the general hurry of the outside world had not penetrated into his shop, into his soul.

Fried, Henckler, and Senft were only too eager to drop in on Anton, after his working hours, to acquaint him with the latest news or to sing together one of the old, rollicking Bavarian songs they loved so well.

Sometimes the Quartet, as the four friends were known to Eighty-sixth Street, gathered at Klein's shop to drink innocent apple cider. Occasionally the owner's two daughters, well set, blue-eyed, brown-haired girls, in Bavarian peasant costumes, serving amber-colored apple juice from brown earthen pitchers, joined their lusty voices to those of the guests. Both Bertha and Elsa loved to sing while walking between the tables and the counter over which presided their velvet-vested, fat, puffy, good-natured, half-sleepy father.

Singing was not Anton Stengler's only joy in life. When he held a good violin in his hands, he was happy. The most famous concertists brought their violins to Papa Stengler for repair. The finer they were, the older they were, the more trouble they gave.

Some of these instruments did not like the warm climate and some of them could not stand a rigorous winter. Some fiddles took a sudden dislike to their old masters and others found it difficult to adjust themselves to their new ones. When a violinist returned from a tour of the country, he would bring his violins to Eighty-sixth Street, that Papa Stengler should have a look at them. Papa, as his old clients called him, had but to look at a Stradivarius to know that it had caught a cold somewhere in the Northwest or in Canada.

"It has ketched the hooping coff again. I told you it needed a varmer box when you take it to the cold."

No matter how the violinist defended himself, saying that he had taken good care of the instrument, Papa knew what he knew after he had passed the bow over the strings. "This violin has ketched cold. Don't you hear the *Stimme*—the voice? You go mit a fur coat to the Vest—und mit gloves—but the violin nothing. You don't care. Anton Stengler will take care. Ya, ya—I know. Come in next week. It will be all right. I think so."

Anton Stengler learned to know the different climates of the country, and how they affected violins, though he had never been away from Eighty-sixth Street. Amatis didn't like San Francisco; too much humidity there. Strads became cranky in Chicago; too much wind there. Stainers screeched in Toronto; too cold for Stainers there. And all the Guarneriuses went dull in Florida. He loved these violins, Papa Stengler, and he used to say that the four most soothing things to the eye were a dancing woman, a sailing ship, a running horse, and a perfect violin. And a perfect violin was the most beautiful of all.

NO one ever brought to his shop any instrument that wasn't perfect, or as near perfect as a master's hands had been capable of making it. When some stranger erred into his shop and brought a cheap fiddle that had been mishandled, Herr Stengler would tell him to go elsewhere—that he had no time to "fiddle mit such fiddles"; and no amount of talk could persuade him to have a second look at it.

Papa Stengler was a craftsman of the old school. His father, grandfather, and great-grandfather had been violin makers. The mere change of locality had not torn out the roots implanted by the first Stengler five hundred years ago. Craftsmen remained craftsmen wherever they went. Life was but a simple affair. A good violin was a true violin. A good man was a true man. A good woman was beautiful because she was true. All other things mattered but little—were mere incidents on the highroad leading from one life to another one. Such was Stengler's simple philosophy of life. He lived by it, and the world was big enough to need a few men like him.

Gretchen, Stengler's niece, had lived in his home ever since she had been two years old. Her mother had suddenly disappeared—had gone away with another man, a first sweetheart she had met again in New York—and Anton had taken Gretchen into his home when his brother had left the country in shame, and had cast doubts about the paternity of the girl. Stengler and his wife, having no children of their own, had brought Gretchen up as if she were their own daughter, and had seen to it that she should not be affected by the life beyond the magic circle of the German Quarter.

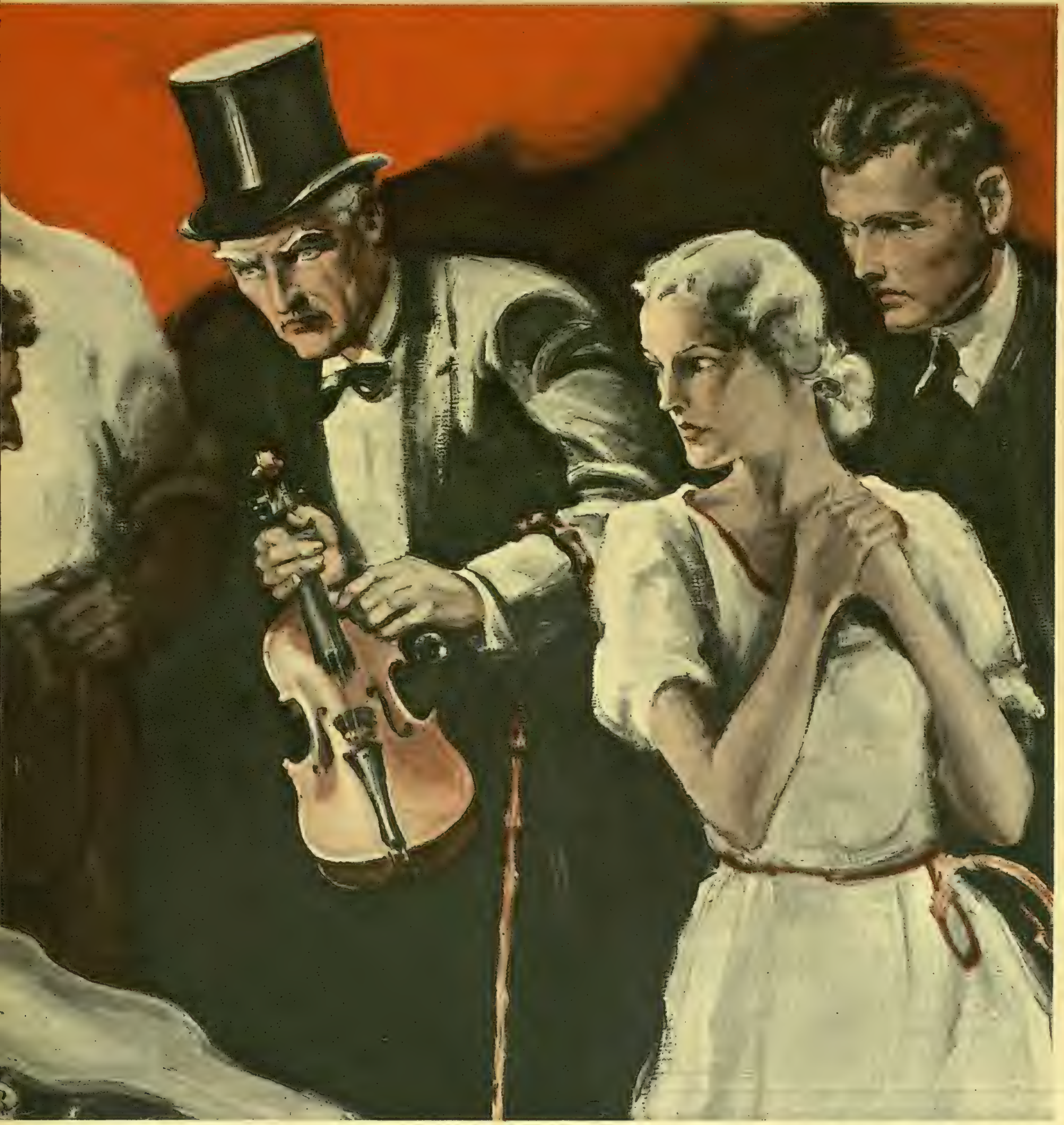
THAT summer, Frau Stengler having gone back to Germany for a first visit with her parents and relatives after twenty years, Gretchen had cheerfully undertaken to take care of her uncle in the absence of her aunt. The violin repairer had to defend himself against the quantity of food his niece insisted he should eat, and on Sunday, when they went to church, his clothes were brushed and pressed neater than those of any other man. Gretchen's uncle just had to be the best-dressed man in church.

At twenty Gretchen was a tall, blue-eyed, firm-fleshed, flaxen-haired girl, with a swan-like neck and capable hands. Papa Stengler was proud of her. She spoke German perfectly; not like the other girls of the neighborhood, Henckler's and Fried's, who always mingled English words when they spoke the tongue of their parents.

He, Anton, had no doubts about her paternity. He was certain that she was a Stengler. He knew that, not by her looks, for she rather resembled her mother, but by the manner in which she did her work. She was as thorough and as true as a Stengler.

Looking at her, listening to her, he often mused about her future. Some day, soon, some man would stretch his arms out for her. Would she know, would she sense, the difference between the true one and one not so true? He and his wife had kept her away from temptation. Would she be able to resist it? She was so young, so inexperienced, and even in the German Quarter there were men, young men, one didn't know from where they came and who they were.

One evening, while Gretchen was reading the paper in the back of the shop, where the Stenglers lived, there was a knock at the door and two young men came in. They were brothers, Bavarians like Anton, violin makers and repairers like Anton. He and their father had belonged to the same guild in Munich.



"I do not even want to hear what you want to pay me five hundred dollars for!" Anton cried. *"If I were a rich man, I would take this fiddle out of your hands."*

The Bachmans had both arrived from Germany a few months before and had found work in a violin factory.

Gretchen jumped quickly to her feet to greet the visitors. Her uncle, who had been stuffing his pipe, peered over his glasses at the two young men.

"*Gruss Gott!*"

"*Gruss Gott!*"

Stengler motioned that they should sit down, and looked at them. They were so unlike each other! Carl, the older, was broad of shoulder, heavy of face, and blond. He resembled his father. He was the image of him, Anton thought. Erich was narrower, and darker, and more vivacious than his older brother. Was he like his mother? Anton had not known her. He wondered. The young men had been coming more frequently to the house since Frau Stengler was away. Anton saw that Gretchen's hand lingered a little longer in the hand of Erich than in that of Carl. She had already added two more coffee cups to the service on the table. Erich protested loudly that they did not want to disturb them, but Carl had already sat down.

"You must have coffee with us," Gretchen insisted. "No trouble at all. Plenty of coffee in the pot. So!"

ANTON STENGLER put his long-stemmed painted porcelain pipe aside and inquired:

"Und how is work?"

"Splendid! Wonderful!" Erich exclaimed with enthusiasm.

Carl bit his under lip and looked sidewise at his brother, but Erich had already launched on a facetious

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

ROOTS
Continued from page thirteen

description of how violins were made in the factory. He remembered a German-American advertisement he had once seen of how frankfurters were made. A live pig entered in on one end and the frankfurters came out of the other end.

It was the same with fiddles. You fed pieces of wood on one end and violins almost ready came out of the other end of the machine. One man glued on the sides. Another clamped on the neck. A third man varnished them. Then the strings were put on, and presto!—the fiddles were ready.

Carl looked at him to dampen his enthusiasm, but Erich was excited.

"*Mein Gott!* There is always a truck waiting at the gate to load the cases of violins and cart them away. It is wonderful!"

Anton Stengler looked at the boy and looked at Gretchen. Her sparkling blue eyes hung on Erich's lips. Her teeth gleamed. He looked at Carl. The older brother was ashamed of Erich's enthusiasm and was puzzled that Gretchen should admire the speed with which violins were produced in a factory. For the first time since she had come to live in his house, Anton questioned whether she was a Stengler or not.

"You don't call that trash violins!" Stengler remarked.

"Well," Erich hedged, "such as they are, they are violins. What else would you call them?"

"I already have said what they were," Greta's uncle grumbled as he rose from the table.

Gretchen looked at Erich as if to tell him, "Don't talk about that any more."

It was a cool summer Saturday evening. After a brief silence Erich proposed that they go out for a walk or to the Münchener House, where Bavarian musicians played dance music.

Gretchen said it would take her but a minute to get ready. She stood up. Erich was on his feet. Carl looked pleadingly at Anton; he wanted to stay.

"You two go and dance," Herr Stengler said. "Carl and I will join you later."

Stengler expected his niece to protest; but Gretchen merely said, as she disappeared behind a door to put her hair up, "Do not be late. We will be waiting for you. It will be so nice. I haven't danced since aunt has left."

The hall was packed with young dancers waltzing through clouds of tobacco smoke to the rhythm of the blaring brass band. The older people, and those too tired to dance, sat about small, small tables, to eat pretzels, drink cider, and to sing the words of the tune. It was an old Bavarian waltz that everybody knew.

While one of the waiters was trying to find a good place for Papa Stengler, Carl looked over the bobbing heads of the dancers. Fried's and Henckler's daughters waltzed by and nodded to him. He didn't see them. Other girls floated by on the arms of men and smiled at him. He didn't see them. Erich was dancing with Gretchen. She had abandoned herself to his arm around her waist and looked up into his face with parted lips and half-closed eyes. A few strands of her flaxen hair had fallen over her forehead.

CARL looked into the laughing, sly face of his brother. Was that his younger brother or an enemy? Was he himself an older brother or an enemy? What had Erich said to make her laugh? A moment later Erich noticed Carl and raised his hand in recognition. Gretchen smiled and threw her head back.

When the music stopped, the two dancers joined Stengler and Carl.

"We already have a table," mentioned Erich.

"Have the waiter bring your glasses over to this one," Stengler said.

"Oh!"—Erich gestured. "That's O. K. We can order two fresh drinks."

Carl and Anton looked at each other. The glasses at the other table had been paid for and were probably still half full. What a waste!

"What is up?" Gretchen asked, mopping her moist forehead. "Look at Uncle Anton! Look at Herr Bachman! What have you two been plotting?"

Erich's face had suddenly grown dark.

"Carl commences to work with me on Monday," Anton announced, looking into Gretchen's eyes. "He does not like factory violins. I have plenty of work for him."

"Oh!" Erich said, and looked at Gretchen, who shook Carl's hand and said joyfully: "Wonderful!"

"Und he will eat mit us until mama comes; then we will see," Anton added.

"Wonderful!" Gretchen exclaimed. "I hope he likes my cooking." . . .

ERICH learned English with astonishing rapidity. He put away the Sunday clothes he had brought from Europe and bought for himself new American clothes. He shaved his mustache, changed the cut of his hair, and looked like a slumming American whenever he came down to Yorkville. Fried's and Henckler's daughters began to drop in on Gretchen whenever he came to see her. The girls didn't even look at Carl, and thought that he was just plain enough for Gretchen, who looked a little like an immigrant herself.

A month later Erich took Gretchen to a dance outside the German Quarter, into a new magic circle, and acted as if he belonged more there than where Gretchen lived and Carl worked. She was amazed at the comfort and the luxury of the place. Between dances, he spoke to her of the violin factory. They had increased his salary. He hadn't told Carl about that; he didn't want to make him feel bad. He would soon be at the head of a department. He already earned twice as much as his older brother.

That was violin making, not as he had learned it in Munich, where one man worked on one instrument for months before it was ready. In his factory they made two hundred in one day. Gretchen listened eagerly to everything he told her. She had been trained to despise factory-made things, but the manner in which Erich talked about them made her realize that there existed a new kind of romance—the romance of speed. Erich belonged to that kind of romance.

She was aware that Carl's eyes followed her worshipfully the whole day long. She had noticed that Carl stopped working whenever he heard her voice. But Carl's kind of romance was too old-fashioned. Six months ago it would have thrilled her. Today it just made her feel comfortable that a man like him loved her—while she whirled on the arm of Erich to a harsher music and to a quicker pulse. Carl would have waited years before he said a word of his love for her. Not so Erich. At their last dance, he had leaned over and kissed her bare shoulder.

"Fresh!" she had said to him.

Had she spoken to Carl like that, he would have wept in shame and would have disappeared never to be seen again. Not so Erich. He grinned, whirled her around, lifted her off her feet, and kissed her again. And the way he spent his money! It was amazing. He handed it out as if he had never worked for it. Well, he earned a lot; twice as much as Carl.

When he appeared at the Stenglers', to take her out for a stroll on week days and to a dance on Saturdays, the other girls looked at them. She too had changed her manner of dressing. She had had to go quite a distance from Eighty-sixth Street to buy a hat that suited her. She wished she had enough courage to bob her hair as other girls did. Carl remained to talk with Herr Stengler, or stayed home to learn from books how to talk the language of the country.

Gretchen, while she looked at Carl and Carl looked at her, never thought of Erich during the day; yet, when Erich said, "Good evening," she forgot even Carl's existence and was only too anxious to go out with his brother.

"These two do not even know there are other streets

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SIXTEEN]

FOUND IN A SODA FOUNTAIN GLASS

a bigger thrill ... a source of greater health!

Borden's Richer Malted Milk

Going to have a malted milk at the fountain, to-day? Look for the fountain that displays the Borden Diamond! It pays!

Borden's
Malted Milk
Borden's
Malted Milk

Take home this package — accept no substitute. Borden's is richer in health benefits. Insist on Borden's.

HERE'S one case when the fountain fans and the scientists agree on what's good!

Last year, the fountaineers drank 136,000,000 glasses of Borden's Malted Milk for the sheer pleasure of drinking it!

And now here comes news from a great university laboratory—Borden's Malted Milk is a wonderful source of many vitamins—it excels in three!

Borden's Malted Milk—served more often at the fountains than any other two malted milks put together—is now "up front" among foods recommended by the diet experts for health!

What university tests brought to light

Recently, in the laboratory of a famous university, Borden's was found superior —not in just *one* vitamin, but three! A, B and G! For vitamins alone, Borden's is a food among foods!

But vitamins aren't all. Analyses show that Borden's is an excellent source of phosphorus and calcium, necessary to strong teeth and bones. And in this wonderful food, too, are proteins and energy elements—all in a form so easy to digest, it would be hard to name a food which can compare.

For every home use, Borden's is better

Think what this drink can mean to an undernourished child! To an invalid, an old person, a nursing mother! Think what a fine pick-up food Borden's is, for a quick lunch, or to relieve late afternoon fatigue. And remember . . . Borden's—served hot—can send you off to dreamless, refreshing sleep!

At the fountain or for home use, insist on Borden's.

Accept this offer!

Mail coupon and 10c to-day for liberal 3-serving sample and booklet containing delicious recipes and important information on relieving fatigue and building health.

The Borden Company, Dept. L-5
350 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

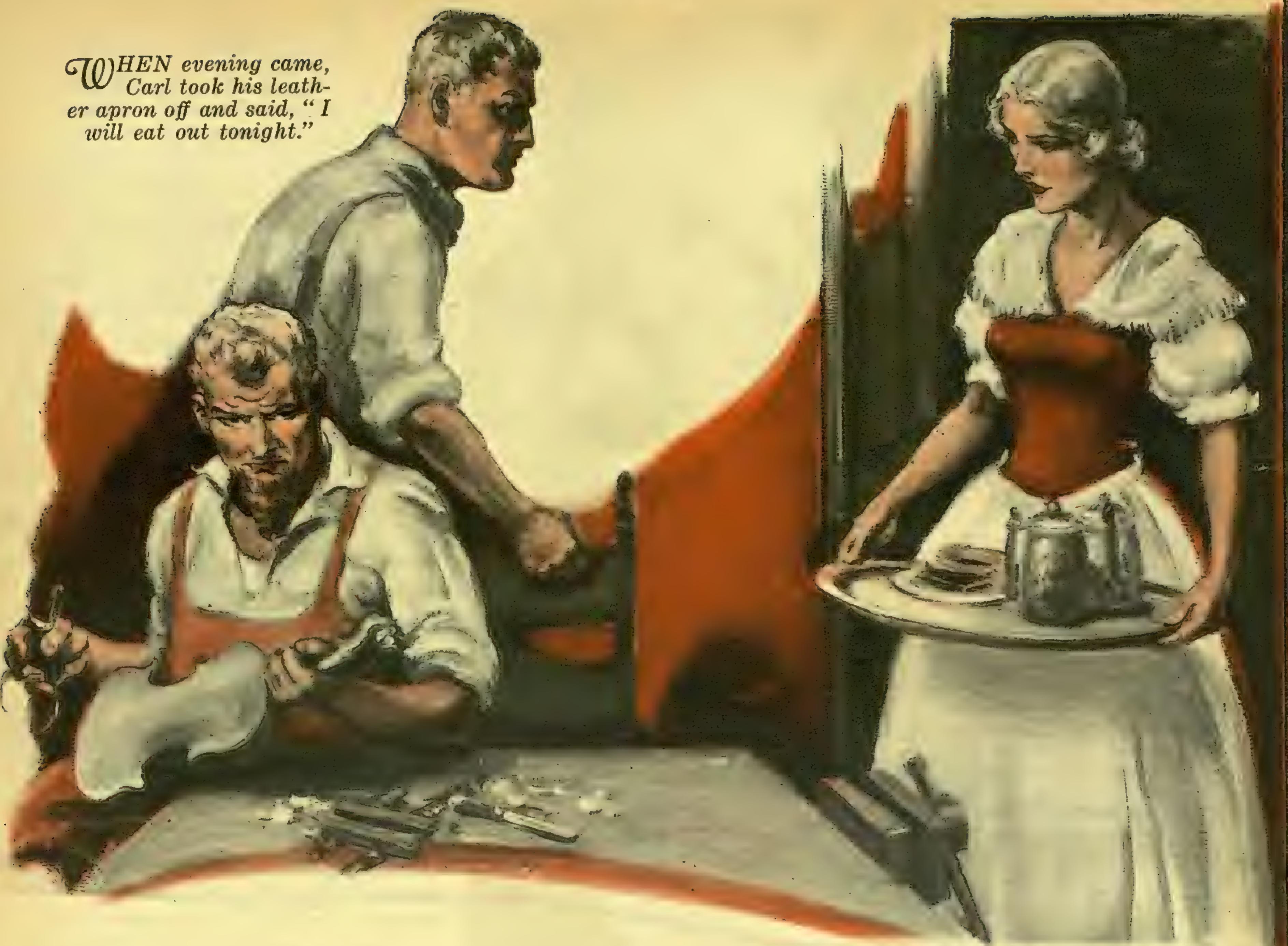
Enclosed is 10c (stamps or coin) for which please send me 3-serving sample of Borden's Malted Milk and booklet.

Name____________________

Address____________________

City____________ State________

Borden's Richer Malted Milk



WHEN evening came, Carl took his leather apron off and said, "I will eat out tonight."

ROOTS

Continued from page fourteen

than the one they live in," Erich said to her one evening. "They look at the tall buildings and are afraid of them. I am not. And neither will I spend my life in a little shop somewhere on Eighty-sixth Street, and sit at a bench in a leather apron and 'fiddle with a fiddle,' as your uncle says."

No. That was not his idea of how a man should live in this country. He too would run a factory. True enough, the violins weren't as good as those made by hand. But this was a new country. People couldn't wait for the Carls and the Stenglers to make them. He, Erich, had not come to New York to be a Münchener.

Gretchen had never thought about that. She had always heard praise for only first-rate things. Still, there was something in what Erich said. Of course, the world needed such men as her uncle was. What would these men who came to her uncle's shop do if there were no Anton Stenglers to repair their violins? Still, what Erich said was true. This was a new world. A world that needed thousands of violins and, therefore, also needed men like Erich to make them. The world was divided into Stenglers and Erichs. Each had his definite place in it.

THE best she could hope, if she married Carl, was a contented life in the back of the shop in which he worked. With Erich, there was no limit to one's expectations. The well lit windows in the tall buildings, the cars passing back and forth, could all be hers. In the dancing halls and the restaurants to which he had taken her breathed another world. A gayer world. A faster world. In the presence of Carl she had a feeling of well-being. When she was with Erich she was thrilled. . . .

Erich had come to Stengler's house a little earlier than usual that evening, and was talking to Herr Stengler and to Carl, who was still busy finishing up some work that had to be out the following day, when an elderly gentleman appeared with a violin case under his arm.

Theodor Rieder was an old violin dealer with a bad reputation, and Anton Stengler was not glad to see him anywhere, least of all in his own shop.

"That is a fine violin you have in your hands," the dealer remarked, after Stengler had answered gruffly to his greetings. "Can I have a look at it?" he said, holding out his hands.

ANTON handed it to him reluctantly.

"Oh! That is the Gesù I sold to Kreisler five years ago!" Rieder exclaimed.

"Yes, that is the Gesù from which you took the neck to put it on another violin," Anton answered snappily. "The poor violin has been sick ever since."

"It still is a good violin, just the same," Rieder protested.

"Yes, it is a good violin," Anton answered, turning his back on the man. "I hope it never gets into your hands again; or you would take off something else from it."

Meanwhile, Gretchen had appeared at the back door. She tried to catch Erich's eye, but he was too interested in the conversation even to see her.

"Whenever a good violin comes into this man's hands," Anton said to Carl, "a crime is committed. It never leaves his hands whole"; and turning to Rieder, Anton continued: "You are an old man now. . . . These violins have souls . . . like you and me."

"If I did not do that"—Rieder waved his arms—"you wouldn't have any work." Then he opened his case and brought out a most beautiful violin. "Look at it, Stengler," he said.

Anton looked at the violin, fondled it, caressed it, examined it closely, and then said:

"Ach! To this you have done nothing! It is perfect! Even the original pegs!" Handing the instrument to Carl, he added: "Touch its back, Carl. Feel how graceful and how beautiful the curves are; how easy the swell and how fine the lines. And what varnish! Perfect! Not a crack!"

Erich had joined Gretchen at the back door, and the two watched the men at the bench caressing and talking about the fiddle.

Anton passed the bow over the strings.

"What perfect sound! What do you want to do with it?" he asked Herr Rieder. "It is perfect!"

"I will give you five hundred dollars if you will do what I tell you," the old dealer said, looking into Anton's eyes as he put the violin back in the case.

"I do not even want to hear what you want to pay me five hundred dollars for!" Anton Stengler cried. "If I were a rich man, I would take this fiddle out of your hands so you never touch it again." Waxing angrier and angrier as he spoke, he shouted: "Rieder, why do you always come here? Don't you know that I will do no *Schweinerei*, no crooked things? Don't you know?"

"Won't you even listen to me?" the violin dealer pleaded. But Anton had already opened the door.

"And remember! Please, please, never come here again!"

When the old man was gone Carl watched Stengler's face when Gretchen and Erich left immediately afterward. If Stengler didn't want Gretchen to go out with Erich, why didn't he say so? The way Stengler had looked at the door when Erich had closed it! Good riddance! his eyes had said. The Bachmans were as good as the Stenglers any time. He would speak to his brother.

But why hadn't Erich said a word of protest against the dealer who undoubtedly wanted to ruin that beautiful fiddle—take off the neck or saw the back off or something like that? He knew that such things were done, even in Munich. But no Bachman would ever do such a thing. No more than a Stengler. But why hadn't Erich protested? He had seen that Erich was startled when Rieder had mentioned five hundred dollars. Yet—no, he couldn't believe it. Erich wouldn't do it. He would work in a factory, but he wouldn't do such a thing. Then why Stengler's look at him? Exactly the same look as had followed Rieder at the door!

THAT night, when Erich had come home and was undressing in the dark little room they rented of an old widow on Eighty-sixth Street, Carl told him not to come so frequently to Stengler's shop.

"Your visits are not as welcome by Stengler as you think they are."

Erich lit the gaslight on the wall and answered angrily that Carl only said so because he was jealous.

"And, anyhow, I don't come to see him."

Carl accused Erich of coarseness, Erich accused him of jealousy. They stopped talking when a neighbor knocked on the thin wall and told them to shut up; that he wanted to sleep.

The following evening, when Carl returned to the room they had called home since their arrival in this country, he discovered that his brother had packed his things and left without a word.

"How is Erich?" Gretchen asked Carl a few days later while he was getting up from the table. Erich had not come to the Stengler shop in three days.

"Oh, I presume he is all right," Carl answered. At the door he turned around and added, "He and I aren't living together any more. *Gute Nacht.*"

Stunned, Gretchen tried to be facetious about the whole affair. "Did you hear?" she asked her uncle. "Erich doesn't live with Carl any more."

Papa Stengler buried his head in his newspaper and answered gruffly: "So he isn't. What have I got to do mit it?"

Uncle Anton had never been so cross with her. Hadn't he noticed how worried she was because Erich hadn't come to see her?

A little later in the evening Stengler's cronies came to take him to Klein's cider shop. He told her not to wait for him. They were going to the Männerchor to rehearse a new song, and didn't know how long they would be there. He didn't kiss her good night as he usually did when he left. Anton Stengler was her uncle and not her

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

MEN WHO KNOW STEEL PREFER THE VALET —MEN WHO KNOW FACES PRESCRIBE IT

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RAZORS AND BLADES

VALET
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BLADES

ROOTS
Continued from page seventeen

father. She wondered whether he wouldn't tell her so. She knew that Erich was the cause of the estrangement, but did not know the reason back of it. Why hadn't Erich come? Why didn't he and Carl live together?

Carl was in love with her. She knew that. But was Erich in love with her? Was what she felt for Erich love? How could she know! Why didn't he come? She had been so peaceful before the arrival of the two brothers. She had never felt the necessity of going out of the house unless it was with her uncle and her aunt; but now that she had stepped out of the German Quarter and gone beyond that and seen life as it was lived by others, she felt lonely. What had been peaceful now seemed dull. There, beyond the tall houses, and the spires, and the towers, were life and gayety, youth and joy. Erich too was there.

Why didn't he come? Had he separated from his brother because he wanted to avoid her, or had the two quarreled because of her? Why didn't she ever think of Erich during the day? She loved to watch Carl at work. He was always so absorbed in what he did! Did he put his thoughts and his love for her in his work?

It was getting late. The windows of the homes facing her were getting dark. The boisterous noises of the children playing in the street faded one after the other to the call of their mothers. Here and there snatches of song floated in the air. Across the street a young girl was kissing her young man good-by. Someone was playing the organ in the Lutheran church.

Gretchen walked out to the front door of the shop and looked westward to the tall buildings facing her. Erich was there. Somewhere, there, between the lights, between the spires, between the towers. Had he already found somebody else? Hadn't there been a twinkle in Henckler's daughter Helen's eyes when she had come in to see her that morning? And Carl! He had found nothing to say to her for two days. Was he so worried because of his brother's disappearance? He never had said much to her. There was a guilty look in his eyes now which she didn't understand. Had he driven Erich away?

Carl looked at Gretchen the following morning and saw that her eyes were red. She had wept. . . . She had wept because of Erich. And he was the cause of her unhappiness. He had told Erich not to come so frequently to the Stengler shop. Stengler was usually silent the whole day. He never said a word. He acted as if they didn't exist. He puffed at his pipe and worked silently. When evening came, Carl took his leather apron off and said, "I will eat out tonight."

"Do what you want," Stengler answered without raising his eyes.

CARL searched for his brother everywhere. Not one of his acquaintances had seen Erich the whole week. He wanted to tell Erich to come to Stengler's shop and speak to Gretchen. He wanted to tell him that Gretchen had been crying. Erich mustn't let her cry. He had no right to cease seeing her after he had made her fond of him. He wouldn't let that happen—no. He loved Gretchen too much. But that didn't matter. Gretchen loved Erich. After the two were married, Erich and Gretchen, he would go away. . . . But he must see Gretchen happy first. He was the cause of her unhappiness. He shouldn't have quarreled with his brother. But where was Erich? He looked for him all over town, till midnight, without finding him.

In the morning he found Gretchen waiting for him at the door. Her eyes alone inquired whether he had seen Erich. Carl's eyes answered. She knew that he had done his best to find him. One could trust him to do that.

That day, when Anton stepped out to buy some supplies, Carl said:

"I shall leave work a little earlier today and wait for Erich at the door of the factory."

"Will you do that? Nice of you, Carl. . . . I hope nothing has happened to him." She blushed.

The rest of the day she couldn't help wondering whether Erich would have done as much for Carl.

"He doesn't work there any more, Gretchen," he reported the next morning. "And nobody seems to know where he works or where he lives."

"Oh, he is not a baby. You needn't worry about him. He will turn up soon, Carl."

"I was not worrying for myself," Carl said, looking at her.

She averted her face; tears had come into her eyes. After that they were both constrained a little. Something had been said that should have remained unsaid.

When Stengler returned he didn't have a word to say—though he had been away two hours. All the sweetness seemed to have gone out of him. When he asked Carl something he used the briefest possible manner. He answered Gretchen's questions only with "yes" or "no" or nods of the head. Not a smile. Not a compliment. Not a word to detain Carl when he got up from the table. He never inquired why Erich wasn't seen.

Gretchen never asked about him again. She knew Carl searched the town for his brother. He looked guiltier and guiltier every day. Good Carl! Fine Carl! If he would only speak to her again.

THE next Saturday evening Carl asked Gretchen whether she would go with him to the Bavarian Hall. The hall had been renovated. Everybody would be there. He deliberately spoke at the top of his voice, to watch Anton Stengler's reaction. Gretchen looked at her uncle as if asking his permission.

"Go, of course, if you like. I may join you later," he answered without raising his eyes.

Everybody was at the Bavarian Hall that evening; for in addition to the increased band the management had hired a Negro who sang German songs, a Spanish dancer, and an excruciatingly funny Viennese comedian. New York had just about discovered Yorkville, and Broadway, in evening gowns and dinner jackets, was out on its deadly quest for local color.

New lights had been installed, and the waiters and the musicians had been dressed up to look like musical-comedy Bavarians, with colored bandannas on their heads and tassels on their knees—a cross between Broadway's idea of a gypsy and a Tyrolese mountain climber. The old guests of the place, men and women, looked as though they were planted there for atmosphere—on exhibition for the uptown visitors who had come to look and be amused—and were not there to amuse themselves. The new guests looked at them unabashed, and the women pointed them out to each other:

"Look at the little woman there. Isn't she a darling? And what golden hair! And it isn't bleached, I am sure."

Carl and Gretchen found a table at the farthest end of the hall and waited until the music was at its loudest before they began to speak.

"Will you dance?" Carl asked as he pushed the chair away.

"I don't want to dance," Gretchen answered gruffly.

Carl, thinking that she meant she wouldn't dance with anyone but Erich, said:

"I have looked for him everywhere."

After a little while Gretchen asked:

"Why?"

"To find him, Gretchen . . . to find him for you."

"Why do you want to find him for me, Carl? He is your brother, isn't he?"

He didn't answer immediately. Then the music stopped playing; the dancers returned to their tables. They couldn't talk; they would be overheard. She looked at him. She knew that he loved her. Yet he hadn't taken the slightest advantage to ingratiate himself with her. Why hadn't she seen him before? He was under her eyes every day and she hadn't seen him! His eyes were so good and true. His shoulders were so wide and true. There wasn't anything tricky or jerky about him. He had spent half of his nights for two weeks to find Erich for her. And he loved her.

eyes were red. He hadn't slept well in a long time. Even then, at that moment, why was he with her? To try to make her forget. He had offered to dance with her. She hadn't known that he could dance. He had never asked her before. He probably danced as well as Erich! All Bavarians danced well.

The music started all over again. The manager introduced the leader, the *Kapellmeister*, to the new crowd. He had no eyes for his old clients. He didn't say, "*Meine Herren und Damen*"; he said, "Laties und schentelmen." Two more drummers had been added to the orchestra. The shuffling noise of feet mingled with the clatter of glasses and the noise of the harsh trumpets.

"Carl," Gretchen continued, "why do you want to find Erich so badly?"

"Because I love you, Gretchen."

She closed her eyes. He was terribly sorry he had told her. He never should have said a word. It should have remained his secret.

"Carl, we must find Erich," Gretchen cried, when she opened her eyes. "We must! I shall never be happy until we have found him."

There was so much agony in her voice, he forgot what he had said before, took her hand in his, and said:

"I'd give my life to find him. Do you believe me?"

"Of course I do." She left her hand in his solid palm.

Again the music stopped. The Negro entertainer began to sing American songs translated into German. The Bavarians howled and went into convulsions watching the thick African lips purse to pronounce German words. A Broadwayite threw a silver piece at the Negro's feet. Others did likewise. Soon the Negro's voice was half drowned by the pattering silver coins.

He was an expert at catching things. He caught them with the soles of his shoes on his knees, with the chin on his chest; he caught them in his fingers, in his lips, and between his teeth—and went on singing and singing, rolling his eyes, bending his hips, shuffling his feet, rocking this way and that, and clapping his hands. That Negro gave himself, from the tips of his toes to the top of his head, to coax laughter and silver coins from the hysterical crowd.

KONRAD BERCOVICI

the author of Roots, is a Roumanian by birth, who came to the United States in 1916 and has become well known as a writer in English of stories of the Roumanian gypsies, as well as other subjects. Since coming to America he has resided in or near New York.

GRETCHEN couldn't talk while that man performed, but when the music started again she pleaded:

"Carl, you must find him . . ."

At that moment Anton Stengler, with Erich behind him, crossed rapidly the newly waxed dancing floor. Carl ran to his brother.

"Erich, Erich! Where have you been? I have looked for you everywhere." He embraced and hugged him and fairly dragged him to Gretchen's table. "Erich, where have you been? Come, Erich, she will be so glad to see you. Gretchen, here is Erich!" he cried with beaming face. "Talk of the wolf . . ." He looked at Stengler, who puffed at his pipe and looked at all of them quizzically.

"Hello," Erich smiled. "The way Carl behaves, one would think I have been away ten years. . . . Hello, Gretchen. May I sit down?"

"Hello, Erich," Gretchen greeted. "I have never been happier to see you." Her voice had a curious evenness when she said that.

"You don't act like it," Erich remarked, putting his hand on hers. Turning around, he added, looking at the place: "Look at that. My—my! Aren't we getting grand!"

"Sit down, uncle," Greta said to Papa Stengler.

"You were hardly gone when Erich came in, Gretchen," Anton Stengler explained. "Why don't you say anything about Erich's new clothes, Gretchen? And he has money; five hundred dollars he has," Anton said, looking significantly at Carl. "Five hundred . . ."

They weren't interested. Nobody was interested to know how Erich had earned five hundred dollars in two weeks.

Anton Stengler knew. Theodor Rieder had paid the money. Where there had been one perfect violin there were now two imperfect ones. Erich had done it. The son of his friend Bachman, George Bachman, had done it. He had worked in Rieder's shop.

CARL, Gretchen, and Erich looked like the last three pieces of a Chinese puzzle waiting for a master hand to place them in position.

Anton watched them. He had become as impersonal as a statue. A perfect thing had been destroyed. What cared he for the three of them now? He called the waiter.

"They won't look at me, even. Look! Broadway has come to Yorkville. He, he, psst! Waiter! *Kellner, Kellner!*" he called.

When the loud music had begun again, Gretchen looked at Erich and said in even, cold tones:

"I am so happy you have come. I would have been looking for you over the whole world."

Anton listened. What was that? His Gretchen? What did she say? And that cold voice!

Erich smiled fatuously. He hadn't noticed the tone of her voice. He tried to take her hand again. She withdrew her fingers from his grip.

Carl looked on without understanding. She said she was happy to see Erich, yet she withdrew her hand from his. Oh—yes—well, of course Erich shall marry her tomorrow. He would see to that. They should get married immediately.

"What is all that?" Anton asked.

"I am so happy Erich has come, uncle, because I could never have told Carl that I loved him if he hadn't. I would have been afraid that Carl might think I said so only because Erich wasn't there," Greta said. And leaning her head against her uncle, she added:

"And I myself may not have known that I love Carl . . . if Erich hadn't come."

And then Papa Stengler forgot about the perfect violin that had been spoiled.

Greta was a true Stengler, after all!

"*Donnerwetter!*" he yelled, standing up on his feet and shaking his fist at the manager. "I want a waiter. Three glasses of cider—three, three. Do you hear me? *Drei, drei.* No; not four. *Drei, drei.*"

He turned around to say something to Erich. But Carl's brother was already dancing with Henckler's daughter.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

1—Name the membrane which covers the lungs.
2—Who was Mentor?
3—Which amendment to the Constitution provides for the income tax?
4—What is a picul?
5—What is the source of "More sinned against than sinning"?
6—What is the Christ of the Andes?
7—What is the capital of Turkey?
8—What is the salary of the Chief Justice of the United States?
9—Yap is a part of what island group?
10—What is a photometer?
11—Who was President of the United States in 1831?
12—What is the capital of a column?
13—What novel includes Long John Silver?
14—What is kismet?
15—What country bounds Denmark on the south?
16—What is an invertebrate?
17—What is a pluviometer?
18—Who was the father of Pocahontas?
19—With what is the name Gobelin identified?
20—What German city is noted for the manufacture of toys?

(Answers will be found on page twenty-five)

MEMBERS of the Reno colony playing or looking on at roulette at the Willows, a fashionable night club.

Looking across Lake Tahoe.

Rollicking R

Some First-Hand Impressions of the Land of the Free

(Reading time: 15 minutes 26 seconds.)

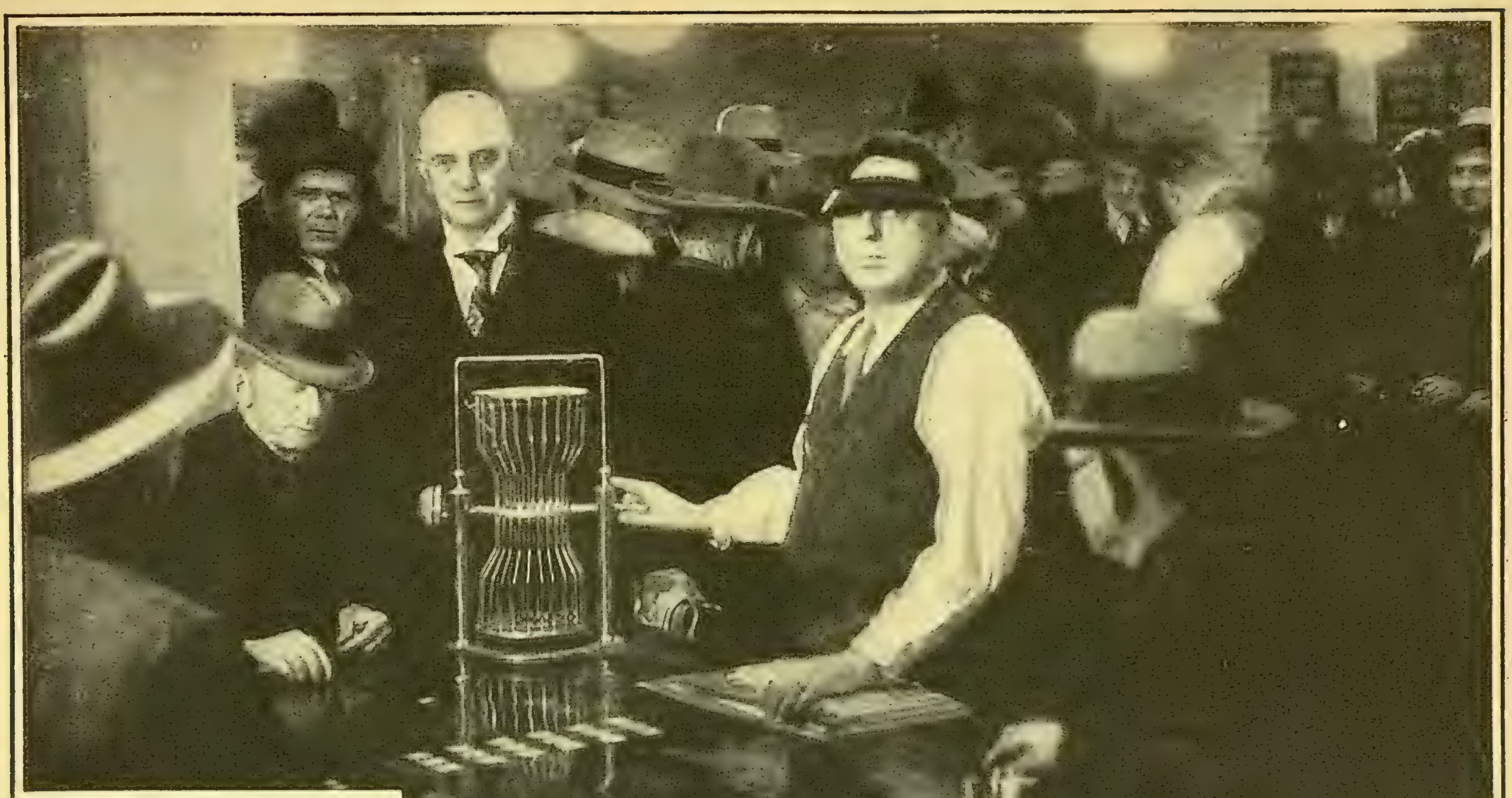
IT is 4 A. M.

We are seated in the gaming room at the Willows, Reno's most fashionable night club. Soft yellow and pink rays thrown indirectly from well concealed lights add an exotic touch.

About us are a motley, milling throng. They gorge the tables; like breakers on a long Pacific swell they surge and recede. The croupiers in their dark, unostentatious attire, singularly speechless, go about their nightly duty of reaching broadly out and gathering swiftly in the mass of chips, silver, paper, and sometimes gold.

I am seated at the English hazard table. Beside me Pat O'Brien is playing red chips. He was once wedded to Mabel Taliaferro; now he's married to lovely Nora Messinger, the artist, and lives in a cottage of his own making out near the Geiger Grade to Virginia City. He is a remarkable connoisseur of early American art and Indianology. Too, he is something of a preacher and a politician combined.

Alongside of him sprawls Max Baer, who looks as much like a pugilist as Gene Tunney did. He prefers blue—denomination: one buck. The charming, gay little Pauline Garon of movie fame likes hers yellow and chances



ABOVE: Mayor Roberts of Reno playing English hazard at the Bank Club, which seats 1,500 suitors of the goddess of chance.

Left: The courthouse and, beyond it, the Riverside Hotel, on Reno's main stem.

And here's a scene on a dude ranch, some thirty miles outside Reno.

ENO

By Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

the raffle—thirty-to-one shot, every time. Handsome Charlie Sabin, Jr., son of the banker, is eclipsed by the profile of adorable tiny Mrs. Robert Dasey of Flushing, New York. The loss of a stack of greens causes him no concern. Bronzed and brunette Mrs. True Vencill, daughter-in-law by second marriage to the son of Nevada's former treasurer, likes the whites best. And Mrs. Kerisey, daughter of Anthony Brady, who professes she will live in Reno always after she becomes free, has the blacks.

There is $300 on the table at the throw. In Monte Carlo that would be but chicken feed; and even at Bradley's in Palm Beach, or Canary Cottage at Del Monte, they'd scarcely rake it in. Reno is different. According to a world-renowned gambler de luxe, the gambling craze here is of a "two-dollar sucker" variety. Mebbe so!

Relentlessly rolls the little white ball. The dice click. The "bird cage" rattles. And the dealer flips a Black Jack.

Down on Center Street, where nearly every other dwelling is a legalized gaming resort, one more or less expects to see the cosmopolitan types of this great caravansary. Hysterical denunciations by numerous recent writers have had the boomerang effect of popularizing Reno to a

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

At the left is a pack-trip party enjoying a jaunt on the Lazy M Ranch, which also has a polo field to offer.

ROLLICKING RENO
Continued from page twenty-one

most astounding degree. Perhaps this popularity can partly be explained by a general resentment against restrictions upon personal liberty.

The "Biggest Little City in the World," as Reno has chosen to call herself, has turned overnight into a continuous three-ring circus which would have given P. T. Barnum a great laugh. Downtown, a carnival spirit pervades the whole atmosphere. Visitors veritably swarm the streets, to see for themselves the things which they have been told about Nevada's gay metropolis.

To say that Reno is booming would be to put it mildly. To its population of some 20,000 souls have been added, since April of this year, nearly half as many again. Hotel accommodations are almost impossible to secure; apartments are jammed to capacity; homes are being built with great rapidity for renting purposes; the Pullman company nightly spots dozens of cars along Commercial Row; the American Legion Building, the Ys, and other public edifices "sleep" hundreds nightly; bungalow camps and actual tenting tourists dot the surrounding countryside; the dude ranches are overflowed; and all lofts and unoccupied spaces are used as "flop" houses, where for two bits one can sleep upon an army cot with a roof over one's head.

Men, women, and even a few small children mingle on the streets that cater to the gaming throngs. In front of the larger establishments from early in the morning until earlier still the next morning the crowds are so dense it is nearly impossible to navigate.

At the Bank Club, the largest resort of its kind in these United States today, 1,500 persons surge about the tables—over 300 playing the keno game alone and, when chips give out, placing cracked corn as markers on numerated cardboards, as the numbers are called.

THE mobs are universally good-natured, eager for amusement, and apparently extremely interested in everything that is going on. None of these large clubs serves liquor. The chance of Federal agents being in town is too great. Besides, what would be the use of taking any chance when the percentage for the house is so large?

And yet in Reno stark, naked tragedy stalks hand in hand with the mad, frantic urge for feverish excitement. Every twenty-four hours some real-life drama more poignant than all the frenzied gayety that reeks from the alleys and back streets (where the speakeasies are) takes place. Powers that stir men's innermost beings crack and crumble as from on high places in the District Court two individuals who once looked into each other's eyes and swore to "love, honor, and obey until death do us part," are parted by process of law.

© National Photo.

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

the author of this article, chose newspaper work as a career and began as a cub reporter. He has been the publisher of several daily papers. For the last few years he has made his home in Reno.

Of course, much has been said both for and against divorce. And much more will be said from now on. The fact that Nevada has passed an act permitting the sundering of the matrimonial bonds of unhappy human beings, after a residence of six weeks within the boundaries of the state, is not only legitimate but also beneficial in many instances.

A glimpse of one of Reno's municipal parks on the river.

The infinite pathos caused by domestic laws of other states can be given as a basic reason for unhappiness in much family life. Take, for instance, the New York State law, which would implicate adultery on the part of husband or wife; and which is the only way two people, admittedly unsuited to each other, can sever their matrimonial bonds. These two human beings might be of the highest puritanical types, yet the mere fact that one of them secured a divorce in New York State would give rise to a conclusion that adultery was involved. Think of the stigma placed upon their little children!

That people can come to Reno and avail themselves of her liberal laws without the reflection cast upon them by the laws of New York and other states, is a mighty persuasion in favor of Nevada residence. There are usually sufficient grounds of "mental cruelty" in any dissatisfied family to satisfy a Nevada court. An incompetent relationship, which brings about mental anguish, worry, and suffering to the espoused offended against, comes within Nevada legal adjudications of extreme cruelty. And, therefore, scores of people come to Reno for divorces just for the very purpose of avoiding the eastern stigma.

Criticism of Reno's easy laws and her quick divorces, it appears, is nation-wide. Personally, I don't believe that her critics have studied the legalities of the situation as it actually exists. The "five-minute decree" is a legend, a joke! But because it makes sensational reading, it has been given publicity to all extremities.

Uncontested divorce complaints are heard in two courts in Reno on every Monday morning. The rest of the week is given over to other business—mining, cattle, water rights, and such claims. Therefore, the fact that two judges sitting on two benches for one day a week are able to hand down seventy or more decisions is no reason why the world should be up in arms over the "Reno divorce mill." The judges have all the rest of the week to consider the cases, anyway.

I believe there is a general misunderstanding to the effect that the hearing of a Nevada divorce action is not a serious proposition, and that the case is not seriously and carefully considered by the judges presiding. This impression, which one would gather from facetious newspaper articles about Reno, is a reflection upon the Nevada courts that is not at all justifiable. Invariably the cases are presented in an orderly way, and sufficient facts must be disclosed to the judge to establish a cause of action under the Nevada law.

In May, 1931, some 500 cases were brought into court, in 360 of which divorces were granted. In the state of Illinois, in 1930, 11,000 divorces per month were granted; in New York the figures are considerably higher. Last year less than 3,000 cases were granted in the whole state of Nevada!

Uncontested cases in which divorces are given in the Nevada courts for any number of decent reasons are not difficult for any judge to listen to. Because of the orderly presentation of the case, little time is wasted in preliminaries. Aside from the establishment of residence, the plaintiff takes the witness stand almost immediately and, through the questioning of his or her attorney, testifies to cause of action for divorce.

IT needs little testimony to cause action for failure to provide for the period of a year, or for willful desertion for a similar period. This must be manifest. In cases involving extreme cruelty, it goes without saying that a considerable narrative can be told within a short space of time.

In the past, bearers of names which are catchwords in this country secured their domestic freedom in Reno, and the little city on the Truckee River first became well known for this reason. It was generally understood that it cost these members of celebrated families of great wealth a pretty penny to untwine their careers there.

Perhaps this is so, though in most cases I doubt it. Court records show that the fee for an uncontested suit in Nevada averages about $250; some attorneys can do the job for $75! This includes certified and exemplified copies of the decree. There are about 130 recognized practicing attorneys before the Reno bar. In every community you find lawyers of good and bad repute; but I think it is safe to say that the leading law firms in Reno maintain high ethical standards and are thoroughly competent.

It is often asked what are the chief reasons for divorce. Judge George Bartlett, who sat upon the bench for twelve years and granted in his time nearly 5,000 decrees, claims the "bed, table, and bath" figure basically.

Retired now, and a practicing attorney, he says: "No one can have knowledge of the seriousness that arises after two people come into court in a contested suit, and, for instance, describe matters of sexual re-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The Saline Cocktail

drink it down!

THE tomato juice cocktail, the clam juice cocktail, the orange juice cocktail—here's to 'em! They're doing a lot for the health of this nation.

But for those mornings when you'd risk your job to stay in bed, there's nothing in the world like a Saline Cocktail!

Tonight—turn the bathroom cabinet into a European spa. Buy a bottle of Sal Hepatica—and put it where you can't miss it at 7 A. M.

Then—tomorrow morning, if you wake up feeling gloomy and headachy and sluggish, mix yourself a bubbling, sparkling Saline Cocktail! Merely by dropping a teaspoon or so of Sal Hepatica into a glass of cool, fresh water. Drink it down!

Sal Hepatica

At your druggist's 30¢, 60¢, and $1.20

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Promptly, thoroughly, your system is cleansed. For Sal Hepatica not only sweeps toxins and wastes from the digestive tract, but it purifies the entire bloodstream. Colds, headaches, rheumatism, constipation, digestive disorders—all yield before its saline waters.

Year after year the great spas of Europe are thronged with the rich and the titled, come to "take the cure" that will make them feel fine and fit through the year. And Sal Hepatica is the efficient American equivalent of Europe's famous spas.

Ask your physician about the saline method. Ask him about Sal Hepatica. And when your system is unusually sluggish and toxic—when you have a cold you can't shake off—try taking a Saline Cocktail each morning for several days. Up, up go your spirits. Man or woman, your vitality reaches a new high.

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Kindly send me the Free Booklet that explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

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ROLLICKING RENO
Continued from page twenty-three

lationships, or of the cuisine; or a contention that one party bathes seldom. Almost 60 per cent of the cases that came before me in my years on the bench had something to do with things like this."

On the other hand, Sam Platt, former United States district attorney, and a leading member of the local bar by reason of the many prominent persons he has represented, says, " You can't make generalities in divorce cases. No one can pretend to understand the institution of divorce through a mere generalization. Professional experience teaches that both the marital and the divorce relation are a purely individual state involving the temperaments of the individual man and woman."

In the five years in which I have resided in Nevada, with my constant trips back and forth to Reno, always bumping into some Eastern or Far-Western friend there for the "cure," as a divorce is bluntly called, I have not been able to find any stable rule; although I would say that the general run, particularly of young society women who come to Reno, seem to be changing horses, so to speak.

Between thirty and thirty-five, many Park Avenueites imagine that if not happy at home, they'll find a silver lining with somebody else before they entirely lose their looks and their figures. It is astonishing to see how many of them brazenly come to the divorce Mecca, and bring along with them their new chosen mate! Those who do not, often fall in love with someone as lonesome as they are after a few weeks in the land of sagebrush, " desert rats," and sunsets, and are as likely as not to marry as soon as both are freed there.

THE
NORTHERN
CLUB

At the left is a glimpse of open gambling in "the district," a scene typical of the new Reno.

Through the center of the "Cal-Neva" lodge, right, run both the state line and a brook.

Nor has Reno escaped the cowboy craze. A number of lovely Eastern divorcees have fallen hard for the big, pale boy in overalls, high-heeled boots, and ten-gallon hat. As a result, several " dude ranches " have sprung up on the outskirts of town, the most comfortable of which is the Mt. Rose on the Mt. Rose Road, less than twenty miles from the city limits.

NEARER town an old house has been converted into a sumptuous abode, each room having its own bath, and all the furnishings being in Californian mission style. It is known as the Lazy M Ranch, and a polo field adjoins the property, where every Sunday afternoon spirited games are played, to which most of the divorce colony come.

Out at Pyramid Lake—a desert paradise the like of which exists nowhere save in Egypt—there are three ranches, Neill West, with the T-H, having the oldest dude headquarters in the northern part of the state. Individual cabins provide for the guests. The ranch lies up in a cañon where a wonderful view of the aquamarine lake may be had.

Then down at Sutcliffe, on the railroad, there is the Desert Inn, recently opened by a young Californian; and high up in the hills, at an altitude of 6,500 feet, is the Monte Cristo. Here an Easterner who married Bud Blondell, one of Neill West's cowboys, has accommodations for twenty people.

Since the passage of the six-weeks divorce bill and the legalizing of gambling, as well as the general reduction of railroad fares, the class of divorce seekers seems to have changed. When I was in Reno several years ago, I used to hear it said on all sides that none save the very rich could afford to come there. Today I notice very few wealthy persons—scarcely any Social Registerites, not one member of the original Four Hundred.

THE influx of tourists has brought with it another class. The town reeks with jobless men and women, picturesque desert rats, and a motley covering of scum. Almost daily petty robberies take place, and a few big " stick-ups " have happened in some of the gambling joints—so much so, that many of the larger places are building in " pill boxes " with regular turrets in which machine guns are being nested, and guards will be constantly on duty with orders to shoot to kill if any more desperadoes try to enter.

Fortunately for Reno, through the years she has trained an excellent bunch of police. The city, county, and state all have their headquarters in town. The United States Secret Service and other government bureaus also have offices here. I don't suppose there is an abler secret police system in the Far West than there is in this little town today.

On the outside there are only two men who wear uniforms; but under cover there are plenty of men to jump together at a moment's notice should a hijacking or outside gang try to take the town. George Wingfield, financier, banker, and Republican boss of the state, operates the big syndicates which control most of the larger hotels, gaming rooms, and restaurants. Ever since the earliest days of the Goldfield-Tonopah gold rush, Wingfield has been ringleader of his crowd.

The church element in Reno, led by the very able William Moll Case of the Federated Church, a grouping of a number of creeds, is also on its toes. While Dr. Case is a liberal-minded preacher, he is an ardent advocate of a return to the days when gambling, the speakeasy, and roughness were not so much in vogue.

There is considerable talk in some parts of Reno of a return of the vigilantes, who flourished here seventy years or so ago. Nowadays women are being accosted on the streets in the residential parts of town; and, without a zoning act for gaming, people are fearing that their next-door neighbors may be starting up a "bank."

Yet, with all her openness, her frankness, her carefree attitude, I don't think I know of any other little city of this size in any other part of the nation that has a finer group of home-loving residents. There is a great friendly spirit in the residential portion of Reno. Many fine men and women have settled here. Large estates dot the countryside. Beautiful homes emblazon the city. There are picnics in the pineclad high Sierras; paper chases on horseback; drives through enchanting, sage-covered backgrounds into the hinterlands of the ageless, shimmering deserts.

Men and women, aged and broken with the despair of an unhappy marriage, can come to Reno and find a new conception of life. If they wish the garishness of the speakeasies, the gaming tables, the night clubs, they can have it. If they prefer the quiet of tree-bordered streets, green parks, a lovely trickling river, they can have that. If they find enjoyment with friends here because of an experience in common—friends who talk of their marital careers as patients at Rochester, Minnesota, talk of operations—they are welcome to that also. Or, if they wish to enter into the social life of the little city itself and carry on, it also is theirs for the asking.

IT is 5 A. M. this time, of another wondrously fresh Nevada morning.

We are seated in the gaming room at Cal-Neva (about which Lightnin' was written). The walls are hung with red velours; yellow and pink rays, thrown indirectly from modernistic ceiling lamps of veined crystal and chromium, flood the long, narrow chamber. There are seven or eight tables, around each one of which are fashionably gowned women in long evening robes, cowboys in pink and orange shirts, overalled men from the mines and ranges, young girls in gay woolen sweaters and flat-heeled shoes, college boys in their plus fours or white trousers. A conglomerate array.

I am seated at the roulette table. Beside me, Jack Dempsey, tanned by Nevada's sun, is playing at a hundred dollars a crack with twenty-five-dollar chips. Others present, playing or looking on, are Mrs. Nelson Doubleday, the publisher's wife, in a magnificent gown of white lace; charming little Lucille Frank, the sub-débutante granddaughter of a Los Angeles banker—wide-eyed with excitement at her first all-night party; Walker Inman, son of Mrs. Benjamin Duke, widow of the tobacco king; Peter Arno, the well known cartoonist; and Manning Sherwin, the playwright, accompanied by glorious Florence Rice, daughter of Grantland.

Behind them the throng mills about. The pressure of bodies is terrific. Voices are muffled. Daylight peeps through the shuttered skylights. Someone suggests scrambled eggs. The game is up. We adjourn to the cabinlike dining-dancing room, through which flows an artificial stream from under some large rocks. The orchestra strikes up Out of Nowhere. Couples twirl about the floor, closely locked in each other's arms.

The music stops abruptly, to play Here Comes the Bride. Someone, somewhere, announces the engagement of two takers of the "cure," who will be married to each other as soon as each is freed.

That's Reno.

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 19

1—Pleura.
2—The friend to whom Odysseus intrusted the education of his son, Telemachus.
3—The sixteenth.
4—A varying weight used in Oriental countries.
5—King Lear, Act iii. Sc. 2.
6—A statue of the Savior, in the Andes, on the Argentine-Chile boundary line.
7—Angora.
8—$20,500 per annum.
9—The Carolines.
10—An instrument for measuring the intensity of light.
11—Andrew Jackson.
12—The head or uppermost member.
13—Treasure Island, by Robert Louis Stevenson.
14—Destiny; fate.
15—Germany.
16—An animal that has no backbone.
17—A rain gauge.
18—Powhatan.
19—Tapestries.
20—Nuremberg.

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YEAST FOAM TABLETS
YEAST

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Doctors recommend Yeast Foam Tablets for skin and complexion disorders, digestive or intestinal disturbances, lack of strength and energy, nervous or run-down conditions. Owing to the fact that this yeast is *pasteurized*, it will keep indefinitely and, of course, it cannot cause gas or fermentation. Hence it is *safe* for all ages—from tiny infants to the elderly.

Try Yeast Foam Tablets. You'll like them; and the ten-day bottle costs but 50 cents at your drug store. Made and guaranteed by The World's Largest Makers of Dry Yeast.

YEAST FOAM TABLETS *are sold in this convenient package, easily carried in purse or pocket—an added advantage of this easy-to-eat pure yeast.*

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Mr. Gilbert's Experiences, The Viking Tragedy, and Some Other Films

MAKING LOVE

Two Pages of Movie Reviews by

Frederick James Smith

(Reading time: 5 minutes 20 seconds.)

JOHN GILBERT'S voice is at the bar! The problem of Gilbert has absorbed Hollywood since the movies first acquired their voice.

Gilbert was riding on the crest of success when the talkies came along. With his very first picture, His Glorious Night, he hit a cropper. The film was received with laughter pretty generally, and right then and there Gilbert lost his romantic hold.

Producers placed the fault upon Gilbert's voice. Ever since that moment the actor has been struggling to regain his movie position.

Now that Gilbert's newest vehicle, Cheri-Bibi, has arrived from Hollywood, I want to quote Richard Barthelmess, who knows more about screen acting than any actor or director in movieland. And I trust Mr. Barthelmess will not think I am violating a confidence when I quote him.

"There is nothing the matter with Gilbert's voice—and never was," he told me. "The trouble lay in the dialogue of His Glorious Night. He had to say 'I love you' and indulge in other flowery, romantic conversation. You just can't say 'I love you' or 'I adore you' in the talkies without having your audience curl up with laughter. There's no visible reason why you can't do this on the screen and you can do it on the speaking stage. But watch the next love scene you see on the screen and see how fervent, sentimental words are avoided.

"Gilbert ran into his difficulty before Hollywood had learned, but his voice had nothing to do with his disaster."

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ CHERI-BIBI

CAST

Cheri-Bibi	John Gilbert
Cécile	Leila Hyams
Costaud	Lewis Stone
Herman	Jean Hersholt
Bourrelier	C. Aubrey Smith
Vera	Natalie Moorhead
Marquis du Touchaids	Ian Keith
Dr. Gorin	Alfred Hickman

Directed by John S. Robertson.
Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

A grand melodramatic idea lay in this story, developed from a novel by Gaston Leroux. A master of escape, a Parisian Houdini of handcuffs and locks, is unjustly condemned to prison for murder.

The guilty man marries the girl loved by them both. Cheri-Bibi escapes, kidnaps the scoundrel, and, with his face remade by a surgeon to exactly resemble his rival, takes the other's place as the husband of Cécile.

Despite the direction of the intelligent and sensitive John Robertson and an excellent cast, the trick plot does not explode just right. In fact, it just fizzes. I think the trouble lies with the continuity. Also in the obvious fact that John Gilbert, with his supposedly remade features, still looks like John Gilbert.

Gilbert is at his best in the early scenes of the flashing Cheri-Bibi, when he dazzles music-hall audiences with his crafty legerdemain. Later his work grows a little hammy.

★ ★ THE VIKING

Produced by the late Varick Frissell, with a cast including Louise Huntington, Captain Bob Bartlett, Arthur Vinton, and Charles Starrett.

This picture cost the life of its maker, Varick Frissell, its cameraman, A. E. Penrod, and some twenty members of the expedition in the far north. Frissell had returned to the Labrador coast to make some retakes, when an explosion wiped out his vessel and his life. Thus the picture, a panorama of seal hunting, has a tragic sentimental interest.

There are exciting moments when the sea hunters trek across a path that consists of perilously floating ice cakes. The menacing background completely dwarfs the crude story and the inferior acting.

★ ★ HUSH MONEY

CAST

Janet	Joan Bennett
Stuart Elliott	Hardie Albright
Steve	Owen Moore
Flo Curtis	Myrna Loy
Curtis	C. Henry Gordon
Dan Emmett	Douglas Cosgrove

Directed by Sidney Lanfield.
Produced by Fox.

The kindly, humorous, whimsical Irish detective is a familiar figure in the Hollywood movies. He often pursues his man for years, only to let him go free in the end. All because the little blonde loves the fellow.

This film has another of those philosophic dicks. The story is a variation of the old theme of the girl who marries without telling her past. An old indiscretion, in the dapper form of a sleek racketeer, turns up to collect blackmail or ruin her life.

What do you think the detective does? He subtly suggests to another racketeer that he bump off the blackmailer.

Because Joan Bennett, as the girl, is appealing and lovely, and because the work of Douglas Cosgrove, as the sentimental detective, and Owen Moore, as the sartorial and selfish racketeer, is excellent, this story, falsely theatrical as it is, becomes interesting entertainment. C. Henry Gordon does a vivid bit as the unworthy hand of justice.

Hardie Albright and Joan Bennett in Hush Money.

in the TALKIES

Gary Cooper and Carole Lombard in I Take This Woman.

Captain Bob Bartlett stops a couple of belligerents in The Viking.

Lewis Stone, Natalie Moorhead, and John Gilbert in Cheri-Bibi.

★ ★ I TAKE THIS WOMAN

CAST

Tom McNair	Gary Cooper
Kay Dowling	Carole Lombard
Aunt Bessie	Helen Ware
Herbert Forrest	Lester Vail
Mr. Dowling	Charles Trowbridge
Sue Barnes	Clara Blandick
Clare Hammell	Mildred Van Doren

Directed by Slavko Vorkapich and Marion Gering.
Produced by Paramount.

You have watched the unfolding of this story (here adapted from Mary Roberts Rinehart's novel, Lost Ecstasy) on the screen quite frequently. The spoiled darling from the east who starts out to play with the affections of the honest cowboy, only to lose her own heart in the end, is a familiar figure.

Here the madcap marries her man, is snowed in with him for a lonely winter, and quits when he drags an ailing calf into the tiny shack for medical treatment. She flees east to her round of teas and dances; but, alas, she can't forget. And she goes back, probably to be as unhappy as she was before.

Since the increasingly able and always beautiful Carole Lombard is the girl, and the somber, taciturn Gary Cooper is the cowhand, the story gains a genuinely interesting quality. The film has dared to be unconventional in its intimate details of the cowboy and his bride. Maybe that is due to the Russian, Slavko Vorkapich, who codirected.

Do you know that—

Carole Lombard marries William Powell this fall? . . . Tom Mix is to make six Westerns for Universal, starting in October?

Four- and three-star pictures of the past month

★★★★—The Smiling Lieutenant.

★★★—Five and Ten, Chances, Le Million, Daddy Long Legs, Always Goodbye, Women of All Nations, A Free Soul.

Three Million

By

JAMES HOPPER

Pictures by RALPH PALLEN COLEMAN

(Reading time: 15 minutes 15 seconds.)

WE were four Americans around a marble-topped table of the Café du Dome before dinner time, and we were discussing the crash in stocks which was happening back home. Said Hall, who was at the Beaux Arts: " Three to one the Old Man cuts down my allowance! He believes in passing depression around."

Just then de Brissac came up on the terrace, dashing in his tight French clothes, the tilt of his hat, and the carriage of his cane. He gave us a little hand salute, paused, then came to sit with us. In a minute, having caught the drift of our talk, he was giving us a little lecture on the art of speculation.

" It is really quite possible to make money by speculation," he said. " But if you would speculate with success you must first of all establish for yourself your limit.

" I do not know if you gentlemen have observed how I live. Every morning I ride for two hours in the Bois. On a rented horse—two hours and no more. I go to the play once a week, to the concert every fortnight, to the opera once a month. I have an apartment in town, of modest size, a small hunting lodge in the Touraine, a pocket-size vineyard in the Provence. I allow myself two lounge suits a year, a cutaway every two years, a full dress every three. I take before my dinner three *apéritifs*, and only three.

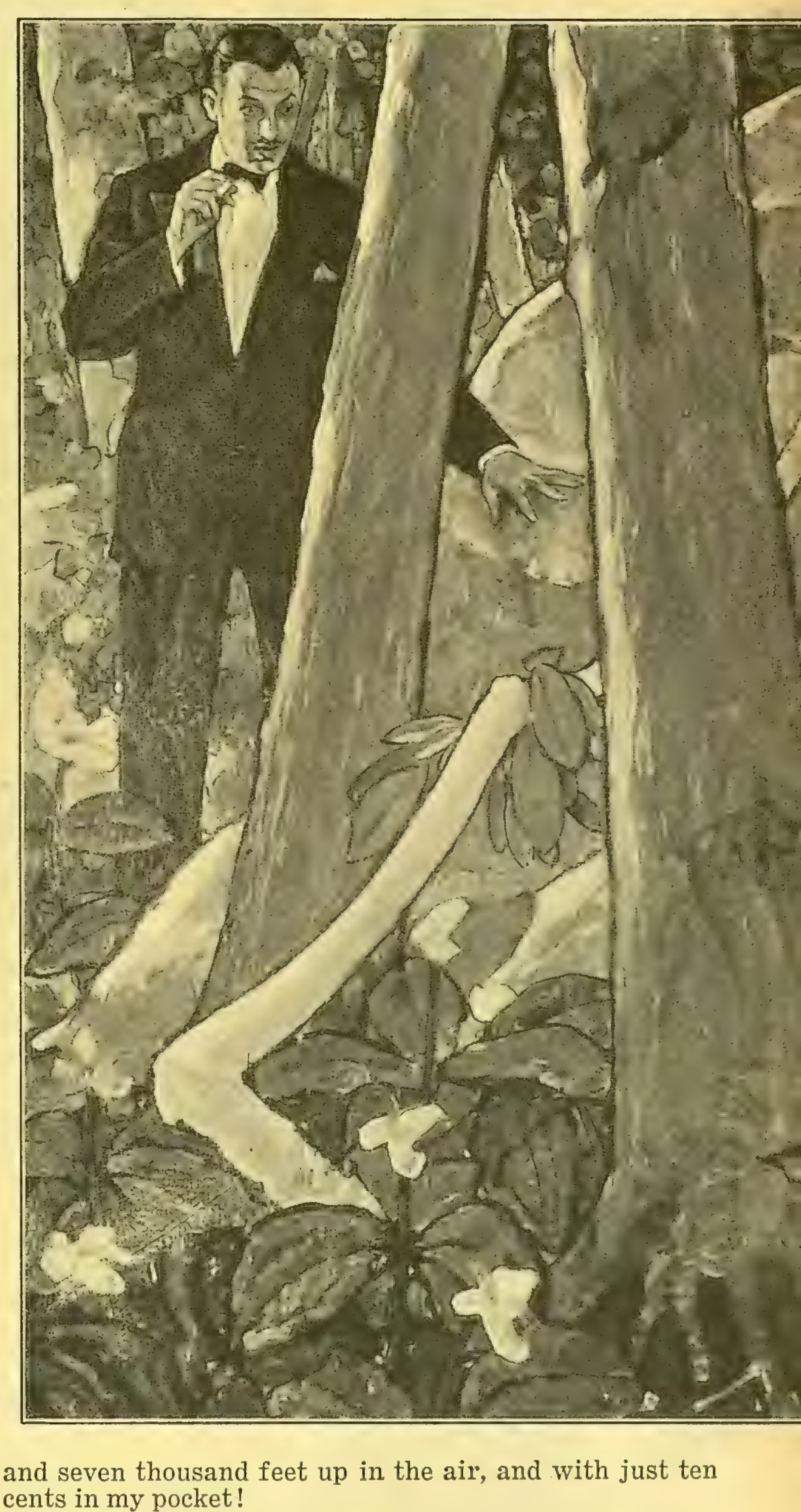
" Very well. Now let me tell you that the fund which allows me to live in this modest yet agreeable fashion I made by speculation. At one stroke, in fact. But I was asking of this financial operation only the moderate living I have described. Had I asked twice as much, I might have got nothing.

" What else does one need to speculate? Money and acumen. These two elements are necessary in inverse ratio. The more acumen one has, the less money one needs. You will be surprised when you learn what a little sum indeed I used in my speculation.

" This happened, by the way, in your own United States. I will tell you.

" I own—perhaps some of you know—a title. You may remember a period before the war when a title had, in your country, a distinct value. That is how I had gone to the United States. In pursuit of a very rich young *Américaine* I had met at the Crillon, with the idea that she might allow me a little power over her millions in return for the use of my title. I had followed her across the ocean; then, pressing my suit, from New York to Newport, Charleston, New Orleans, El Paso, Quebec, Denver, Los Angeles, the Everglades, the Rockies, the Canadian forests—she was an extraordinary traveler.

" My ardor—at first purely mercenary—had grown reckless from the fact that I had fallen in love with her. It finally led me, in oblivion of prudence, too far. When she, with finality and with decision, said no, and departed in a shining car heaped with shining luggage to marry a young man who was a hero because he had carried a bit of inflated pigskin ninety-five yards in spite of the efforts of eleven other young men like him who were determined he should not carry that inflated pigskin ninety-five yards, I woke up to find myself six thousand miles from home and seven thousand feet up in the air, and with just ten cents in my pocket!



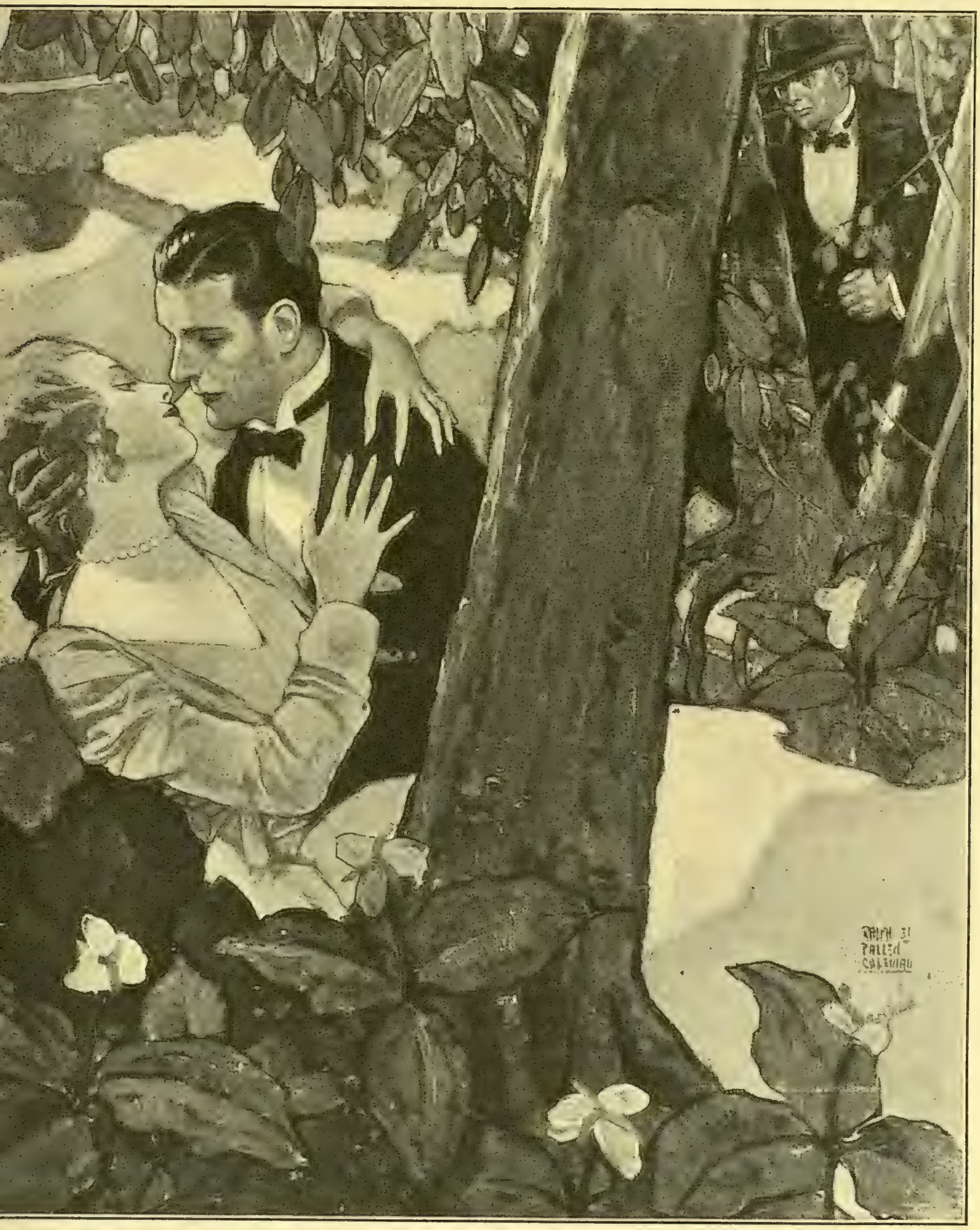
" Perched high in a summer hotel of the wildest part of the California Sierra I was, with a long board bill against me, and just ten cents—one dime—in my pocket.

" This hotel where I was stranded was called—I am disguising the name—the Hotel of the Glaciers. It faced the east, and from its veranda one saw the whole crest of the Sierra deployed before one, mountain after mountain, glistening in the sunshine. A little nearer than the highest mountains, but still high, and still far, was a strange peak, called Half Dome.

" In the center of the hotel veranda, near the rail, there stood a telescope. If you trained it on the mountains and looked through it, the mountains seemed to pounce toward you till almost within the touch of the hand, with all their

Per Cent

The Story of a Man Who Lived on a Dime



"I WAS strolling in the evening in the pine forest, when I came upon a couple in embrace."

inequalities visible as are your wrinkles when you shave. But that telescope was not free; you must put ten cents in the slot. If you looked without putting ten cents in the slot, you saw nothing because a little black disk remained shut inside. If you put ten cents in the slot, then the little black disk lifted inside, and you saw. But as you saw, the telescope ticked and ticked, just like a taxicab, and after a few minutes—click!—the little black shutter snapped shut again, and you saw nothing once more—unless you put another ten cents in.

"I HAD found all this out in the reckless days before the young woman had gone. I was now putting no ten-cent pieces in the telescope slot, since, as I have told ly one ten-cent piece left. You can see that what do you call it?—in ditching me had left me absolutely as if on a desert island in the middle of the Pacific.

"AND here I remained, partly because I had not the fare for going away, and partly because this was a place where I could still sign for my meals, even though Mr. Hudson, the excellent manager, had fallen into the habit of having my bill slipped under my grapefruit every morning.

"It was at that time that the Latimers arrived. He, Latimer—I am disguising the real name—is one of your country's famous captains of industry. An owner of steel mills, of tin mines, of oil wells, a great *brasseur d'affaires*, juggling with millions. He had a granite face, a great red nose, little sharp eyes, and the body of a rhinoceros. Mrs. Latimer was some twenty years younger—slight, blondish, with pale blue eyes, a gentle, a sentimental type. I felt sorry for her. In the party was the secretary of Mr. Latimer, a young Mr. Shelton, with sleeked black hair, brown eyes that were too soft, and a little pursed-up mouth.

"The party had come here at the wane of the season, with the place almost empty, because the physicians said Mr. Latimer needed a rest.

"A few days after their arrival, I was strolling in the evening along a trail in the pine forest behind the hotel, when, rounding a large rock, I came upon a couple in embrace.

"Now, there is something that couples in embrace always do, and it is the wrong thing to do. If at the sound of an intruder they remained in embrace, nearly always—since usually this happens in the dark, or at least in dim light—the intruder would not be able to make out *who* the people in embrace. But invariably the people in embrace do the other thing. They spring apart, and fatally display themselves in clear silhouette.

"That is what these two now proceeded to do. Going on by them, pretending not to see, I saw very well that they were Mrs. Latimer and Mr. Shelton, Mr. Latimer's secretary. Slight moonbeams, coming through the pines, shone upon her large, affrighted eyes, upon her small hands, clasped against her heart. They fell also upon his

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THREE MILLION PER CENT
Continued from page twenty-nine

sleek head, and I thought I detected on his face, even at that moment, an expression of insipid complacency.

"I moved quickly off that stage and its emotions. But seemingly my night was not finished. A small distance farther along the trail, my ears told me that, without planning it, I had become a pursuer. Half-blind and hurried feet were stumbling ahead of me in the darkness striated with moonbeams. Unconsciously I pressed my steps, gained, caught up—and saw the unmistakable rhinoceros bulk of Latimer, the great financier, darting behind a tree. The betrayed, I divined, had been observing the betrayers.

"Several days passed again. More guests had departed. The Latimer party and I breakfasted, lunched, dined, made our daily gestures in the void of an empty caravansary. My bill was growing. I still had, in my pocket, my dime. It was my waiter who, at breakfast, told me of the projected climb. It seemed that tomorrow Mr. Latimer and his secretary, Mr. Shelton, were starting early on an ascent of Half Dome.

"That mountain—I have told you something of it already—was of those glittering in plain view from the hotel veranda. It was a favorite climb because, although its height was quite respectable, much of the ascent could be made almost in comfort. One could ride with pack animals up to the base of the last slope, and thus have only three thousand feet of real climbing left.

"This final effort presented no difficulties except near the end, when one must pass along a very narrow ridge with vertiginous smooth slides to the right and the left. Even there, the peril had been lessened by the thoughtfulness of a club called the Sierra Club, which had driven in iron stakes threaded with a steel cable.

"Mr. Latimer, weary of inactivity, had decided to climb Half Dome, and he was taking with him his secretary. 'I suppose he might want to dictate some letters from the top,' said my waiter. I saw, the next morning, a pack train waiting near the hotel doors, and had a chat with the guide. The party, as was usual, was riding today to the base of the final climb, and would camp there for the night. Tomorrow morning the two gentlemen would start early for the foot part of the ascent; they would be at the summit of the dome by noon.

"'Are you going to the top with them?' I asked the guide.

"He said that, no, he remained in the camp while they climbed. Mr. Latimer and Mr. Shelton wished to have the remembrance of having reached Half Dome without guide. Many people were like that.

"I SAW the party start a little time later, Mr. Latimer on a horse, Mr. Shelton on a horse, the guide, the packer, and the cook each on a horse, the tents and bed rolls on three horses. Mr. Latimer's great red nose was breathing the fresh balsamic morning air as though he liked it. Mr. Shelton was sleepy, and his nose looked as though, for the moment, he did not like anything that Mr. Latimer liked.

"And now the hotel was more empty than ever. Mrs. Latimer went out riding. The last of the other guests departed. Mr. Hudson spoke to me about my bill, and at the same time gave me a bit of alarming information. It seemed that—'as usual,' he said odiously—the hotel would close on October the first for the season. My calendar told me that this was September the twentieth.

"I loitered on the veranda in the clear light of a beautiful fall day. In my mind I followed the Latimer caravan, dropping first into the valley below the hotel, then rising slowly on the other side along trails thrown like shoe laces. When evening came, I reflected that they now had reached the meadow at the foot of the dome. Their camp fire was no doubt crackling, the coffeepot steaming, the bacon in the pan, the tent up, and the sleeping bag ready.

"I wondered if Mr. Latimer still looked as though he liked it and if Mr. Shelton still looked as though he did not like it. I went finally to bed.

"I was up early next day. I found my bill with my toast at breakfast, and this time it was written in red ink. The morning passed slowly on the veranda hot with sun. Over there, far, was the chaos of peaks, and in the midst of it Half Dome, no bigger than a tennis ball cut in two. Over there, invisible because so far, Mr. Latimer and Mr. Shelton must be climbing by now. The guide had said that they would be at the top by noon. At half past eleven I calculated that they must be now at the perilous part of the ascent—that razor-sharp ridge, hardly wide enough for a pair of shoes, with the vertiginous slides to the right, to the left. But roped with steel cable, the guide had said.

"Mrs. Latimer passed in her riding togs on the way to her horse. I was alone on the great veranda. Finally it was a quarter to twelve.

"THEN I did it. I engaged in that momentous speculation of which I have hinted to you. Maybe it should be called a gamble, maybe an investment. Who knows? That is a matter of the point of view. I had in my pocket a little thin dime, my sole fortune. I walked over to the veranda telescope and dropped into its slot the little thin dime.

"The mechanism began to tick. I put my eye to the glass; and the mountains, so far away, surged toward me. I swung the telescope and hit the Half Dome. I could see the huge granite slabs, like steps, on the northern flank along which the ascent was made. I jerked the glass a little to the right. Too far! I had leaped to the very top. There was yet no one on that flat, bald, desolate summit. I began to move the glass back slowly to the left and a little down.

"There! I had it. The bad part. The sharp, sharp ridge which was at the end of the climb. I could see even the little stakes and the cable. Still more carefully, still more slowly, I continued to move the glass to the left in little jerks, fraction of an inch and fraction of an inch. There! I had them! Two little figures struggling upward in the very middle of that long, bad passage, that narrow ridge with smooth abyss to the right, smooth abyss to the left.

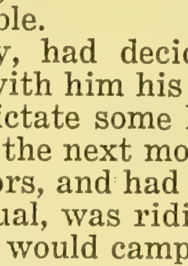
"Mr. Latimer was ahead. Yes, he was ahead. Mr. Shelton was behind. And how he did grasp that steel rope! With both hands, so hard! It was too far, even with that powerful glass—but I thought, 'There must be cold sweat on that fine brow of that fine Mr. Shelton!'

"I now saw Mr. Latimer stop, turn, raise his alpenstock—

"It was strange. There they were, far off in that distance of mountain, thinking themselves as alone as on earth one can be, unwitnessed utterly, and unseen. And there I was, like God, with my eye upon them."

De Brissac stopped, looked at each one of us, one after the other, in a circular glance, raised his glass and sipped.

"Do you remember what I said on the art of speculating?" he said. "That the money needed is in inverse proportion to the acumen of the speculator? I had had, for sole capital in my venture, ten cents, one dime. But, gentlemen, I had had acumen.



JAMES HOPPER

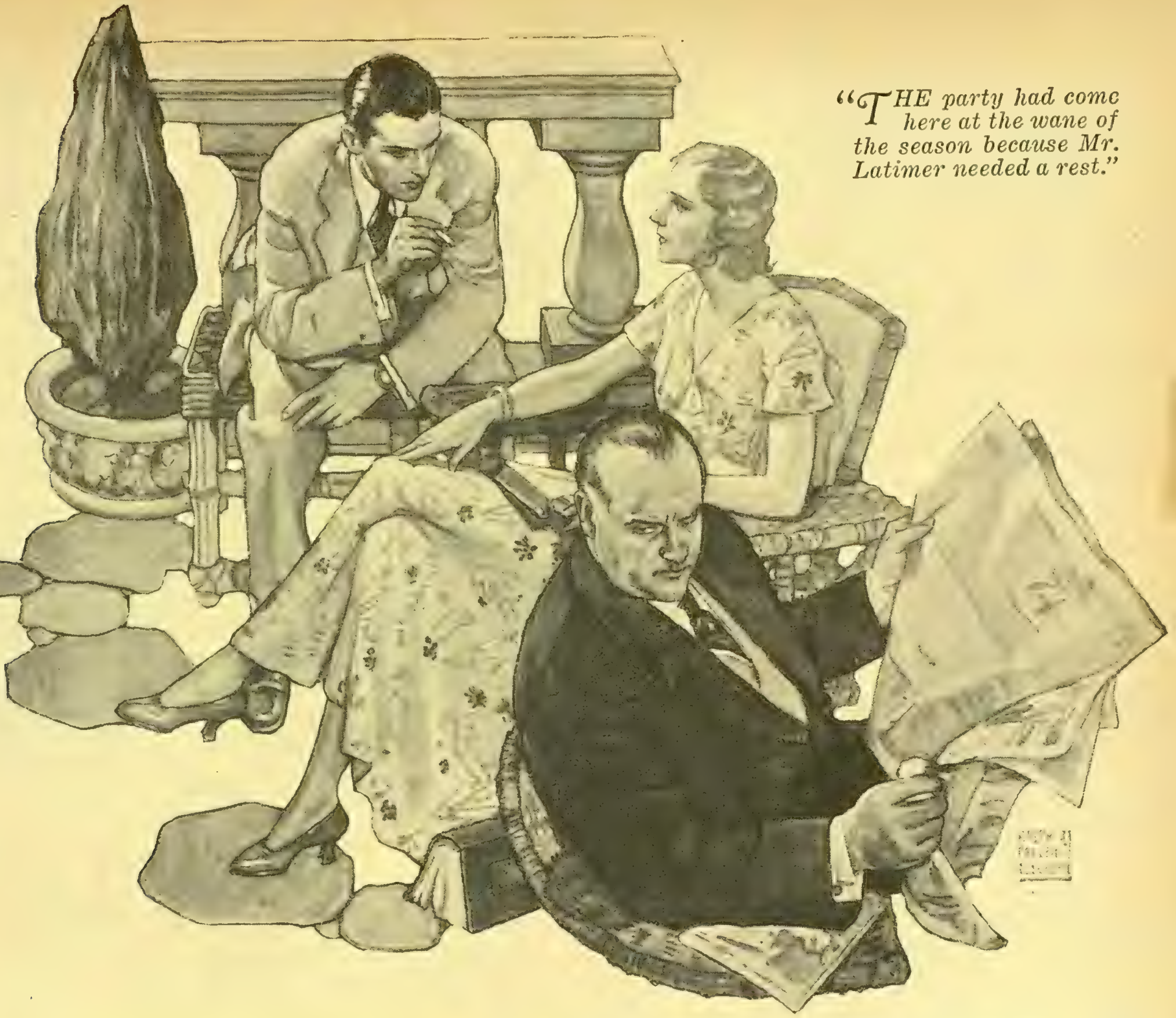
who wrote this story, was born in Paris in 1876, and came to the United States in 1887. He was a war correspondent in France in 1914-15 and with the A. E. F. to the end of the war. He has written half a dozen books, is married, and has a home in California, but spends much time in New York City.

"It was twelve hours before rumors began to trickle to the hotel. You could see guides and rangers going to and fro. A pack train departed with long coils of rope, pulleys, axes, iron stakes. There had been an accident in the mountains.

"Twenty-four hours later Mr. Latimer arrived. He seemed a bit tired, but his granitic face told nothing. But it need not tell us anything. Rumor had become precision; we knew already. There had been, in truth, an accident in the mountains. Mr. Shelton, climbing Half Dome with Mr. Latimer, while on the last ridge had slipped—two thousand feet—to his death.

"Mr. Latimer entered the conjugal suite, and the door closed tight behind him upon a profound

"It remained thus three days Rumor



"THE party had come here at the wane of the season because Mr. Latimer needed a rest."

Latimer was not well; a physician had been called from the city.

"But a vigorous man cannot well stay forever in a room, even if it is a sick room. Mr. Latimer came out on the veranda one morning for a bit of air and sun, and there I was with the air and the sun.

"'Mr. Latimer,' I said, 'I am being much plagued by a bill which that excellent Mr. Hudson insists upon slipping every morning beneath my breakfast plate. Would you pay for me that bill?'

"He looked like a boar, that is what he looked like. He growled. 'Why should I pay your bill?' he growled.

"'Simply because, Mr. Latimer,' I said brightly, 'three days ago—last Tuesday—at eleven forty-five A. M., I placed the last ten cents I possessed into the slot of that telescope standing there before you.'

"'Well?'

"'And applied my eye to said telescope. Which happened to be trained—oh, by sheer accident—upon Half Dome. More particularly upon that dangerous ridge near the top of Half Dome. At eleven forty-five last Tuesday morning, Mr. Latimer.'

"I WILL say that not the slightest ripple passed over his heavy face. He stood there, looking down upon me out of his little eyes, along his formidable nose.

"'Give me the bill,' he said at length. 'It shall be settled for you.'

"I gave him my hotel bill. He had not moved; he was still regarding me with his sharp little eyes. 'I take it,' he said, 'that you may have some other request to make.'"

. . . . .

De Brissac came to a halt. He took a sip of his *apéritif*—his third. It was true that he never took, [illegible] n three [illegible] a cigarette.

"*Voilà,*" he said, with a little gesture. "That is all. I have lived happy ever since.

"You see, I did not ask too much of your Mr. Latimer. An American captain of industry, I said to myself, has power; he has a long arm; let us not too tempt that long arm.

"I live in ease and beauty, even though it be with Latin simplicity, tasting deep and long of each moderate pleasure. At that time, however little I asked of it, that speculation of mine could not be termed one contemptible of result.

"WHAT was the capital I invested? Ten cents. It is now bringing me a return . . ."

He borrowed a pencil from Hall, figured swiftly upon the marble table. "Of three million per cent per annum. That is what one can do, you see, with a little moderation!"

"But, for God's sake," Hall almost shouted, sprawling across the table toward de Brissac, "just what was it you saw through that telescope?"

De Brissac gave a little smile. "That, too, of course, is interesting. I will tell you.

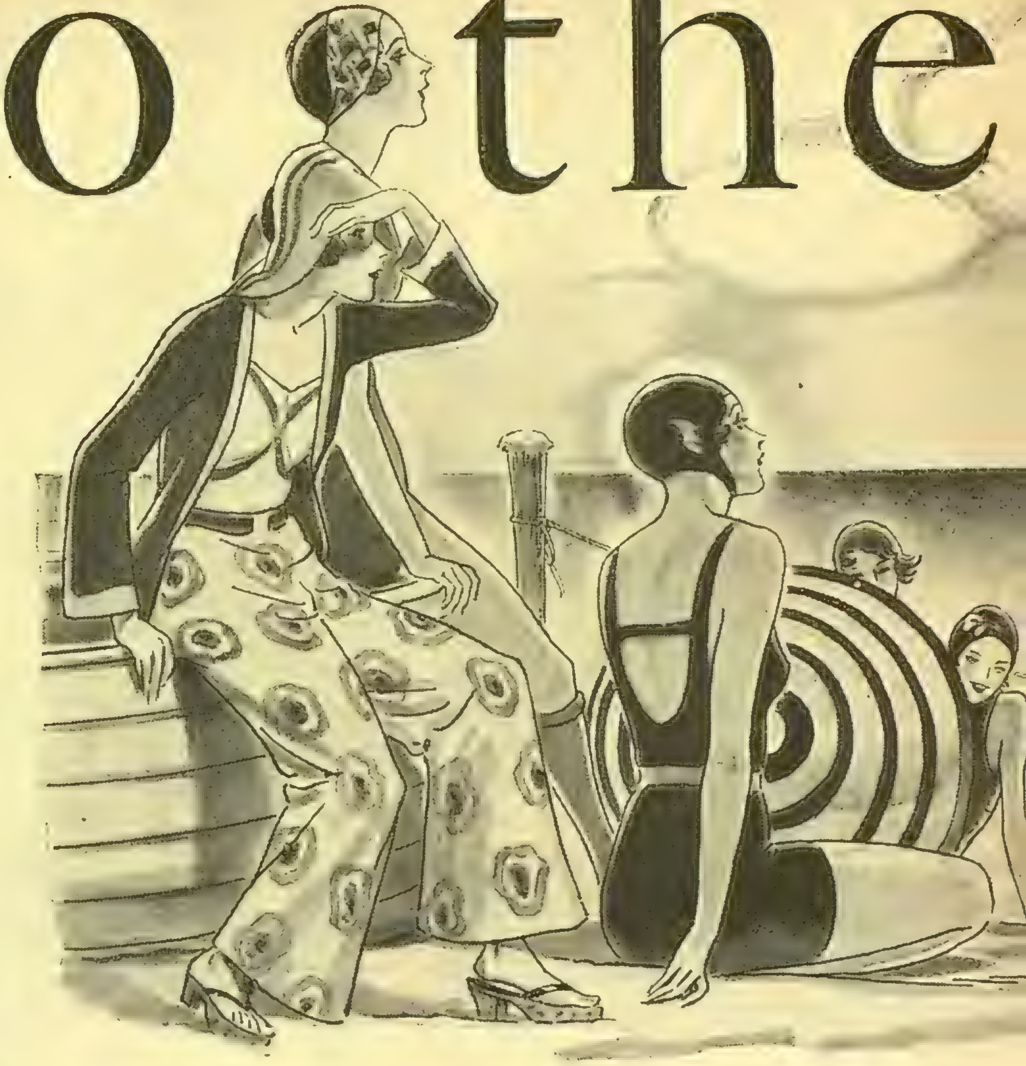
"I had, as you remember, the big glass on the two men toiling up that narrow, narrow ridge with the vertiginous slides to one side and the other. I had just seen Mr. Latimer stop, turn, raise his alpenstock.

"But I have told you about the telescope—how, when you had put ten cents in, it ticked and ticked like a taxicab; and how, after a little while, a little black shutter snapped shut.

"The telescope was ticking, ticking, as I looked. Suddenly it went clang! The little black shutter came down like a guillotine. I did not have, as you remember, another ten-cent piece to put in. And I had seen nothing—nothing at all!"

THE END

To the



By

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia.

(Reading time: 9 minutes.)

"FOR trying to be funny you are fined one dollar."

Sixteen years ago an irate theater manager yelled this discouraging dictum at a little Canadian girl dressed in boy's clothes. On her own hook, she had added a mustache to her make-up and had injected some impromptu clowning into her small beginner's part.

The girl was Beatrice Lillie, today the most successful of women comedians!

Still impromptu, she tells me, is a great deal of the humor which keeps her present-day audiences rocking with mirth. Her gestures, even many of her lines, are inspirations of the moment.

"I'm awful at rehearsals," she confessed. "I can act only when I have an audience. And if my audience is unresponsive I go flat."

That is why she likes American audiences. "They *get* my satire so quickly," she says.

She loves being in a play with Noel Coward because he never objects, as most author-actors do, when she changes his lines. On the contrary, he plays up to her new gags.

Off the stage she is also humorous, lively, charming. Lady Peel is her name by marriage, her English husband having inherited a title some years ago.

THIRTY different homes shall you have during your lifetime—if you're an average American city dweller, and if you survive to the ripe maturity of threescore years and ten.

That's the tally our gypsy wanderings from one flat to another work out at, as checked up by the Consolidated Gas Company of New York. The Gas Company investigators find that an average metropolitan family folds its tents like the Arabs every two years and two months. This means a total of about thirty moves during a lifetime of seventy years.

No wonder city life seems restless, rootless! Nomads are like that—and we apartment-house nomads conform to the foot-loose character of all migratory folk. We follow the call of new pastures, fresh pickings, temporary ease.

Well, what of it? Nomads are happy people as a rule, rapacious at their worst, care-free and generous at their best. But moving *is* hard on the crockery.

A LAUNDRYMEN'S rebellion! Have you heard about it? They're up in arms against us housewives, if you please. They claim we send cheap, flimsy clothes to be washed, then make the poor laundry pay for everything that gets spoiled. What they clamor for is justice. They say they should not be held responsible for the ruin of goods too weak to stand washing. They declare they are sick and tired of paying for shrunken, faded garments made of inferior materials.

To defeat this, they plan to test the washability of all dry goods in their million-dollar Institute of Laundering at Joliet, Illinois. They're urging merchants, department stores, etc., to send samples of all materials offered for sale.

Very interesting, the tests are. I learned about them from H. K. Wilder of the New York Laundry Board of Trade. Every wash material is supposed to survive soap and water, perspiration, drying heat, and 350 hours of strong light. After all this there should be no undue shrinkage or fading.

One big department store is now testing samples of a large rayon stock it can obtain at bargain rates. If the rayon prevails through from five to ten different washings at the laundering institute, the store will buy it and have a "prosperity sale" of inexpensive made-up dresses. If not, not.

The laundrymen hope that in time we'll all insist on test-labeled goods when we shop.

"HALO hats" of the new type just coming in will be the natural successors, I think, to our off-the-face hats of current vogue. Happy prospect. For the halo hat is more becoming, particularly to girls with stick-out foreheads, who never should have worn the off-the-face hat, no matter how fashionable it might be.

French style for the new halo hat specifies an inch-and-a-half brim in front, the brim widening out at one side more than at the other. All the Paris models have brims that are wider on one side.

The important thing to find out is which side of the brim should be tilted and widened to favor your face. The right and left profiles of our faces are always slightly different. We will look our best in the new halo hat only if we contrive to make it play up our prettier profile.

So run for your mirrors, girls, and do some serious studying! And remember that an inexpensive hat tilted just right for you will be infinitely more becoming than an eighty-dollar [illegible] hat tilt

Ladies!

Pictures by ROBERT A. CAMERON

GLAD to see her?

I was not.

She is really a nice person in many ways, but she's one of those women—don't we all know them?—who come to us with friendship of the militantly frank, outspoken sort. And what can be worse than a habitual " frankness fiend "?

They greet you with a gusty, " Why, my *deeah!* I'm *so* glad to see you! Isn't it *lovely*, meeting again after all this time? "

Well, you can't help it; you begin to warm up toward her. She sounds nice, so far. Maybe you misjudged her the last time. Maybe she's changed.

No fear. She hasn't changed. Right on top of her cheery greeting she says: " What have you been doing to yourself, my deeah? Been working too hard, I'll bet. You used to have such a healthy color. Has anyone told you you're not looking well? Frankly, my deeah, if I were you . . ."

She's so darned enthusiastic about being " frank and straightforward," so dutiful about " speaking her mind." At a party she's such a comfort. There you are in your new green dress. Up she comes to extend a helping hand. " You'll knock 'em dead in that gorgeous dress, my deeah. I adore it; I think it's too sweet for words. But I must be truthful, darling, and honestly now, I'm sure pink is your color."

YOU can get splashed by the crime wave now in the most surprising environs.

A woman I know, a decorator, buys rare art books at a very exclusive little shop. As she approached this shop the other day she saw three ominous characters come out. They looked like gangsters of the most successful—most dangerous—type. Ultra-elegant they were, yet grim-faced, with the set smiles and cold, hard eyes of modern bad men. Inside the shop my friend found the scholarly old proprietor staring popeyed at an enormous roll of bank notes. To her he gasped:

" Did you see those men? Do you know what they did? They came in here and handed me all this money. More than a thousand dollars! They told me to buy them the most expensive art volumes on the market. They said the man they work for is sick, and that his doctor has ordered him to take his mind off his troubles by looking at picture books."

" Did they tell you the name of their boss? " my friend inquired.

" Yes. They told me his name is Jack (Legs) Diamond."

CREOLE food has made a perfect glutton of me!

A kind friend (*she* doesn't care what happens to my figure) steered me the other day into a delightful little restaurant where Creole dishes are the specialty. Then fate came along in the guise of an irresistible joy called *veal grillades*—a rare temptation handed down through countless ages of Creole cooks.

Charmingly, the lady who owns the restaurant consented to tell me how *veal grillades* should be made. Before I pass the recipe on to you, I want to tell you a little story about the lady herself.

I think it proves once more how surely anyone who knows how to do a certain thing really well can win success by doing that thing.

When a lingering illness afflicted her husband, Mrs. A. faced the problem of supporting their family. On taking account of her capabilities, she found that Creole cooking was the only thing she knew a great deal about. So, instead of attempting unfamiliar work, she decided to take a chance with her Creole dishes.

The restaurant she opened has been so successful that her family emergency is long since ended. But she still carries on, because, says she, " My boys are away at school now, and I'd rather run this place than play bridge."

Here, thanks to her courtesy, you have the recipe for that delicious *veal grillades:*

Cut 2 slices of inch-thick veal (about 1½ pounds) into five or six servings, and fry in lard. Keep the meat warm while you slice and fry 2 large onions, 2 green peppers, and 1 red-pepper pod. Add a good sprinkling of flour to the vegetables and continue frying until deep brown. Cut up and add 2 large tomatoes (or ½ can of tomatoes), 1 small clove of garlic, 1 bay leaf, and 1 sprig of parsley. Cook for 20 minutes, then put in the veal with salt, pepper, and enough *boiling* water to make sufficient thick gravy. Add the water very slowly, pouring in at the sides of the pan. Cover well and simmer gently for 1 hour. Serve with rice.

PAINTED gay pink, yellow, tender mauve, or green, are the very decorative railway coaches being tried out on the suburban lines of an English road. At the end of the year the commuters vote for the color they like best. So far, it looks like a victory for the rose-pink party, backed by strong feminine support.

The idea of prettier railroad cars for commuters is a good one, I think. Ordinarily these conveyances are so drab, so dull. To brighten the cars we ride in might perhaps make the daily grind of commuting a bit less tedious.

While we're at it, why not prink up the suburban railroad stations, as they do in Holland and Belgium, with plenty of evergreen shrubs and pots of flowering plants hung down from the long roof of the train platform? I really don't see why our comings and goings from home to work, and back again, shouldn't be rendered as painless as possible.

A MASSEUSE

An Inside Peek at How the Darlings of the Screen Are Whacked into Shape

By

SYLVIA

of Hollywood

As Revealed by an Indiscreet Secretary

(Reading time: 15 minutes 22 seconds.)

HER secretary has already revealed how the now celebrated Sylvia came to America from Norway, worked her way to Hollywood, and there, after a discouraging period as an unknown outsider, " broke in " with the help of the big-hearted Marie Dressler, whom her treatments had benefited. In last week's installment the revelations followed Sylvia's career to the threshold of success. This was reached when Gloria Swanson, having fretted herself out of condition at the advent of the talkies, vowed that Sylvia must come and give treatments exclusively to her.

PART FOUR—THE DOTTED LINE

THE offer from Gloria was flattering enough. But the boss had got past the point where the name of a movie star, whispered, was enough to jerk her out of a sound sleep. She was able to keep her head when Swanson made her offer, because, for one thing, the savings account was doing nicely, and, for another, she had just taken on Norma Shearer, whom she had been angling to get for months.

Hedda Hopper steered Norma Shearer into Sylvia's hands. At that, the boss nearly lost the M.-G.-M. star after the first treatment, which was given in Shearer's home. Norma had been playing a lot of tennis, and had got stringy and muscular and jumpy, the way women always do when they go crazy about any sport. The first thing to do was to calm her down and get her to sleeping regularly as a preliminary to softening her. So the boss rubbed her for nearly two hours and left her sleeping like a child. The next morning we got a phone call from Hedda Hopper, who said:

" I don't know what you did to Norma Shearer, Sylvia, but ny name is mud in the movies if you've ruined her."

" Why, what's the matter? " asked Sylvia.

" She's half crazy," wept Hedda. " I'm with her now. She's in the next room and Irving's with her " (Irving being Norma's husband and the big guy on the M.-G.-M. lot) " and they're orry I ever brought you to her."

" But tell me what's wrong! " cried Sylvia.

" That's what *I'd* like to know," said Hedda. " Norma has unny marks—sort of red ruffles—in her skin, all down one ide and on her arm and leg on that side."

Well, with a few more hysterical words Hedda conveyed the idea that Mr. Thalberg and Norma and Hedda herself were convinced that Sylvia had crossed up a nerve or something and that Norma was getting paralysis. Because they had read somewhere that paralysis attacks one side of the body, and all these marks were on the same side.

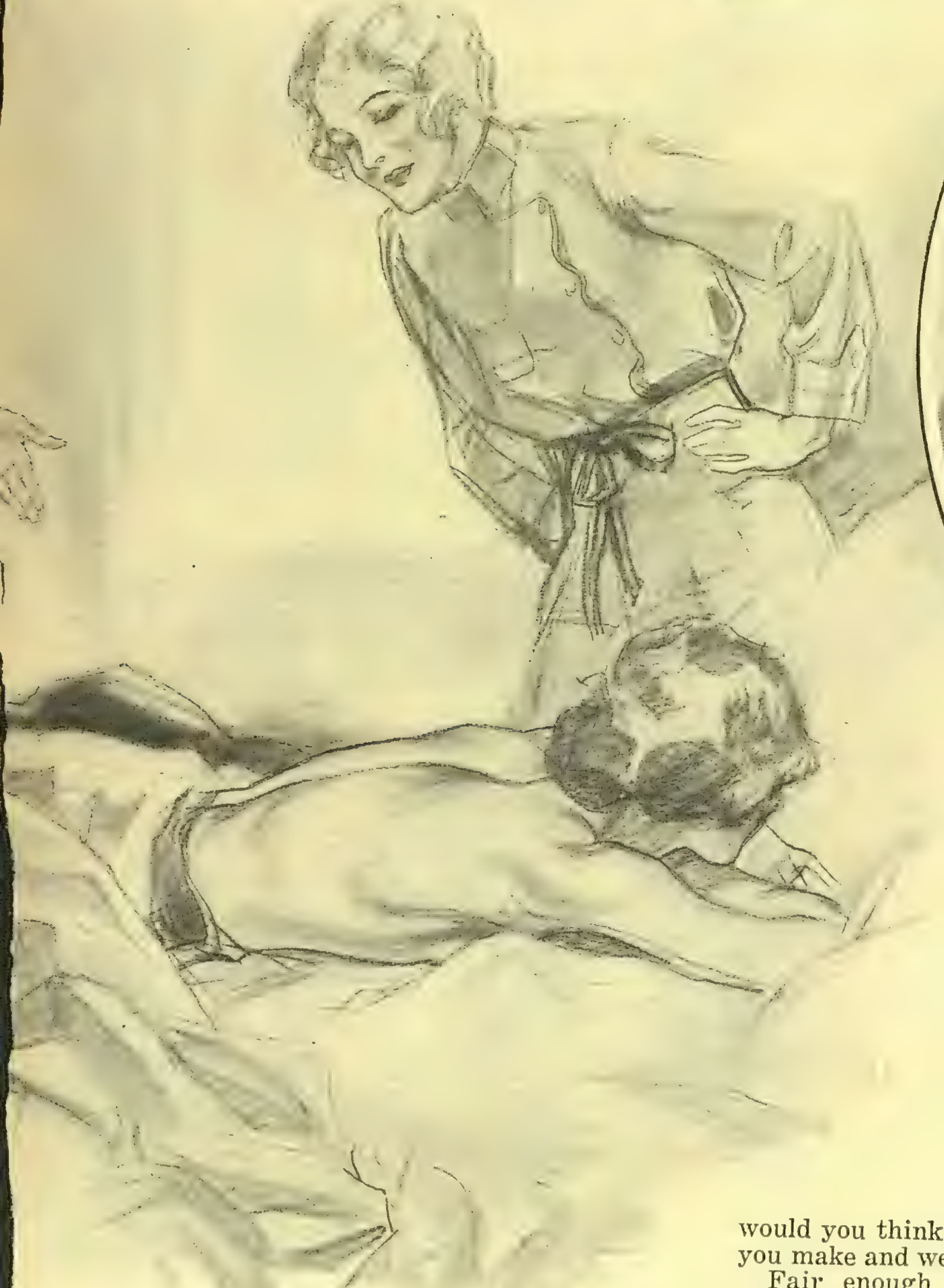
Picture by HUBERT MATHIEU

SYLVIA took one look and let out a laugh. Then she slid her hand under the "incipient paralytic's" body and yanked out a ribbed bath towel.

The boss got frightened herself and hopped over to t Thalberg house in her pyjamas. She found them hanging o Norma in bed. Norma was keeping her nerve—suspecting worst, but heroic withal—and was consoling Irving with idea that maybe it was all for the best; that she had had all principal thrills of a movie career anyway, and maybe nov was the hand of Providence pointing out that she should g it up and be a wife and mother. It was an affecting and tra scene.

They didn't shriek at Sylvia, but Hedda, with a simple d matic gesture full of noble dignity, merely led the boss to sufferer's bedside and pulled back the sheet. Sylvia took look and let out a laugh. Then she slid her hand under incipient paralytic's body and yanked out a coarse linen rib bath towel. Norma had slept all night on the towel which been used the evening before as a massage mat, and natu the side which had pressed on the ribbed towel all those h

ooks *at the* STARS



To Sylvia
a wonderful little wo
In appreciation of
"love-Taps" —
Norma S

"To Sylvia — a wonderful little woman. In appreciation of your 'love-taps'—Norma Shearer."

ked like a waffle. She has a delicate skin, anyway, that mark like chamois kid.

te of being relieved of her fear, Norma wasn't sure she ontinue Sylvia's treatments, and needed to be nursed ted back into client humor. If the boss took Gloria n's offer and told Shearer that she would have to wait onths for her next massage, it was certain to mean a customer offended and lost.

es Norma Shearer, the boss, right then, was regularly g Mary Duncan, Alice White, Carmelita Geraghty, Hopper, Laura Hope Crews, Ina Claire, Norma Tal- Elsie Janis, Ramon Novarro, Ruth Chatterton, Ronald Ernest Torrence, Jack Holt, Douglas MacLean, Sue ick Stuart, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Charles Farrell, Valli, Zasu Pitts, Marion Davies, and a bunch of A fat chance they'd all stay put and wait for Sylvia ths while she handled one star exclusively.

The boss put all this up to Gloria. Gloria didn't say anything—just nodded. And a few minutes later she mysteriously asked: "Will you be at home tomorrow?"

Looking at the clock, which showed 3 A. M., Sylvia opined she'd spend what was left of tomorrow in bed.

The next day, a Sunday, the boss was dragged out of bed to talk to a man on the phone who would give his name only to her. He said: "This is Joe Kennedy—Miss Swanson's producer. What would you think of a contract with Pathé? Figure out what you make and we'll beat the figure."

Fair enough. If they beat Sylvia's figure, she'd beat Swanson's.

And, moreover, this wasn't burying herself. The proposition was for the boss to hang out her shingle on the Pathé lot. Primarily, she was to treat Gloria at any and all hours of the day, within reason. Secondarily, she was to give additional time to other Pathé employees, as designated by the management. Then, if there was any time left over, she could give it to a chosen number of her old clients not Pathé employees. For this, $750 weekly. Not bad—not bad!

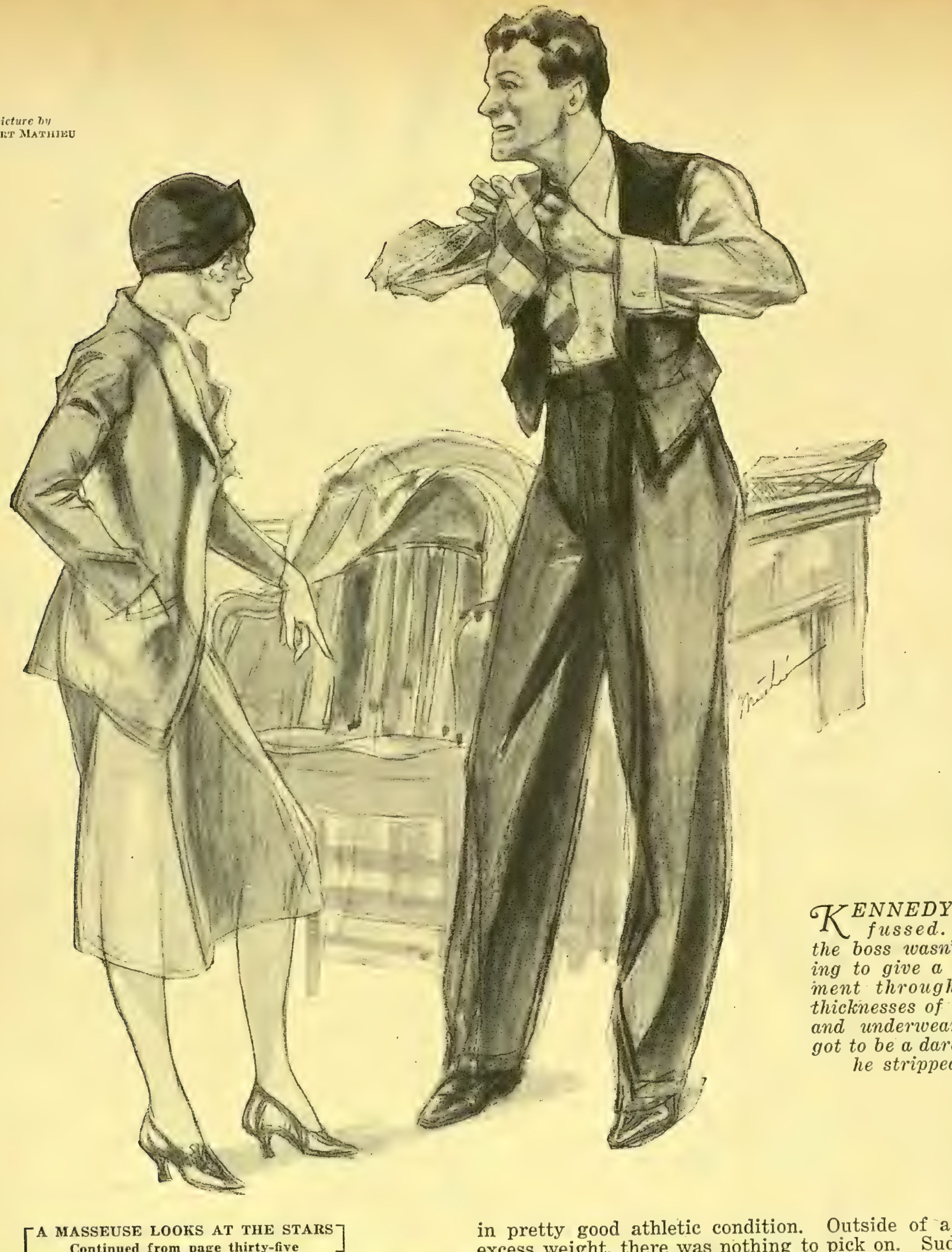
BEFORE Kennedy went through with signing the contract Monday morning, he wanted to test out Sylvia. A hard-headed business man, Kennedy. What if this was all a lot of hokum? What if Pathé was going to spend a lot of its good money on a faker with a good line? Kennedy proposed to test out Sylvia in person. Would she report at once to his office and give him a treatment?

"For what?" promptly asked Sylvia.

"That's for you to find out," came back Kennedy. If Sylvia

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Picture by
HUBERT MATHIEU



KENNEDY got fussed. But the boss wasn't going to give a treatment through five thicknesses of tweed and underwear. It got to be a dare, and he stripped.

[A MASSEUSE LOOKS AT THE STARS]
Continued from page thirty-five

was so good, she was supposed to spot what his trouble was.

That was the proposition. The boss accepted. She wondered what kind of an old fatty with a watch chain and sideburns she was going to encounter. Her idea of a production manager was something like a cartoon banker.

The man who received her gave her a shock. Kennedy turned out to size up as a youngish Irishman with an athletic build—though that might be his tailor. The boss said so. She added: " Let's see what's under the tailoring. Take your clothes off."

Kennedy got fussed. A deadlock. But the boss wasn't going to give a treatment through five thicknesses of tweed and underwear. It got to be a dare, and he stripped—stripped down to something in which it was going to be hard to find the trouble he had talked about. It turned out he had been a football star and was used to keeping in pretty good athletic condition. Outside of a little excess weight, there was nothing to pick on. Suddenly the boss had a hunch and told Kennedy to walk around the room. The minute he moved, she spotted the trouble—flat feet, the universal complaint of athletes. She named it.

" You win," acknowledged Kennedy. There was no more argument about the contract, except a weak one put up later by the Pathé money man, Bill Sistrom. He tried to argue that she ought to take a smaller salary.

" Let's argue about whether it's seven hundred and fifty or a thousand," suggested the boss—and Sistrom almost put out her eye with the fountain pen.

In the first week at Pathé a comical situation arose, due to nothing but the terrific vanity, ten times as intense as was ever any woman's, of the male. Sylvia was signed to handle Gloria and the second-string Pathé beauties—meaning female beauties, not handsome executives.

Well, believe it or not, the swell lookers in pants in the executive department interpreted the clause about "and others" in the contract to apply to themselves and began taking up the new beauty specialist's time to such an extent that Helen Twelvetrees, Carole Lombard, Ilka Chase, and some of the other Pathé girls often lost out, or had to wait until late in the evening. There were even times when Gloria herself sat around twiddling her thumbs while Sylvia was bringing out the perfect oval of some supervisor's mug.

And—was it health these gentlemen wanted? Not so's you could notice it. What they wanted was beauty—melting, luscious beauty.

The boss claims she's never handled a man yet who didn't hem and haw and eventually get around to hinting that what he really needed was a good facial. The boys have an invariable artifice for getting around to it.

"What a day!" they begin, meaning that the tremendous executive responsibilities have worn them down to wrecks. Then they glance in a mirror. "It shows on a fellow, doesn't it?"

Sylvia just waits, knowing what's coming next. Some of them are brisk and offhand; some stammer; but they all say about the same thing: "If you just went over my face and neck, mama, I think it would get my nerves in shape for the day's work."

Five minutes later, if Sylvia gives them the facial they've been plotting to get, they're talking about blackheads and wrinkles and their chin line like any woman turning forty and scared of losing her profile.

PROPERLY, one can't give a Gloria Swanson Diet. Gloria's case was complex, and so was the matter of her diet. At first she had to be overfed as part of the treatment of her run-down nervous condition.

She was never sentenced to one of the drastic reducing diets. In her case, ample nourishment had to be kept up and the reducing part of the program had to be provided by massage. If you are nervous and run down, and as a consequence overweight, do not risk any of the hundred-per-cent reducing diets listed herein, but use vigorous exercise and massage as correctives of the increase of weight which would otherwise be bound to result from the long hours of sleep you need, and at least one daily meal as copious and strengthening as the one called

THE GLORIA SWANSON DIET

(Typical meals for nourishing the nerves while causing no increase in weight)

Breakfast-Luncheon

Half grapefruit
Small dish of fresh figs
3 slices of calf's liver
2 slices of rye crisp with thin butter
1 dish of fresh raspberries, plain
Tea with one lump of sugar

Dinner

Broth
Roast pheasant or chicken, or boiled fish
2 tablespoonfuls of mashed turnips
2 tablespoonfuls of stringbeans
} or substitute two scoops of noodles with melted butter for one of these
Pickled beets
Sherbet
Black coffee

COMMENT: The diet food value of noodles has never been adequately published in America. In Europe the diet uses of this starchy but non-fattening food are well known. When eaten as the *sole starch* item of a diet, noodles not only do not fatten but are directly healing in many cases where an irritated condition of the digestive tract exists.

The only noodles to use are the plain Italian wheat noodles without any flavoring ingredients. Egg noodles are debarred. Naturally, all the spaghetti sauces are

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

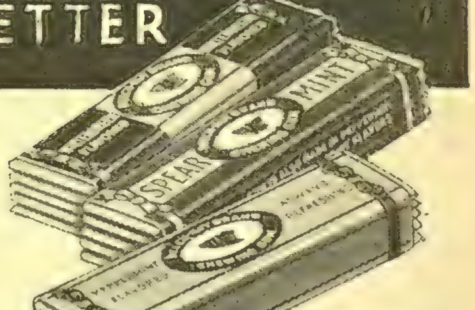
AFTER YOUR EVERY SMOKE...

Beech-Nut Gum

MAKES THE NEXT SMOKE TASTE BETTER

When you pause to bask in the summer sunshine and enjoy a lazy smoke — make the stolen moments more enjoyable with the cool refreshment of Beech-Nut Gum. Its zestful flavor stimulates your taste sense and makes the next smoke taste like the first one of the day — each smoke a fresh experience. Motorists will find BEECH-NUT GUM especially enjoyable—it keeps the mouth moist and cool while driving. Remember always there is no other gum quite so flavorful as Beech-Nut.

Made by the Beech-Nut Packing Company — Also Makers of Beech-Nut Fruit Drops and Mints



Peppermint, Wintergreen and Spearmint flavors.

Gastrogen
ends
Indigestion
...quickly
quietly

DON'T be bothered with loginess and discomfort after meals. Take two or three Gastrogen Tablets. Heartburn, acidity and indigestion will be quickly and quietly relieved.

Gastrogen restores internal comfort without the embarrassing hiccups or gas that follow the use of soda. For, unlike "bi-carb", it contains only insoluble antacids, hence it can't retard digestion or alkalize the stomach.

Gastrogen is as quick in effect as it's harmless. Its spicy, aromatic taste will delight. Stop at your druggist. Get a tin of 15 tablets for 20¢ or a bottle of 60 for 60¢!

MAKE THIS TEST

1. Pour a little vinegar into each of two tumblers. (The vinegar corresponds to the acid in your stomach.) 2. Into one tumbler drop 3 or 4 Gastrogen Tablets. 3. Into the other drop a teaspoonful of soda bicarbonate.

SODA BICARBONATE GASTROGEN

Note the fizzing, the foaming and the seething in the tumbler with the soda. Note how little gas is released with Gastrogen—actually *less than half* as much, while neutralizing the *same* amount of acid. You see why soda disturbs and bloats the stomach—and why Gastrogen brings relief quietly without retarding or hampering normal digestion.

SEND THIS COUPON

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. A-71
73 West Street, New York City
Please send me your FREE introductory packet of 6 Gastrogen Tablets.

Name..

Address..

*"Sylvia dear! What more can I say than may you always take care of me!!! Here is my love—always!!!
—Dorothy Mackaill."*

A MASSEUSE LOOKS AT THE STARS

Continued from page thirty-seven

excluded, as they are all mixtures obscenely concocted in pans of frying fat.

Cook the noodles not less than ten nor more than twenty minutes (the time given on the average package is correct). The water is boiling and *slightly* salted from the start. Serve as soon as ready, under a pat of fresh butter which melts on the way to the table.

The positive virtue of noodles as a food for sufferers from colitis or kindred intestinal complaints is in the fact that they form a poultice for the irritated tissues and digest without strain.

Reference to "frying fat" is made above, and the Swanson diet includes *boiled* fish. Here, then, is the place to say that there is only one rule about frying: DON'T! This is a rule not only of dietary but of all sane cooking. Fried foods are certainly an origin of chronic digestive troubles. *There is nothing that should be fried.*

As fish can no more be fried than any other food, they must be boiled or grilled. But only the "lean" varieties of fish. By "lean" fish are meant those of the trout family, pike, *true* sole (unobtainable in America), and a few others showing no fat between skin and flesh. Boiled (but not so long as to soften the firm flesh), these are all excellent, with melted butter. The lean fish are less satisfactory broiled, as that method of cooking accentuates the natural dryness.

The boss's bungalow on the Pathé lot got to be a hangout. Rumors got around about what went on in there. The little stucco shack got christened the Torture Chamber.

*"To Sylvia—She lives off the fat of the 'hams.' God bless her. Sincerely—believe me—
Alan Hale."*

Ann Harding and her husband, Harry Bannister, were a bit responsible for the reputation of the inner chamber where the boss did her pounding. At the time, Ann was pretty unfit, meaning somewhat overweight, and she was pretty vocal about letting the world know it when Sylvia was pinching pleats out of her.

Moreover, Ann refused to see that a movie career and all the money were worth the bother and would intimate that, any time she got fed up, she would leave the movies flat and go back East.

SO the Pathé executives would sneak over and implore Sylvia to do two things: take flesh off Ann *but* not hurt her. Which two things don't go together. So Sylvia would compromise by taking the flesh off Ann *and* hurting her, same as with anyone else. Bannister would hang around outside the shack while Ann was getting her treatment, smoking cigarettes nervously, like a man waiting

"To Sylvia: Our beloved tyrant who holds my affection and devotion forever—Love, Ann Harding."

to hear if it's a boy, and when Ann let out a yell, he would bust in with his hair bristling and his jaw set and stop the horrible proceedings.

As a matter of fact, a vigorous massage, when the client's trouble is fat, does hurt a bit. But the reason for the howls that arose in Sylvia's operating room was more the pampered sensitiveness of the patients than any agony connected with the method.

The real reason for the phenomenal success of massage in the film colony is that it's a short cut to physical conditioning, without which beauty turns into so much lard, and it's a method where the responsibility is shifted to other shoulders. The victims on Sylvia's slab in the back room of the Pathé bungalow took punishment—plenty! But not without howls and shrieks of agony that drew the attention of the executive department. On a hot, quiet day the outcries from the bungalow would reach the street outside the lot.

IT wasn't the public scandal the Pathé executives minded. What worried them was the possible effect on morale on the lot. It was getting so that the frightened actors made up all sorts of excuses to get out of taking their turns on the slab. So the Pathé people went into conference and decided to put a radio set with an oversize loud-speaker in Sylvia's bungalow. The plug for switching on the music was put handy to the slab. When Sylvia was ready to go to work on a pair of bulging hips or an inflated tummy, she just gave the radio switch a slip and the loud-speaker started a squawk that drowned out the cries of the victim.

A good deal of the work on the lot consisted in setting up folks who had had a tough night—or who were simply "sunk" from nerves and lack of sleep. So one of the important pieces of equipment was an electric percolator. The best pick-me-up in the world, for quick results, is a cup of ink-black coffee, without sugar, but with about a teaspoonful of lemon juice in it.

HAVING hot coffee on tap, it was simple to lay in a few supplies, and the joint got to be a quick-lunch. Service started about 7:30 A. M., and there was usually a mob. You see, between the front-office men and Gloria Swanson, the boss was booked for later hours, and those who didn't have the drag that Gloria had soon learned to get in their treatments bright and early.

Dorothy Mackaill was one of the regulars. At that time Dot was a holdout over at the First National lot. The situation was telling on her. She was losing a lot of sleep. Each morning she would arrive earlier.

Another regular was Peppy Lederer, Marion Davies' niece. Peppy was trying hard to break into the movies, and Marion sent her over to be beautified.

Alan Hale was the male element. He was doing a picture in which he was a sailor. The costume department handed him a pair of sailor pants that had been worn by Billy Boyd in a successful picture, and Alan got a hunch that the pants were lucky.

Alan Hale set much store by Bill Boyd's sailor pants, but it so happened that Bill was narrower in the beam than Alan. Rather than let out a seam, Alan decided to fit himself to the pants, and put it up to Sylvia to do the whittling. One morning he was on the slab when a hurry call came from Gloria Swanson's bungalow. Sylvia had to quit half through his treatment, and just when, having finished off the starboard side, she was set to make the larboard symmetrical. To this day he claims that his two halves don't match.

To show there were no hard feelings, Alan left an inscribed photograph on the slab where Sylvia abandoned him. The inscription handed her a laugh: "To Sylvia—She lives off the fat of the 'hams.' ALAN HALE."

In next week's installment Sylvia's secretary will tell of Constance Bennett's arrival in Hollywood, and of the rivalry between beauties that followed, with Sylvia as the bone of contention.

TOUGH BEARD?

THERE'S ONE CREAM *specially* MADE FOR YOU!

THOUSANDS of men with average beards and average skins are enthusiastic Mennen users.

But the really rabid fans are the men with tough beards and tender skins. Those fellows need a *specially made* shaving cream—a cream that can really wilt wiry whiskers!

Mennen is that cream. It contains specially processed tristearin $(C_{18}H_{35}O_2)_3C_3H_5$. That ingredient builds a unique—a "tough beard" lather.

Start to shave . . . Because the stubble is *limp*, your razor actually has less work to do. Your blade cuts clean. No pull. No scratch. Use hot or cold, hard or soft water—no difference. You get a comfortable, soothing shave—even if your skin is tender.

2 KINDS · *Original* · *Menthol-iced*

NEW TUBE NEW PRICE 35c

GIANT TUBE 50c

MENNEN SHAVING CREAM

Vox

Speaking of Our Editorials

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Allow me to express to you, sir, my unqualified approval and high appreciation of your splendid editorials. To me they are an inspiration, too precious to be cast aside after reading. I preserve them and pass them along to all I think may be stirred to action by their appeal.

By reason of the enormous circulation of Liberty your power for good is great, and, while your shots may pass over the heads of numerous readers, enough of them will score to dent the armor of apathy that incases the unthinking masses.

WHOOP-E-E
Liberty's EDITORIALS
AJB

Personally, I am free to confess that I lack the patience and kindly spirit that characterize your writings. Prohibition is, to me, like the red rag to the bull; the Eighteenth Amendment an ugly blot on our Constitution; the Volstead Act an invitation to fight. And words fail me to describe my disgust at the spectacle of people calling themselves respectable and professing to be religious, forming an unholy alliance with criminals and the scum of society, to perpetuate the most foolish measure ever conceived, for diametrically opposite reasons.

There are many other abuses, inconsistencies, and hypocrisies inviting your trenchant pen, that may, in due time, receive attention. " More power to your arm " is my fervent hope and wish.—*G. H. Moll.*

Both Sides

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—I have just read your editorial, " On Which Side Are You? " You conclude by saying: " The police are fighting our battles. We should give them our full support. They deserve it."

I am with you on that. But how well can policemen fight when their hands are half shackled and their spirits disheartened by the sinister powers that can disgrace and even ruin them at will?

The real cause for disrespect for constituted authority lies in corrupt politics. The real way to make a police force a free, honest power is to divorce it from politics and then there will be no abuse from anyone; while at the same time establishing an independent court of magistrates likewise uninvolved in politics.

Turn to Milwaukee, sir, where such conditions exist. Strong as were the gangs of Chicago, that was one city too " hot " for them and they left it alone. You undoubtedly know all the facts about Milwaukee's police and magistrate courts, its few crimes, its swift punishment, its sound justice. So it has been for twenty years.

Yes, I am for the police—but a police free of political influence, which means corruption.—*A Reader.*

SEATTLE, WASH.—I received a shock when I read your misleading editorial on the police menace that faces our country.

Now, be honest with yourself and your readers, Mr. Editor. You know and I know and every newspaper man, every public official, every person who has first-hand, intimate knowledge of police, their methods, their conduct, and their standards, knows that they are the biggest scandal of our civilization and our country.

You believe prohibition is a menace. So it is, but so is our system of organized police graft. One is as great as the other, and unless police graft is stamped out, any repeal or change of the prohibition system will fail in its purpose to make this a more sensible country in which to live.

You must know that every police department is organized primarily on the abilities of the various executives to obtain graft and revenue from the underworld and the criminal classes.

It is untrue that the police are striving to prevent crime as doctors strive to prevent disease. How many criminals are helped to go straight except in fiction stories?

What do police think about criminals —that they are capable of being restored to good citizenship or that they are objects to arrest and to persecute, that the newspaper accounts may furnish the smoke screen behind which the police's primary purpose, the collection of graft, may be carried on more profitably?

Your laudation of the police—the heroes facing death in shooting affrays with desperate bandits—is absurd. What, pray, do the taxpayers spend their millions for?

What, pray, is the lopsided structure of spies, informers, policemen, sheriffs, marshals, justices, judges, courts, jails, and prisons maintained by a tax-beggared public for, if the officer is to run from bandits?

What is needed is a national campaign reaching into every town, city, and metropolis, to purge the police system of its graft and corruption and substitute a spirit of loyalty and service.

I believe that Liberty is the one magazine with the brains and courage to make such a campaign.

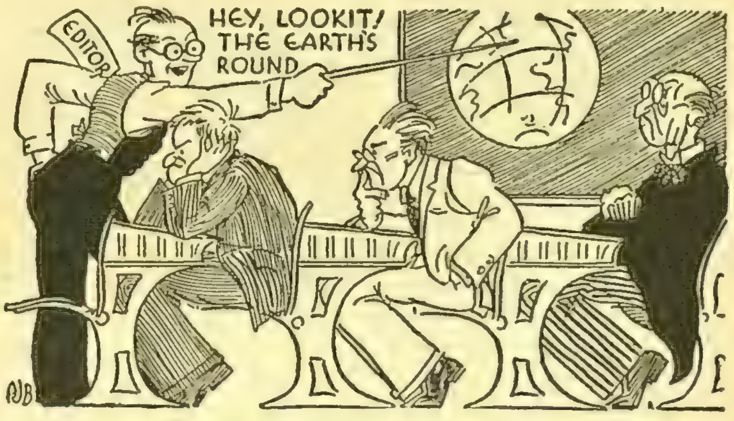
But, brothers, you'll have to take off the rosy-colored glasses before you start.—*John M. Nelson.*

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Since your first issue I have watched with a flickering though waning hope for some sign that might justify your existence. At last it has come.

" On Which Side Are You? " admits you to my personal and private Hall of Fame for Good Citizens.—*E. M. Docherty.*

All Right, Here It Is

SAN BERNARDINO, CALIF.—I understand that Liberty is always open to suggestions from its readers. Now, if a large part of your clientele is of the caliber of some of the simple-minded, kicking Vox Poppers, I would suggest a weekly department, or a weekly class, of simple instruction, giving out commonly known principles such as the shape of the earth, and simple methods of finding one's keyhole at 4 A. M.


HEY, LOOKIT! THE EARTH'S ROUND
EDITOR
AJB

Go ahead and print this just to let the poor simps know how their type of criticism looks to a normal mind.—*Tom Taggart.*

Short Cheer for General Mitchell

WASHINGTON, ILL.—Hurrah for Billy Mitchell!

He surely gave us a clear-cut picture of our national problems in his article, " The Next War—What About Our National Defense? " He gives one the impression that he knows what he's talking about.

I believe he should be in Congress some place.—*E. Zinsed.*

A Kick in Both

WATKINS GLEN, N. Y.—Good beer used to sell for five cents. Now Liberty does.—*D. A. M.*

Pop

Mr. Jones Is Doubted —

CUMBERLAND, MD.—Eugene Jones, in "Mother Carey's Last Chick," published in your June 27 issue, is all wet when it comes to speed. Train No. 1509, racing at 70 miles per hour, is 300 yards from a switch. In this day and age, that would take eight seconds.

Carey, after a fight, has 100 feet to run through deep snow amid a shower of lead, open the lock, and throw the switch.

All in eight seconds! Speed! Wow, what a man!—*Bob Vipond.*

—Then Railroaded to Fame

GALIVANTS FERRY, S. C.—Whew! I have just caught my breath and my pulse is about back to normal. But old dumb ham operator Dud Carey saved the situation.

To ex-ham-operators like myself, Eugene Jones' railroad yarn, "Mother Carey's Last Chick," was especially appealing.

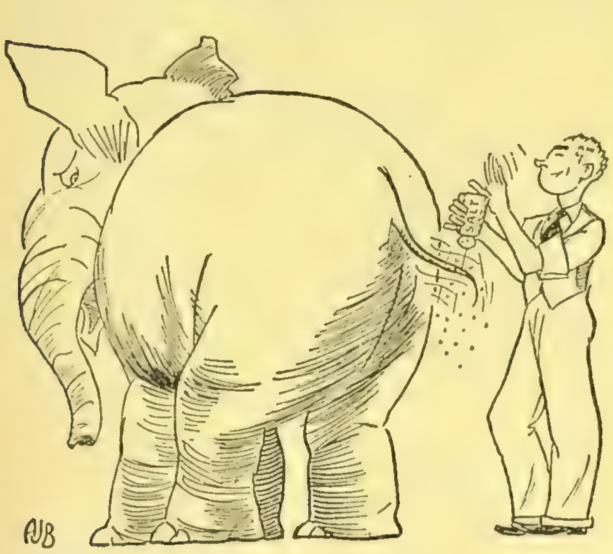
Yes, Liberty does spring a pleasant surprise on us occasionally by printing a good story.

Hurry back with some more good railroad tales. We'll be waiting.—*Forrest K. Floyd.*

What Was the Last One?

TUJUNGA, CALIF.—No kiddin', Old Sock, I'm doggone tired of reading such twaddle as your stories about millionaire playboys and great movie stars, most of whom are so dumb they wouldn't give a nickel to see the Rocky Mountains rock.

And I'm tired of your stories about some nut hunting elephants in India with a salt shaker, so he can put salt on the elephants' tails. Fact is, it's getting so you got to be a millionaire to get the drift of half the stories in Liberty.

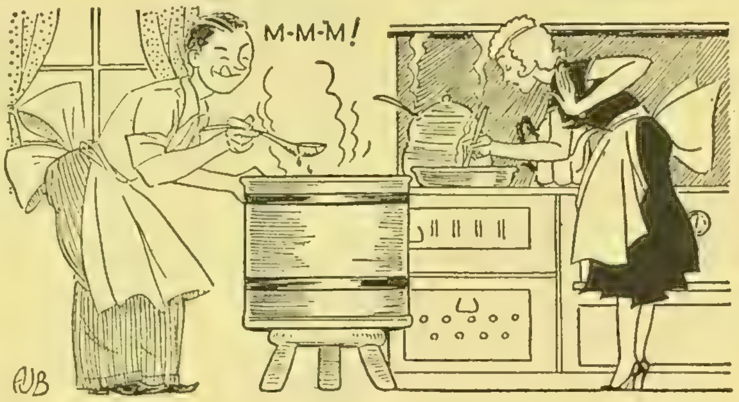


But for the sake of a few "just ordinary cusses," that ain't made a coupla hundred thousand on the stock market, never got pinched in a raid, don't go out with somebody else's wife, don't own a yacht, never been to Europe, and still think there's a Santa Claus—how about *another* good story?—*Mike.*

Business Must Be Good

LONG BEACH, CALIF.—I think prohibition is wonderful. Before the Eighteenth Amendment was a law the men used to work all day and selfishly let their wives stay home and do all the work.

Now they won't leave their better halves, and, what is more, insist on helping them bake the bread and cakes.



They're not doing any baking in their kitchens, you say? Well, they're doing *something* that keeps 'em mighty interested. Being billing clerk for a large wholesale grocery I am in a position to know that our house sold nearly 6,000 cases of malt extract last month.

Furthermore, doesn't the label on them read: "For Food Purposes Only"?—*Sincere Cecil.*

Something to Think About

SUPERIOR, WIS.—Concerning such an all-important and perplexing problem as prohibition, I have long noted that so many well known and influential publications, newspapers, and magazines, such as Liberty and others of like caliber, charge the prohibitionists and all backers and exponents of dry legislation with the "sins" of the dry régime, such as breakdown of the forces and restraints of law and order, the growth of organized crime, bootleggers, speakeasies, racketeers, etc.

In this part of the country, over ten years ago, we went to the polls and put the local saloons out of business and with the rest of the land wiped out the liquor traffic, thinking we were doing the nation a great and lasting good. We were not thinking of the possibility of the birth and development of the bootleg industries and the sinister fringes of antisocial elements that now shadow our great land.

Why, then, really, did we vote and do as we did?

Well, we were sick and tired of the rule and greed and oppression of the liquor barons, saloon interests, ward heelers, grafting politicians, crooked city and police administrations, and brazen operations of the gambling and red-light fraternities.

And, today, if we bring back the traffic of legalized liquors, will the interests keep the nest clean? Will they recognize the obligations and responsibilities that surely must be given recognition, if the moral and social fabric of society is to stand?

Will responsible men be in control and will strict control be exercised? What plans have the wets for the carrying on of this traffic, so that the moral, social, and political fields of thought and action shall not be disturbed or menaced such as was the case in the old days?—*A Reader.*

How Long Will This Keep Up?

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Oh, those Vox Popping word wasters! Referring, of course, to Mr. W. A. Chambers' shortest short story, "Coughin'! Coffin," and Lyle O. Pierce's later contribution "Bled—Dead!" which slashed five letters from the former's mark. Now I'll submit one, not padded as theirs were.

It's a true story (affidavit on request) fully expressing my opinion of all Vox Poppers, most of the stories in Liberty, all its contests, together with my personal regard for the Eighteenth Amendment, its enforcement, higher racketeering, foreign entanglements, and Thrasher's ornery kids:

Ho—
Hum!—*C. Edwin Birdsall.*

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Lyle O. Pierce, an exponent of brevity in its finer phases, has the presumption to insinuate, in Vox Pop, that "Bled—Dead!" is the last word in the world's unofficial shortest short-story contest.

Shucks! This is before breakfast, and I am going to do better than that:

Was—
Ain't.—*Gray Pearson.*

O. K.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—After reading your short shorts I understand why you haven't sent me a check for $100. They're excellent.—*W. M. C.*

You Lose

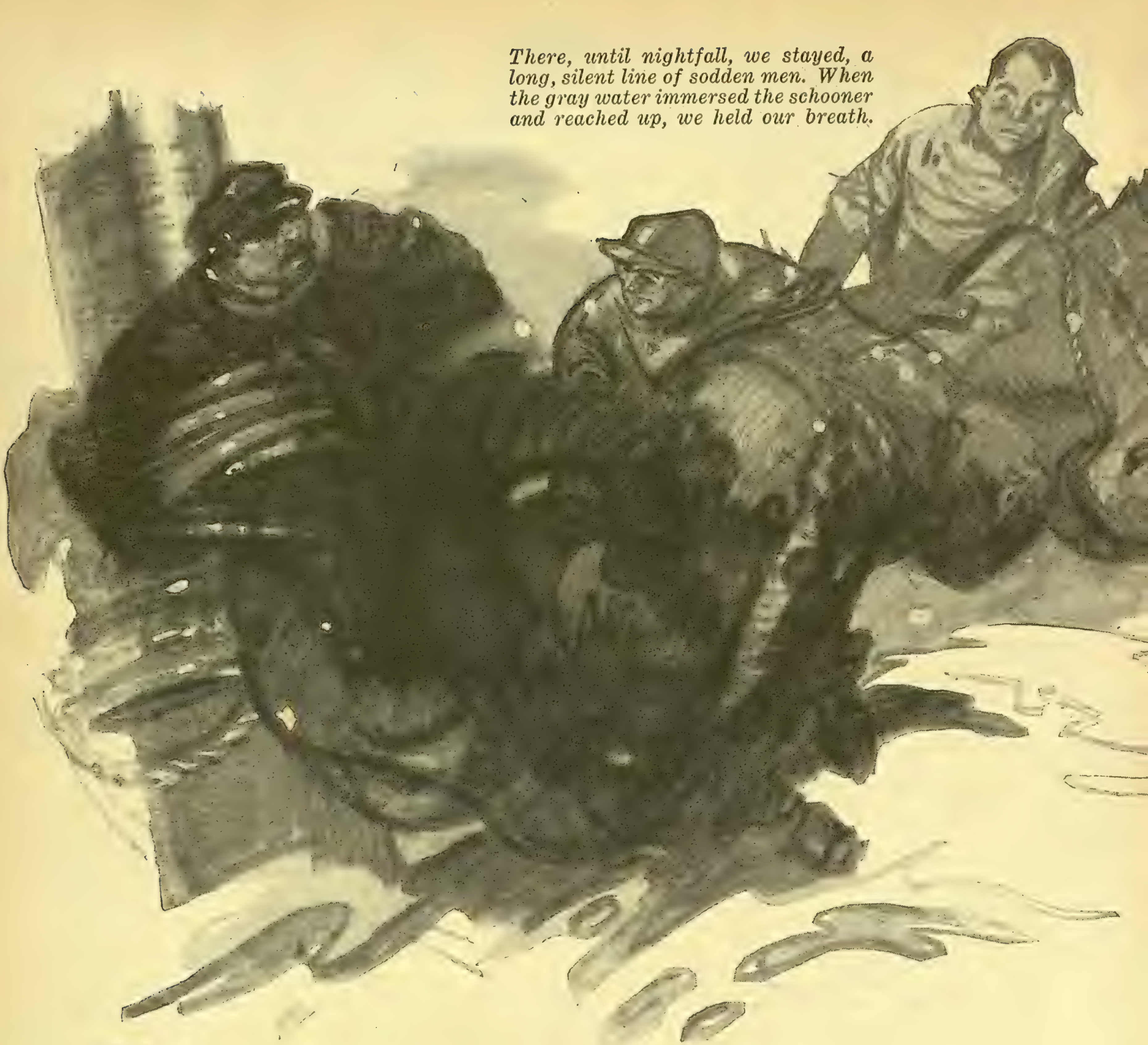
WILLIAMSPORT, PA.—Now, say, Princess Kropotkin—your recipes are wonderful, but I'll bet the gold filling in my two front teeth against two "bitts" you never had the patience or endurance to mix up one of them yourself.—*Mrs. H. Blibbens.*

Flatterer

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Say, what's the idea? Are you celebrating a holiday or are you just becoming ambitious?

Why all the coloring around the drawings and across Liberty's pages?

Give yourself a pat on the back. It looks swell. Keep it up.—*L. Jay*



There, until nightfall, we stayed, a long, silent line of sodden men. When the gray water immersed the schooner and reached up, we held our breath.

Picture by
DAN SAYRE GROESBECK

The Real McCoy and His Men Face Death in Thrilling Adventures at Sea

By Frederic F. Van de Water

(Reading time: 14 minutes 25 seconds.)

"THE Real" McCoy—Bill to his friends—was the actual founder of Rum Row. Previous installments of this story of his, retold by Mr. Van de Water, have had to do with his entrance into the rumrunning game and his rise to the top in it, after acquiring his beloved schooner Arethusa and experiencing a dizzying succession of profits and losses, interspersed with life-or-death adventures, on the Row and at the rum bases, Nassau and St. Pierre.

PART THREE—YO-HO, AND A CARGO OF RUM!

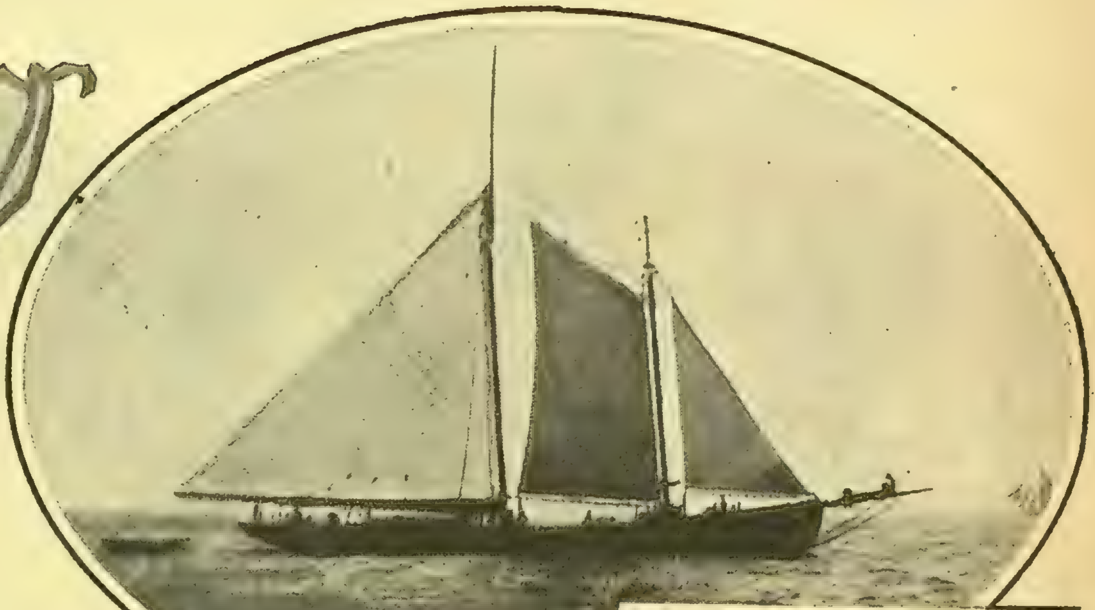
MY Arethusa had a good captain and crew, and to me sailing her between Nassau and the Row was sheer delight.

On one December voyage our cargo was enormous and one of the most valuable ever to leave the Bahamas. At Nassau the liquor had cost me and my bootlegger friends a total of $171,000. On Rum Row it would sell for $342,000. Once landed, it was worth $684,000. Ultimate consumers would pay $2,000,000 or more for it.

The broad gray Atlantic swells shouldered into us by the time we were clear of Hole in the Wall at Abaco. The laden Arethusa did not rise and slide over them. She drove through the surges, cutting a path for herself on level keel while water came green across her deck.

Three hundred miles off Hatteras a heavy squall came out of the southwest, advance guard for a wind that blew ever harder. We were too deep to carry much canvas in this blast. Before we could get in the mainsail, water was rolling over her decks, mid-thigh deep.

We all hung to the shrouds and waited, heart in mouth, for the three big waves whose aftermath would give us opportunity to heave to. Three big ones crossed our deck, nearly pulling some of us overboard with them.



McCoy's schooner, the M. M. Gardner, photographed on Rum Row.

Trying out a machine gun on deck.

Pirates and the Rum Patrol

Crosby jammed the helm hard down and screeched: "Stand by the main halyards! Grab that sheet!"

The Arethusa came into the wind. We fought and cursed as we got the mainsail in and stowed it, half of us under water most of the time. The wind in her rigging was a high, steady yell.

A mass of gray clouds like dirty cotton waste had wiped out the sun. Foresail and jumbo still were set. The helm was hard down and we were no longer sailing but simply drifting to leeward. We floundered about her deck, battening down the forecastle and cabin hatches; and then, because the water swept across the schooner as though she were a derelict, we perched, when everything had been made secure, on top of the furled mainsail.

There, until nightfall, we stayed, a long, silent line of sodden men. I was perched next to a big Norwegian. When the gray water immersed the schooner and reached up toward our dangling feet, we held our breath, wondering whether she would emerge from that one. And when she did reappear, the squarehead would look at me and grin, saying wordlessly: "Not that time, anyway." Dusk came over the horizon. In the dropping temperature my teeth chattered. If we spent the night where we were, there would be fewer of us there in the morning.

"What do you boys say," I asked, "to going down into the cabin and getting a drink?"

It was true that if we were below when the Arethusa went down and forgot to come up again, we should all have no chance; but we had little on the main gaff.

"Let's go, Bill!" the others chorused Their teeth were chattering.

THE light, the warmth, the liquor transformed us all. We sat about and told stories and laughed. Along about eight bells it seemed to me that the cadence of breaking water above was slackening. I laid my watch before me and counted the crashes. Gradually the intervals between them grew longer.

By nine o'clock we dared return to the deck. The water still ran across it, but we managed to set the riding sail, which gave us a little headway.

We set the watches, and I went below and turned in. At seven next morning, when I went on deck, the sun was sparkling on an ocean that was blue once more and ruffled by only a gentle west wind.

Through all that ordeal, with the Atlantic doing its worst, the Arethusa had not taken in a teacup of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

PIRATES AND THE RUM PATROL
Continued from page forty-three

brine. That performance gave me a great kick.

The night before, I had sworn that if I got out of that jam this would be my last rum voyage. Now, with the back of an old chart spread on the hatch and the crew standing about, I drew plans for another and bigger rumrunner, a super-Arethusa. We argued and suggested and revised those plans like kids. Crosby took them carefully down into the cabin and tacked them up on the wall.

"Bill," he said, "were you kidding about that?"

"Not a bit."

He sighed happily and knocked ashes from his pipe.

Next morning, on his way up on deck, he looked over the plans.

"She'll certainly be a daisy," he said wistfully.

The preventer backstay must have been weakened by the Arethusa's late ordeal. It carried away as Crosby emerged from the cabin, and the heavy block, falling plumb, struck him on the back of the head. I heard it thunder on the deck, ran up, and found my sailing master sprawled on the planking. He was moaning, but he was unconscious. Toward midnight he died.

We went about the schooner, numb and silent. Each of us, I believe, had secretly resolved to quit the ocean forever. Sailors make such a vow a thousand times. In due time we buried him at sea.

Off Barnegat a thick fog came rolling in. We were outside the main steamship tracks, but we kept our foghorn blatting. The air grew so dense that I was about to heave to and wait for it to clear when the man at the wheel said: "Captain Bill, I've fished out of Fulton Market thirty year. I can take you right up to Rum Row along the Gully."

He showed me on the chart the narrow ribbon of deep water where the current of the Hudson River has cut a submarine gorge far out to sea. We followed his directions and arrived as he had predicted. It was a week before we tossed a single "ham" of whisky into a sea skiff. The weather saw to that.

Blizzards and gales kept us on the Row four weeks. Whenever there was the slimmest chance of making the trip successfully, sea skiffs came out from the Jersey shore to my schooner. I was selling my rye for $60 a case. On the beach it was gobbled up eagerly at $120.

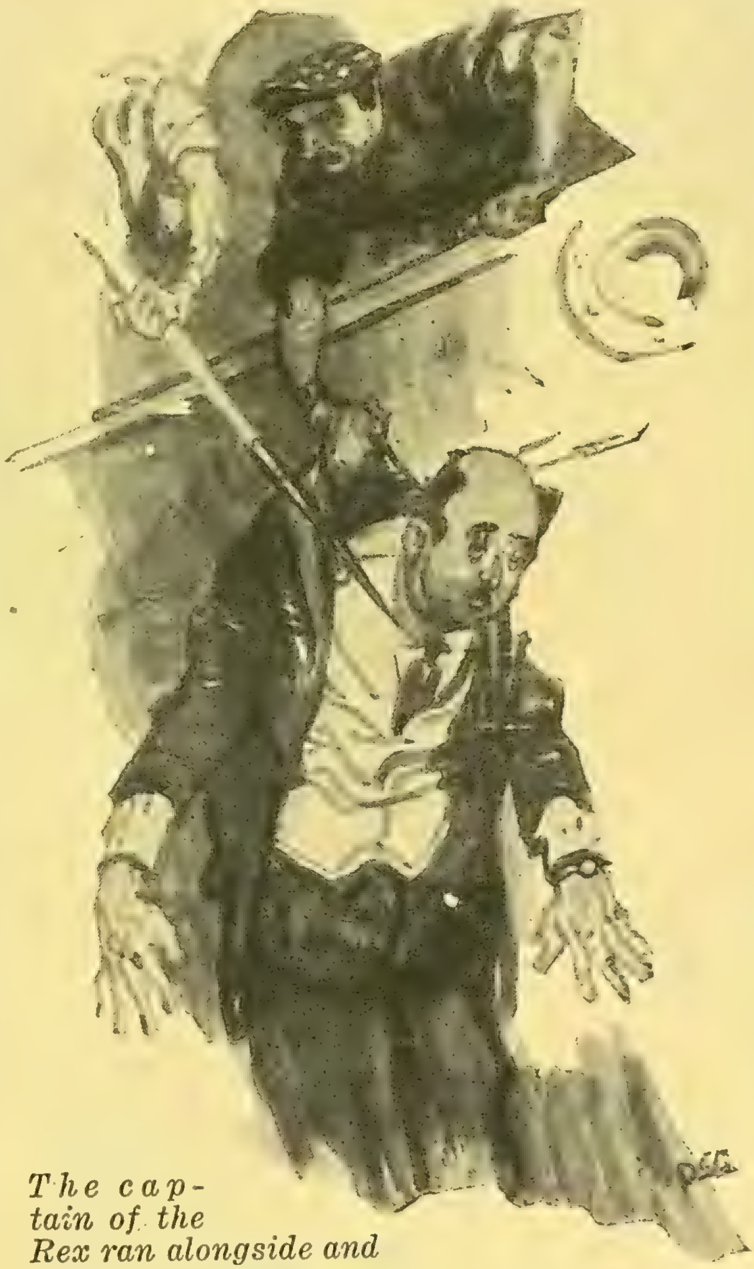
ONE evening we saved seven "go through men"—as rum pirates were called—from drowning, which probably won't be set down to our credit in Judgment-Day Book. We marked them drifting past through a snow squall in their sea skiff. We ran over to them and picked them up.

No harder-looking mob ever assembled in Blackbeard's or Harry Morgan's cabin than I had in mine that evening. They were well armed, each man carrying at least one gun and a blackjack and having as well several pairs of handcuffs. These, when they had taken a ship, were to be used to tether the members of the crew with their arms about a mast until the craft had been unloaded.

They stayed all night, for a stiff wind was blowing and it was too dark to tinker with their boat until daylight. We all sat up together, largely because none of us dared to go to sleep, and yarned the hours away. I never had more courteous and proper guests. At midnight we grew hungry, despite the supper we had stowed away earlier, and we made pancakes over the cabin stove.

One of my visitors then prepared a chicken salad and taught me how to make the dressing. He explained that he had learned it while warden's cook in Sing Sing. Toward morning I broke out a can of molasses and the pirates and their hosts had an old-fashioned candy pull.

By daylight the wind had died down and we were able to get our visitors' skiff to running again. They went aboard her after thanking me profusely and chugged away.



The captain of the Rex ran alongside and hauled the supercargo aboard.

In January, 1923, the stormy weather finally eliminated all further traffic on Rum Row. I still had 800 cases of my own aboard, but I decided to end my season now.

My brother Ben brought me out a new sailing master, a young man from Gloucester, and a sailor from boot soles to sou'wester peak. I determined to go to Halifax and refit during the rest of the winter. On the day the Arethusa started north, my schooner M. M. Gardner was at last released by the government, and sailed from New York *en route* for Nassau.

THE mass of currency in my cabin worried me. I wanted to get it into a bank as soon as possible. I packed a suitcase full with it and went ashore with Ben, telling the Arethusa's sailing master I would meet him at Halifax. I banked $127,000 and went to Canada by train.

Nova Scotia was gradually drifting out of prohibition, but the law had not yet been repealed. I was permitted to bring my schooner in and refit her, despite the 800 cases of liquor in her hold, after I had given my word that I would dispose of none of it while in port.

As soon as she was ready, I cleared the Arethusa for the Bahamas, and took passage on the Red Star liner for New York to attend to some business. I went down the gangplank there in a waiter's coat and cap, put in at a saloon several blocks away, and exchanged garments with the waiter who presently arrived there with my own hat and coat and my suitcase.

I was tipped off before I started south by train that government agents were on the watch for me in Miami. I got off at Fort Lauderdale, twenty-five miles north of Miami, took an automobile to the Miami water front, and went to sea in a launch. When the Mystery J., the little Miami-Nassau packet, came out of the harbor, I boarded her, and the following morning reached Nassau.

I had got my business affairs well straightened out by the time the Arethusa came into harbor.

The summer of 1923 was the busiest and the happiest of my rumrunning career. It was also the era of Rum Row's greatest prosperity. But toward the end of the summer the government went actively to war against us. Rumrunners were chased by cutters and fired on. Destroyers were turned over to the revenue men and a horde of 75- and 36-foot speed boats were being constructed for their use.

I had an understanding with my customers that if the schooner were flying the British ensign, it was unsafe to come near her by daylight. If she flew no flag, we were ready for business. For the guidance of shore boats at night, I placed a brilliant electric light well up in my ship's rigging. I put the bottom of a barrel underneath the lamp. It could be seen, thus, at a distance, but it kept the deck and immediate vicinity of the Arethusa in deep shadow.

At twilight we would get the hatch off the hold, buckle on the guns we never had to use, and prepare for business. My Gloucester captain had left me early this year and I had made Arey, skipper of the Young, the sailing master of the Arethusa. Arey would climb aloft and perch on the crosstrees, night glasses in hand.

"Boat coming," he would call down. We could see the craft just before it reached us, in the glow of our masthead lamp. Then it would slide into the great circle of shadow cast by the barrel bottom and come alongside. Someone would sing out, "A hundred Black & White," and toss up a roll of bills. Seamen, supervised by Gilletts, my mate, would pass the hams over the rail. Everyone wanted to be loaded at once. The Arethusa's deck would be as confused and noisy as the floor of the Stock Exchange on a busy day.

A regular customer would cram his roll into my hands and shout, "A hundred Lawson, Bill." I would screech back: "Port hold, Jake. Help yourself." No one ever took more liquor than he bought. No one ever short-changed me in paying for it.

After midnight, as a rule, the trade would slacken. By 3 A. M., when the lights went out on the Asbury Park board walk, we knew our work was practically over. We would watch a new day come out of the sea, and then would roll into our bunks. Accommodating customers on shore would send us off a boat with the morning papers and milk. We had all the comforts of home on the Row, and some no home would harbor.

During a calm, clear night, Rum Row sounded like a motorboat regatta. The Rex, a 65-footer capable of forty-five miles an hour, was for a long time the king of the shore boats. She was tied up alongside the Arethusa one night, and we were loading her, when Arey from his roost on the main gaff called down:

"Cutter coming, Bill!"

THE revenue vessel was a mile away and the Rex was almost loaded. Her captain decided he could finish his job before he ran for it, but the Rex started her engines to make her get-away quick. We worked fast, with one eye on the approaching lights of the cutter, while the little Jewish supercargo of the Rex danced up and down on her stern and begged us to hurry, and the power boat strained at her lines.

The government vessel was not more than a quarter mile away when we completed loading. Not waiting to cast off, the Rex threw her engine into full speed, and as she surged on her hawsers we chopped them in two. She went away from us like a startled fish, with a blur and a white explosion of foam, and she started so abruptly that the dancing little supercargo lost balance and pitched into the sea.

This was toward the latter part of the summer when the cutters were beginning to use their guns. The captain of the Rex made one of the most daring rescues I had ever seen. He swung his roaring craft in a wide circle, and, while the cutter bore down on him, ran alongside the drowning supercargo and hauled him aboard. There was a flash of fire from the cutter's quarter, but the bang of the gun was blotted out by the bellow of the Rex's engines as she dived off into the darkness at full speed with another shell from the cutter skipping after her.

When I saw the captain of the big motorboat again, I praised his gameness. He snorted.

"Hell," he returned, "I'd have let him drown and welcome, but the little so-and-so had $48,000 of our money in his pants pocket."

For a time, while the government was organizing its offensive against the Row, the revenue cutter captains and crews led a miserable existence. With their old ships that shook to pieces at more than ten knots, they had no more chance of catching the fast shore boats than a fat dog has of capturing a swallow on the wing. All they could do was patrol up and down the line of liquor ships and look dangerously official.

Yet their presence bothered us and we showed our

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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PIRATES AND THE RUM PATROL

Continued from page forty-five

resentment. That was a mistake. It never does any good to kid a cop.

The captain of the cutter Manhattan attempted over and over again to catch craft that were loading beside the Arethusa at night. He would sneak up on me with all lights out. This was absolutely contrary to sea law, and it never was successful.

One night when the Manhattan was busy sniffing along the Row, I started down the beach to pick up any customer that might come off from Jersey. The cutter was occupied elsewhere, and as she had captured a sea skiff and its bootlegger crew, her captain put a crowd of his own men in this craft and sent them down to supervise me.

Two of my customers had just come alongside when Arey saw a sea skiff full of men creeping up on us in the darkness.

"Pirates!" he sang out.

I emptied a Colt .45 into the air. There were yelps in the darkness, as though each shot had lodged, and the sea skiff put hastily about and ran back to the Manhattan. We finished loading the boats, and they had just left when the cutter, lights blazing this time, ran down toward us.

A voice yelled from her bridge:

"Tomoka ahoy!"

"Hello," I replied.

"What the hell do you mean by firing on my boats?"

"What the hell," I bellowed back, "do your boats mean sneaking about the high seas with no lights on? How can I tell them from pirates?"

"You know damned well," he thundered, "what they're out there for. I've a good mind to take that schooner and sail her into New York."

"TRY it," I invited. "Only you'll need something better than a pack of Swede squareheads, and what do you think of that?"

"I know you, Bill McCoy, you damned rumrunner!" Blank bawled.

"Yeh?" I asked. "Suppose you keep your lights on after this; and how would you like to go to hell, captain?"

I learned a little later that to the list of my sins already collecting in Washington had been added the offense of firing at the American flag.

The Manhattan's captain was determined, from that time on, to get me.

How McCoy, after a daredevil run for his rum, was overhauled and taken into port by a cutter; how he went to jail; and how, after getting out, he had a final grim adventure with pirates, will be told in the final installment of this story, to appear in an early issue.

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What a Life!

Jackie, at the age of four and a half, plumbed the depths of philosophy the other day. Things weren't going at all well. Jackie frankly showed he was put out with life and people. Finally he asserted:

"I'm mad. Everything makes me mad. Everybody makes me mad, except me."—Gilbert F. Werth, 2916 Field Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Said She Nonchalantly

One day Nadine had been particularly bad. On putting her to bed that night, her mother, thinking to punish her, told her that since she had been so very naughty she didn't feel like kissing her good night. Nadine's prompt reply was:

"All right, mama, we'll just shake hands."—Jean Dunham, 2741 Brooklyn Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

Into Mine Hands

A Short Short Story

(*Reading time: 5 min. 45 sec.*)

By

GRANVILLE FORTESCUE

a native of New York who left college to join Roosevelt's Rough Riders and was wounded at San Juan Hill. He served fifteen years in the United States cavalry, was in the artillery overseas, and has had an adventurous career as soldier and war correspondent in many lands. His home is in New York.

JOB DEXTER finished spraying his young apple trees. He carried the compressed-air sprayer with its brass extension hose and nozzle slung over his shoulder. Job made his forty-acre farm keep him in comfort and content. Seeing him plowing, planting, and harvesting his crops single-handed, his Sayport neighbors pronounced Job "tougher 'n locust post, th' little runt."

Job Dexter was a solitary. He avoided his neighbors; seldom visited his brother's house next up the pike; even shunned the Legion Post. Harry Dexter, a "regular guy," explained this to his buddies:

"Since the A. E. F. comes home Job turns sourer an' sourer on war. Yapped my head off tryin' to get him to join. Might just as well been spittin' against the wind. Job tells me his slant. Seems like since he killed Bull Kelson—knockin' him off high-school steps, you remember"—some of the buddies nodded—"he's off fightin'. That's why he phenagled himself into the hospital corps. At that, Job seen too many casualties for his own good."

The apple trees grew in a black-soil patch at the far end of the forty acres. While spraying, Job had seen a muddy-wheeled gray sedan racing down the Berrick Pike. He watched it stop suddenly, masked by his house, then as suddenly start again. He wiped his brow, ruminating on the sedan. Why had the gray car stopped when speeding as if to make a fire? No Sayport car, that sedan.

"Stranger," reasoned Job. "Lost his way; stopped, found nobody home." His curiosity evaporated.

Warm content filled his farmer soul as Job trudged homeward. Entering the garage and tool house, he unslung the brass sprayer. He scrutinized the compressed-air and mixture gauges. The mixture compartment registered "empty." Coming out of the garage—behind the house—he walked round the porch and strode toward the gate with the rural mail box. He paused.

The gate stood open. Odd; he'd shut it, fastening the heavy hasp. . . . What was that heap of clothes? Job hurried across the new grass.

"Lord! It's Harry!"

Job fell on his knees beside the pile of clothes that was his brother. The eyes were closed. The blood-drained face stood out like a white mask on the greensward. Under the body the new grass grew scarlet.

He turned his brother on his side tenderly. The coat dripped blood between Harry's shoulder blades. Buckshot pellets hid among the clotted shreds.

JOB carried Harry into the house. He laid him face down on the kitchen table and snipped away the blood-damp shirt and undershirt, washed the ragged wound edges, touched all with iodine. His face twisted with anxiety. His war experience told him Harry's was a desperate case. The wound dressed, Job tore a sheet into strips and wound them tightly round the naked back. He could do no more.

Job pondered the means of saving his brother's life. To call the South Shore Hospital was his best choice—and the worst for Harry. The surgeons would ask questions.

"I'm no hand at lying. Anyhow, they'd suspect it was a hijacking job right off; hold Harry for the cops; land him in Atlanta sure. Lord, I wish he'd 'a' quit bootlegging when I asked him!" Job groaned.

Losing his advertising position, Harry took up rum-running. Courageous, popular, a "smart guy," he soon dominated the South Shore territory. Again and again he had fooled the coast guards, twice escaped prison under federal prosecution. Now he was out on bail, his third indictment.

"No, can't risk the hospital. Nor Doc Fulton either; nor Downs," Job reasoned, naming Sayport's two physicians. "They'd blab."

Job racked his mind. "There's Doc Lewis in Northport; if Harry could stand the trip?" Lewis was a Legionnaire, liberal-minded, Harry's friend overseas. Yes, he would take him to Northport, across the island.

"But I can't move him till he mends some."

Job tended Harry all night.

The next day the wounded man still lay in coma. Job could only wait and watch.

DURING the late afternoon habit took him back to his work. Job hoed up and down his potato rows. Hacking into the brown soil, mind pictures, low sunk below the surface, passed before his eyes.

All were blood-splashed. Bull Kelson, when Job, seeing red, had knocked him off the high-school steps, lying on the flagging, his head oozing blood. Then the pictures leaped the years to the dressing-station dugout near the Meuse; the surgeon's gloves dripping blood, a shrapnel back wound, like Harry's. The blood stench was in Job's nostrils, killing the spring scents.

"I'm going like I did when I killed Bull," Job breathed. He threw down his hoe. A red sunset followed his footsteps home.

After midnight he would move Harry to Northport. The wounded man's pulse beat stronger though he still lay in coma. Wearied by his long vigil, Job fell asleep in the rocker beside the sofa. He dreamed he once more toiled among shattered bodies; one frightful case Job had never blotted from his memory, a *Flammenwerfer* casualty, woke him trembling.

Dawn mist hung across the red sunrise. Job slipped out to the garage. Passing the tool-house window, a drumming motor engine startled him. He peered out. He saw a gray sedan stop before Harry's house. Two men got out. They stared at the ornate front, then one pointed to his gate. All the blood dreams rushed back. Job heard the sedan purring down the pike. He rolled the brass sprayer behind his car. He uncapped the gasoline tank. He listened. The brakes clamped. Rough hands rattled the front door. Heavy feet tramped the porch.

Job filled his pipe. He walked out of the tool house, the sprayer slung from his shoulder. The two men on the porch turned as if on pivots. Both leveled automatics at Job's head.

"Stick 'em up!"

Job stared dumbly.

"Quick, you hick, stick 'em up! An' show us where you're hidin' Harry Dexter. We're wise that bum's alive."

Job raised one hand awkwardly. With the other he snapped a patent lighter. "Soon as I get my pipe lit." It flamed.

"Here's a open door, Pete." It was the second hijacker who spoke. "We kin—" The man who threatened Job turned his head.

Instantly a sheet of flame enveloped him. He fell writhing. Job pointed the nozzle of the brass sprayer at his companion. He uttered a frightful scream, clapping his hands to his face. . . .

Job hurried into the house. He came out carrying Harry in his arms. As he pulled out the gate, he gave a last glance over his greening acres.

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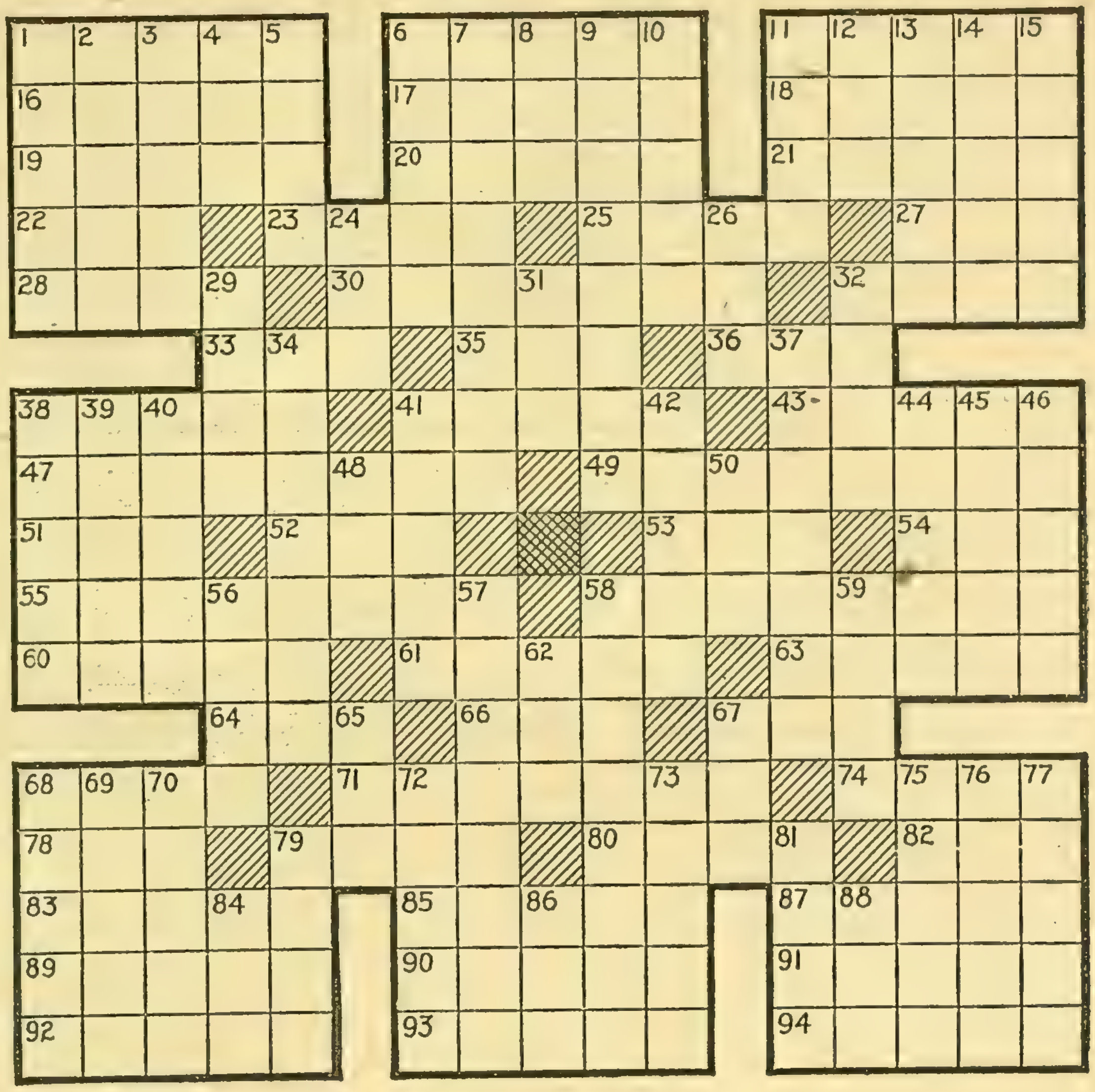

HORIZONTAL

1 To restrain from free action
6 Specified area of land for grazing
11 An alloy
16 Kingly
17 Forgive
18 Clerical linen collar
19 Oval
20 Winged
21 Conceive; imagine
22 Egyptian deity
23 Get forward with difficulty
25 To name or call
27 Comprehend
28 A vehicle
30 Among the Mormons, a non-Mormon
32 Disease of sheep
33 Crude metal
35 Measure of weight
36 In addition
38 A region in an amphitheater
41 Shelf, as of rock
43 Dry and parch by exposure to heat
47 Insane
49 Sit astride
51 Pronoun
52 Mountain pass
53 Immature insect
54 A son of Jacob
55 Addressed jestingly or with ridicule
58 Rooting from the stem (botany)
60 Church officer
61 Ceremonials
63 Kilns
64 A viper
66 A descendant
67 A black secretion of the cuttlefish
68 Cicatrix
71 Tyrannize over
74 Ardor inspired by enthusiasm
78 Second son of Noah
79 The blue devils
80 Fabric used as trimming for dresses
82 Collection of facts
83 Imbecile
85 Pertaining to a South American Indian tribe
87 Change
89 East Indian princess
90 Off the main track or way
91 River in France
92 A fold of cloth
93 People of ancient Media
94 Colors

VERTICAL

1 Move from one side to the other of
2 Riotous festivity
3 A size of type
4 Entangle
5 A beaver skin
6 To arrange in degrees or classes
7 Softened
8 Wine vessel used in the early Christian church
9 Sessions of a court
10 Make obdurate
11 Rim
12 A sheep
13 Degrade
14 Men of wisdom
15 Precipitous
24 Era
26 Immerse
29 Accomplished
31 A fox
32 Forty square rods
34 Wardens who patrol tracts of forests
37 Declamation
38 Unburnt brick
39 Of the kidneys
40 Correct and revise
41 An outcast
42 A vessel for heating liquids (plural)
44 Egyptian lizards
45 Incline
46 A probe for searching a wound (plural)
48 Sailor
50 Cause to be quit of
56 Rend
57 Distribute
58 A deserter from a cause or faith
59 Coagulate
62 Rocky promontory
65 Genus of grasses
67 Theory
68 Keen
69 A waterway
70 Ammonia compound
72 The last king of Troy
73 Trigonometrical ratio (plural)
75 Ancient language
76 Concerning
77 Nostrils
79 Encounter
81 Gone by
84 Grassland
86 A hero of ancient Spain
88 Hawaiian wreath

ou MUST know the answer, you will find it on page sixty-six

Take Your Choice

1	2	3	4	5		▨	6	7	8	9		▨	10	11	12
13					▨	14					▨	15			
16				▨	17					▨	18				
▨	19			20					▨	21					
22	▨	23						▨	24				▨	25	
26	27	▨	28				▨	29					30	▨	
31		32	▨	33		▨	34		▨	35				36	▨
37			38	▨	39	40			41	▨	42				43
44				45	▨	46				47	▨	48			
▨	49				50	▨	51		▨	52	53	▨	54		
55	▨	56				57		▨	58			59	▨	60	
61	62	▨	63				▨	64					65	▨	
66		67				▨	68							69	▨
70					▨	71					▨	72			73
74				▨	75					▨	76				
77			▨	78					▨	79					

HORIZONTAL

1 Of a king whose stables Hercules cleaned
6 Pertaining to atmospheric weight
10 Region containing mineral springs
13 Disturbance of the atmosphere
14 Blazes
15 A fruit
16 Withered
17 Spiritless; unanimated
18 Broad level spot in Texas plains
19 Hid
21 Pestered
23 Accumulated as a reserve supply
24 Employs
25 An artificial universal language
26 One indefinitely of a number
28 Droops
29 The capital of ancient Laconia
31 Pillage
33 Pronoun
34 By
35 Sandpiper of Europe and Asia
37 Deity in Greek mythology
39 Assumed parts
42 Becomes arid
44 Mountain in Arabia
46 Certain inhabitants of the Philippines
48 Auction
49 Passages in a mine
51 Assimilated form of in-
52 Scoriated lava
54 Free from allowances or deductions
56 Inclines
58 To percolate
60 Syllable sounded in solmization
61 Either
63 A medley
64 Characterized by two things
66 Thrash
68 Larders
70 Images
71 Garments
72 Large bundle
74 Neat
75 Denudes
76 Wading bird
77 Goddess of the dawn
78 Apportions
79 Went by

VERTICAL

1 Beast of burden
2 Indians of a Shoshonean tribe
3 Triangular pieces of cloth
4 Raises and places in an upright position
5 Form of to be
6 Two-footed animal
7 Dry
8 A color
9 Exists
10 Bodies of water
11 Requiter
12 Cultivated land (plural)
14 Destinies
15 Adhesive compounds for application to the body
17 Church official
18 Gazed
20 Wander
21 A sovereign
22 Weeds
24 Above
27 Water wheel used in Spain and China
29 That portion of a ship's hull abaft the rudderpost
30 Pertaining to birds
32 Binding agreements
34 Agalloch wood
36 Fisher for lampreys
38 Characteristic of a seaman
40 Ejaculation used in Hindu worship
41 True
43 Sailing vessel used in the Mediterranean
45 King for whom Italy supposedly was named
47 Holy personages
50 To cut off
53 Wing-shaped
55 Courteous
57 Toward
58 Trigonometrical ratio (plural)
59 Divisions of a race
62 Wireless
64 Infants
65 Divisions of time
67 Measures of length
68 Gaze intently
69 The wild plum
71 To desert one's party for self-interest
73 Terminus
75 Exist
76 An ejaculation

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page sixty-six

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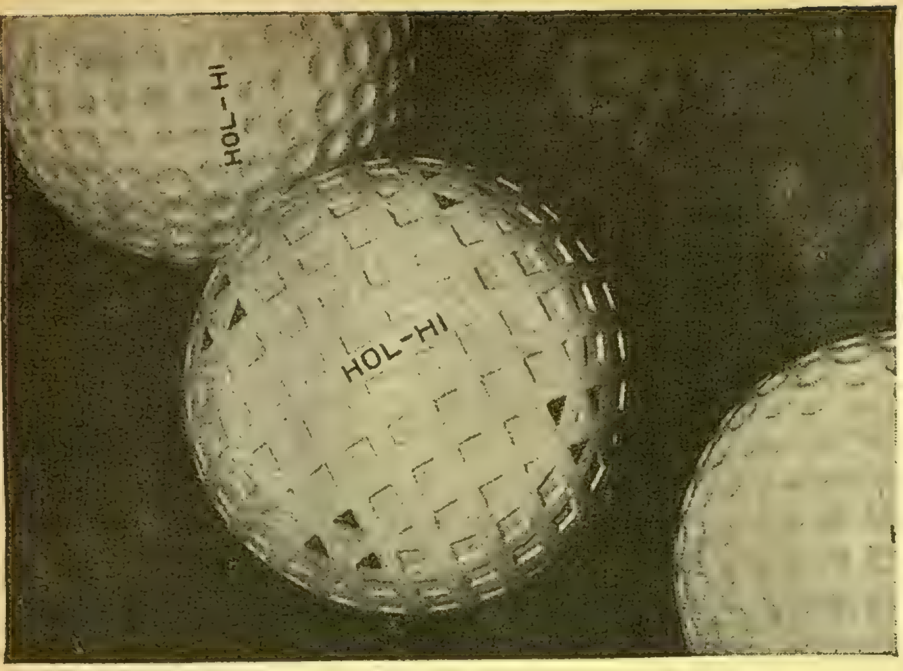

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The Left Turn

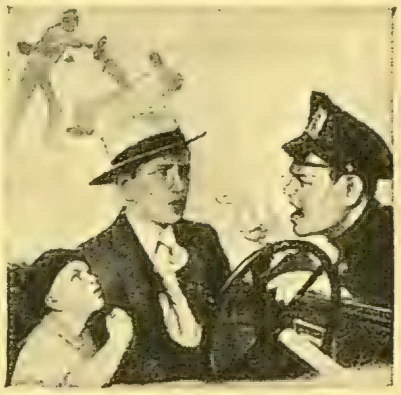
A New For the Love o' Lil

THE three stenographers in Sandy's office were chewing gum wildly. And that was really all they were doing to earn their living.

"I swear I'm going home," Marie said. "Any man who says he'll be in his office by nine o'clock on Saturday A. M. and then don't show up until after ten—"

"Well, Mr. Jenkins will shoot us," Leola said, "if we don't write some more form letters. Come on, kids, and wiggle your fingers over the keyboards."

They wiggled them and the combined din sounded like the riveting of girders for a skyscraper.


This week's cover picture.

Sandy's form letters! He'd spent eighteen dollars for a list of delicatessen-shop proprietors in Quincy County and he was bombarding them with optimistic news. One of his Model M delivery cars in red, white, or blue would boom the business of the smallest delicatessen. Housewives would be pleased to see their olives, cheeses, and sausages being delivered in such swell fashion and the proprietor could count upon these ladies for steady patronage. The three stenographers spelled *sausages* in various ways, but perhaps the delicatessen proprietors of Quincy County were poor spellers themselves.

It was just noon when the office door finally opened and Sandy came in.

"Good morning," he called out, slitting some envelopes which he hoped would contain orders for trucks.

"Afternoon, you mean," Polly said under her breath.

"Did anybody want me for anything?" he asked. He was trying to sound cheerful, although there were no new orders for Model M or any other model of truck.

"Nobody else came in," Marie told him. "They called up one by one and said they were playing golf, but not to tell the others. Why don't you go and play golf? You work too hard. You'll be getting a breakdown. Then you'll be spending all your profits in a hospital."

The other girls gasped. Sandy got up from his desk, grabbed his hat, and lifted his golf bag from the corner behind the wastebasket.

"So long," he said. "I'm going to play golf, too."

When he got out on the sidewalk, he waved to little Ulysses who was waiting for him in the front seat.

"Can I drive?" U. called when he saw Sandy walking toward the parking space. "Can I drive? Can I drive?"

"You can drive me cuckoo," Sandy laughed, tickling him so that he would move over where he belonged.

He swung the car into the line of traffic. He jerked along for six blocks behind two women in a roadster who stopped every few feet to look at a road map. Then he put out his hand to make a left turn into Spruce Street.

"Hey!" the traffic cop bawled, pointing his great white glove. "Can't you read? Don'tcha see that sign? No left turn! I've a good mind to run you in. Where's your respect for the law?"

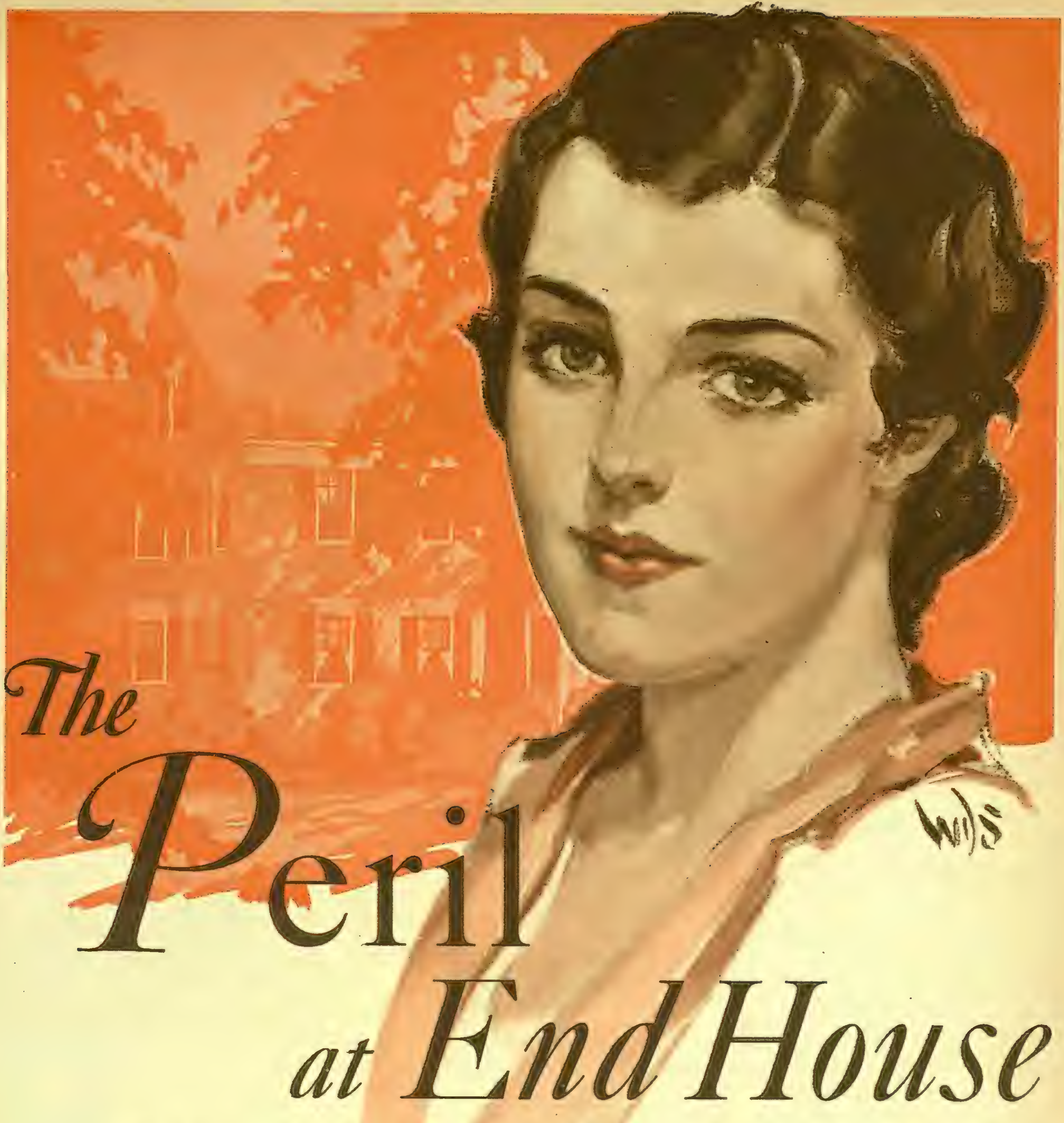
"Honest, officer," Sandy said in a funny scared voice, "I didn't see that sign."

"You didn't?" the cop yelled, to the delight of everybody on Main Street. "Well, you will the next time!"

"Sock him, daddy!" little U. whispered. "Sock him hard! Knock him down! I can see you knockin' him down!"

But poor Sandy wasn't enjoying any such vision of strong-arm bravery. He was afraid he might spend the rest of that week-end in the lockup.

(Next week's cover adventure: Life Insurance)



The Peril at End House

A Story of Death That Struck from the Dark

By

AGATHA CHRISTIE

Pictures by W. D. STEVENS

(Reading time: 24 minutes.)

THIS is the story of a murder committed at End House, the English summer home of Magdala ("Nick") Buckley. Nick's cousin, Maggie Buckley, was shot during a fireworks display while wearing Nick's shawl.

Poirot, a famous Belgian detective who was working on the case, was convinced, as he told his friend Hastings, that Nick was the intended victim. After finding a letter from the lost airman, Michael Seton, stating that he had willed everything to his Magdala, Poirot asked Ellen, Nick's maid, if she knew Nick had been engaged to Seton.

PART SEVEN—THE MISSING WILL

ELLEN stared at Poirot. "Miss Nick engaged to Mr. Seton? The one there's all the fuss in the papers about?"

"Yes."

"Well, I never. To think of that!"

"Complete and absolute surprise registered very convincingly," I remarked as we got outside.

"Yes. It really seemed genuine."

"Perhaps it was," I suggested.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE PERIL AT END HOUSE
Continued from page fifty-one

"And that packet of letters reclining for months under the lingerie? No, *mon ami.*"

"All very well," I thought to myself. "But we are not all Hercule Poirots. We do not all go nosing into what does not concern us." But I said nothing.

"This Ellen, she is an enigma," said Poirot. "I do not like it. There is something here that I do not understand."

We went straight back to the nursing home.

Nick looked rather surprised to see us.

"Yes, mademoiselle," said Poirot, answering her look, "I am like the jack-in-the-case. I pop up again. To begin with, I will tell you that I have put the order in your affairs. Everything is now neatly arranged."

"Well, I expect it was about time," said Nick, unable to help smiling. "Are you *very* tidy, Monsieur Poirot?"

"Ask my friend Hastings here."

The girl turned an inquiring gaze on me.

I detailed some of Poirot's minor peculiarities: toast that had to be made from a square loaf, eggs matching in size, his objection to golf as a game "shapeless and haphazard," whose only redeeming feature was the tee boxes! I ended by telling her the famous case which Poirot had solved by his habit of straightening ornaments on the mantelpiece. Poirot sat by, smiling.

"He makes the good tale of it, yes," he said when I had finished. "But on the whole it is true. Figure to yourself, mademoiselle, that I never cease trying to persuade Hastings to part his hair in the middle instead of on the side. See what an air lopsided and unsymmetrical it gives him.

"But I am here on serious business. Mademoiselle, this will of yours, I find it not."

"Oh!" She wrinkled her brows. "But does it matter so much? After all, I'm not dead. And wills aren't really important till you are dead, are they?"

"That is correct. All the same, I interest myself in this will of yours. I have various little ideas concerning it. Think, mademoiselle. Try to remember where you placed it, where you saw it last."

"I DON'T suppose I put it anywhere particular," said Nick. "I never do put things in places. I probably shoved it into a drawer."

"You did not put it in the secret panel by any chance?"

"The secret *what?*"

"Your maid, Ellen, says that there is a secret panel in the drawing-room or the library."

"Nonsense," said Nick. "I've never heard of such a thing. Ellen said so?"

"*Mais oui.* It seems she was in service at End House as a young girl. The cook showed it to her."

"It's the first I've ever heard of it. I suppose grandfather must have known about it, but, if so, he didn't tell me. And I'm sure he *would* have told me. Monsieur Poirot, are you sure Ellen isn't making it all up?"

"No, mademoiselle, I am not at all sure! *Il me semble* that there is something—odd about this Ellen of yours."

"Oh, I wouldn't call her odd. William's a half-wit, and the child is a nasty little brute, but Ellen's all right. The essence of respectability."

"Did you give her leave to go out and see the fireworks last night, mademoiselle?"

"Of course. They always do. They clear up afterward."

"Yet she did not go out."

"Oh, yes, she did."

"How do you know, mademoiselle?"

"Well—well—I suppose I don't know. I told her to go, and she thanked me, and so of course I assumed that she did go."

"On the contrary, she remained in the house."

"But how very odd!"

"You think it odd?"

"Yes, I do. I'm sure she's never done such a thing before. Did she say why?"

"She did not tell me the real reason, of that I am sure."

Nick looked at him questioningly. "Is it important?"

Poirot flung out his hands.

"That is just what I cannot say, mademoiselle. *C'est curieux.* I leave it like that."

"This panel business, too," said Nick reflectively. "I can't help thinking that's frightfully queer and unconvincing. Did she show you where it was?"

"She said she couldn't remember."

"I don't believe there is such a thing."

"It certainly looks like it."

"She must be going batty, poor thing."

"She certainly recounts the histories! She said also that End House was not a good house to live in."

Nick gave a little shiver. "Perhaps she's right there," she said slowly. "Sometimes I've felt that way myself. There's a queer feeling in that house."

Her eyes grew large and dark. They had a fated look. Poirot hastened to recall her to other topics.

"We have wandered from our subject, mademoiselle. The will. The last will and testament of Magdala Buckley."

"I put that," said Nick with some pride. "I remember putting that, and I said, 'pay all debts and testamentary expenses.' I remembered that out of a book I'd read."

"You did not use a will form, then?"

"HE got Ellen and her husband in to witness it."

“ No; there wasn't time for that. I was just going off to the nursing home, and, besides, Mr. Croft said will forms were very dangerous. It was better to make a simple will and not try to be too legal.”

“ Monsieur Croft? He was there?”

“ Yes. It was he who asked me if I'd made one. I'd never have thought of it myself. He said if you died in—in—”

“ Intestate,” I said.

“ Yes, that's it. He said if you died intestate, the crown pinched a lot, and that would be a pity.”

“ Very helpful, the excellent Monsieur Croft!”

“ Oh, he was,” said Nick warmly. “ He got Ellen and her husband in to witness it. Oh, of course! What an idiot I've been!” We looked at her inquiringly.

“ I'VE been a perfect idiot. Letting you hunt round End House. Charles has got it, of course! My cousin, Charles Vyse.”

“ Ah! So that is the explanation.”

“ Mr. Croft said a lawyer was the proper person to have charge of it.”

“ *Très correct, ce bon Monsieur Croft.*”

“ Men are useful sometimes,” said Nick. “ A lawyer or the bank, that's what he said. And I said Charles would be best. So we stuck it in an envelope and sent it off to him straight way.” She lay back with a sigh. “ I'm sorry I've been so frightfully stupid. But it is all right now. Charles has got it and, if you really want to see it, of course he'll show it to you.”

“ Not without an authorization from you,” said Poirot, smiling.

“ How silly.”

“ No, mademoiselle. Merely prudent.”

“ Well, I think it's silly.” She took a piece of paper from a little stack that lay beside her bed. “ What shall I say? ‘ Let the dog see the rabbit’?”

“ *Comment?*”

I laughed at his startled face.

He dictated a form of words, and Nick wrote obediently.

“ Thank you, mademoiselle,” said Poirot as he took it.

“ I'm sorry to have given you such a lot of trouble. But I really had forgotten. You know how one forgets things almost at once?”

“ With order and method in the mind one does not forget.”

“ I'll have to have a course of some kind,” said Nick. “ You're giving me quite an inferiority complex.”

“ That is impossible. *Au revoir, mademoiselle.*” He looked round the room. “ Your flowers are lovely.”

“ Aren't they? The carnations are from Freddie and the roses from George and the lilies from Jim Lazarus. And look here—” She pulled the wrapping from a large basket of hothouse grapes by her side.

POIROT'S face changed. He stepped forward sharply.

“ You have not eaten any of them?”

“ No. Not yet.”

“ Do not do so. You must eat nothing, mademoiselle, that comes in from outside. Nothing. You comprehend?”

“ Oh!”

She stared at him, the color ebbing slowly from her face. “ I see. You think—you think it isn't over yet? You think that they're still trying?” she whispered.

He took her hand. “ Do not think of it. You are safe here. But remember—nothing that comes in from outside.”

I was conscious of that white frightened face on the pillow as we left the room. Poirot looked at his watch.

“ *Bon.* We have just time to catch Monsieur Vyse at his office before he leaves it for lunch.”

On arrival we were shown into Charles Vyse's office after the briefest of delays. The young lawyer rose to greet us. He was as formal and unemotional as ever.

“ Good morning, Monsieur Poirot. What can I do for you?” Without more ado Poirot presented the letter Nick had written. He took it and read it, then gazed over the top of it at us in a perplexed manner.

“ I beg your pardon. I really am at a loss to understand.”

“ Has not Mademoiselle Buckley made her meaning clear?”

“ In this letter”—Vyse tapped it with his finger nail—“ she asks me to hand over to you a will made by her and intrusted to my keeping in February last.”

“ Yes, monsieur.”

“ But, my dear sir, no will has been intrusted to my keeping.”

“ *Comment?*”

“ As far as I know, my cousin never made a will. I certainly never made one for her.”

“ She wrote this herself, I understand, on a sheet of note paper and posted it to you.”

The lawyer shook his head. “ In that case, all I can say is that I never received it.”

“ Really, Monsieur Vyse—”

“ I never received anything of the kind, Monsieur Poirot.” There was a pause, then Poirot rose to his feet.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE PERIL AT END HOUSE
Continued from page fifty-three

"In that case, Monsieur Vyse, there is nothing more to be said. There must be some mistake."

"Certainly there must be some mistake." He rose also.

"Good day, Monsieur Vyse."

"Good day, Monsieur Poirot."

"And that is that," I remarked when we were out in the street once more.

"*Précisément*."

"Is he lying, do you think?"

"Impossible to tell. He has the good poker face, Monsieur Vyse, besides looking as though he had swallowed one. One thing is clear: he will not budge from the position he has taken up. He never received the will. That is his point."

"Surely Nick will have a written acknowledgment of its receipt."

"*Cette petite*, she would never bother her head about a thing like that. She dispatched it. It was off her mind. *Voilà*. Besides, on that very day she went into a nursing home to have her appendix out. She had her emotions, in all probability."

"Well, what do we do now?"

"*Parbleu!* We go and see Monsieur Croft. Let us see what he can remember about this business. It seems to have been very much his doing."

"He didn't profit by it in any way," I said thoughtfully.

"No. No, I cannot see anything in it from his point of view. He is probably merely the busybody, the man who likes to arrange his neighbors' affairs."

We found Mr. Croft busy in his shirt sleeves over a steaming pot in the kitchen. A most savory smell pervaded the little lodge. He relinquished his cookery with enthusiasm, being clearly eager to talk about the murder.

"Half a jiffy," he said. "Walk upstairs. Mother will want to be in on this. She'd never forgive us for talking down here. Cooee, Milly! Two friends coming up."

Mrs. Croft greeted us warmly and was eager for news of Nick. I liked her much better than her husband.

"That poor dear girl," she said. "In a nursing home you say? Had a complete breakdown, I shouldn't wonder. A dreadful business, Monsieur Poirot, perfectly dreadful. An innocent young girl like that shot dead. It doesn't bear thinking about, it doesn't indeed. And no lawless wild part of the world either. Right here in the heart of the old country. Kept me awake all night, it did."

"IT'S made me nervous about going out and leaving you, old lady," said her husband, who had put on his coat and joined us. "I don't like to think of your having been left all alone here yesterday evening. It gives me the shivers."

"You're not going to leave me again, I can tell you," said Mrs. Croft. "Not after dark, anyway."

It was a little difficult to reach the object of our visit. Both Mr. and Mrs. Croft talked so much and were so anxious to know all about everything. Were the poor dead girl's relations coming down? When was the funeral? Was there to be an inquest? What did the police think? Had they any clue yet? Then, having answered all these questions, they were insistent on offering us lunch. Only Poirot's mendacious statement that we were obliged to hurry back to lunch with the chief constable saved us.

At last a momentary pause occurred and Poirot got in the question he had been waiting to ask. "Why, of course," said Mr. Croft. He pulled the blind cord up and down twice, frowning at it abstractedly. "I remember all about it. Must have been when we first came here. I remember. Appendicitis, that's what the doctors said—"

"And probably not appendicitis at all," interrupted Mrs. Croft. "These doctors, they always like cutting you up if they can. It wasn't the kind you *have* to operate on, anyhow. She'd had indigestion and one thing and another and they'd X-rayed her and they said out it had better come. And there she was, poor little soul, just going off to one of those nasty homes."

"I just asked her," said Mr. Croft, "if she'd made a will. More as a joke than anything else."

"Yes?"

"And she wrote it out then and there. Talked about getting a will form at the post office, but I advised her not to. Lot of trouble they cause sometimes, so a man told me. Anyway, her cousin is a lawyer. He could draw her out a proper one afterward if everything was all right, as of course I knew it would be. This was just a precautionary matter."

"Who witnessed it?"

"Oh, Ellen the maid and her husband."

"And afterward? What was done with it?"

"Oh, we posted it to Vyse. The lawyer, you know."

"You know that it was posted?"

"My dear Monsieur Poirot, I posted it myself. Right in this box here by the gate."

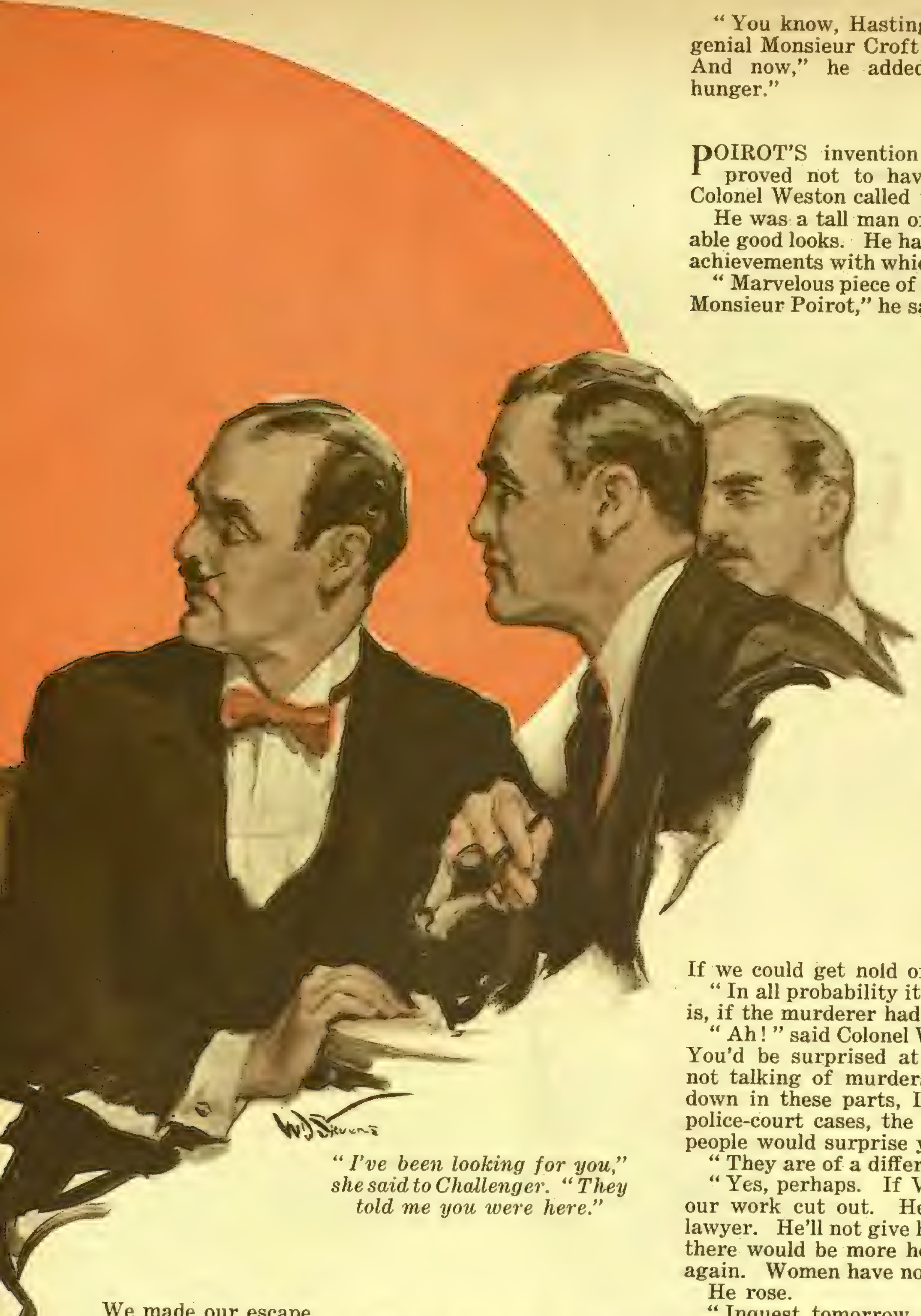
"So if Monsieur Vyse says he never got it—"

Croft stared. "Do you mean that it got lost in the post? Oh, but surely that's impossible."

"Anyway, you are certain that you posted it?"

"Certain sure," said Mr. Croft heartily. "I'll take my oath on that any day."

"Ah, well," said Poirot. "Fortunately it does not matter. Mademoiselle is not likely to die just yet awhile."



"I've been looking for you," she said to Challenger. "They told me you were here."

We made our escape.

"*Et voilà!*" said Poirot when we were out of earshot and walking down to the hotel. "Who is lying? Monsieur Croft or Monsieur Charles Vyse? I must confess I see no reason why Monsieur Croft should be lying. To suppress the will would be of no advantage to him, especially when he had been instrumental in getting it made. No, his statement seems clear enough and tallies exactly with what was told us by Mademoiselle Nick. But, all the same—"

"YES?"

"All the same, I am glad that Monsieur Croft was doing the cooking when we arrived. He left an excellent impression of a greasy thumb and first finger on a corner of the newspaper that covered the kitchen table. I managed to tear it off unseen by him. We will send it to our good friend Inspector Japp of Scotland Yard. There is just a chance that he might know something about it."

"Yes?"

"You know, Hastings, I cannot help feeling that our genial Monsieur Croft is a little too good to be genuine. And now," he added, "*le déjeuner.* I faint with hunger."

II

POIROT'S invention about the chief constable was proved not to have been so mendacious after all. Colonel Weston called upon us soon after lunch.

He was a tall man of military carriage with considerable good looks. He had a suitable reverence for Poirot's achievements with which he seemed to be well acquainted.

"Marvelous piece of luck for us, having you down here, Monsieur Poirot," he said again and again. His one fear was that he should be compelled to call in the assistance of Scotland Yard. He was anxious to solve the mystery and catch the criminal without their aid. Hence his delight at Poirot's presence in the neighborhood.

Poirot, so far as I could judge, took him completely into his confidence.

"Deuced odd business," said the colonel. "Never heard of anything like it. Well, the girl ought to be safe enough in a nursing home. Still, you can't keep her there forever!"

"That, *monsieur le colonel,* is just the difficulty. There is only one way of dealing with it."

"And that is?"

"We must lay our hands on the person responsible."

"If what you suspect is true, that isn't going to be so easy."

"*Ah, je le sais bien.*"

"Evidence! Getting evidence is going to be the devil."

He frowned abstractedly.

"Always difficult, these cases, where there's no routine work. If we could get hold of the pistol—"

"In all probability it is at the bottom of the sea. That is, if the murderer had any sense."

"Ah!" said Colonel Weston. "But often they haven't. You'd be surprised at the fool things people do. I'm not talking of murders—we don't have many murders down in these parts, I'm glad to say—but in ordinary police-court cases, the sheer damn' foolishness of these people would surprise you."

"They are of a different mentality though."

"Yes, perhaps. If Vyse is the chap—well, we'll have our work cut out. He's a cautious man and a sound lawyer. He'll not give himself away. The woman—well, there would be more hope there. Ten to one, she'll try again. Women have no patience."

He rose.

"Inquest tomorrow morning. Coroner will work in with us and give away as little as possible. We want to keep things dark at present."

He was turning toward the door when he suddenly came back.

"Upon my soul, I'd forgotten the very thing that will interest you most, and that I want your opinion about."

Sitting down again, he drew from his pocket a torn scrap of paper with writing on it and handed it to Poirot.

"My police found this when they were searching the grounds. Not far from where you were all watching the fireworks. It's the only suggestive thing they did find."

Poirot smoothed it out. The writing was large and straggling.

"—must have money at once. If not you—
—what will happen. I'm warning you"

Poirot frowned. He read and reread it.

"That is interesting," he said. "I may keep it?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE PERIL AT END HOUSE
Continued from page fifty-five

"Certainly. There are no fingerprints on it. I'll be glad if you can make anything of it."

Colonel Weston got to his feet again.

"I really must be off. Inquest tomorrow, as I said. By the way, you are not being called as witness; only Captain Hastings. Don't want the newspaper people to get wise to your being on the job."

"I comprehend. What of the relations of the poor young lady?"

"The father and mother are coming from Yorkshire today. They'll arrive about half past five. Poor souls. I'm heartily sorry for them. They are taking the body back with them the following day."

He shook his head.

"Unpleasant business. I'm not enjoying this, Monsieur Poirot."

"Who could, *monsieur le colonel?* It is, as you say, an unpleasant business."

When he had gone, Poirot examined the scrap of paper once more.

"An important clue?" I asked.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"How can one tell? There is a hint of blackmail about it! Someone of our party that night was being pressed for money in a very unpleasant way. Of course, it is possible that it was one of the strangers."

He looked at the writing through a little magnifying glass.

"Does this writing look at all familiar to you, Hastings?"

"It reminds me a little of something— Ah! I have it! That note of Mrs. Rice's."

"Yes," said Poirot slowly. "There are resemblances. Decidedly there are resemblances. It is curious. Yet I do not think that this is the writing of Madame Rice. Come in," he said as a knock came at the door.

It was Commander Challenger.

"Just looked in," he explained. "Wanted to know if you were any further forward."

"*Parbleu!*" said Poirot. "At this moment I am feeling that I am considerably further back. I seem to progress *en reculant.*"

"That's bad. But I don't really believe it, Monsieur Poirot. I've been hearing all about you and what a wonderful chap you are. Never had a failure, they say."

"That is not true," said Poirot. "I had a bad failure in Belgium in 1893. You recollect, Hastings? I recounted it to you. The affair of the box of chocolates."

"I REMEMBER," I said.

And I smiled, for at the time that Poirot told me that tale, he had instructed me to say "Chocolate box" to him if ever I should fancy he was growing conceited! He was then bitterly offended when I used the magical words only a minute and a quarter later.

"Oh, well," said Challenger, "that is such a long time ago it hardly counts. You are going to get to the bottom of this, aren't you?"

"That I swear. On the word of Hercule Poirot. I am the dog who stays on the scent and does not leave it."

"Good. Got any ideas?"

"I have suspicions of two people."

"I suppose I mustn't ask who they are?"

"I should not tell you! You see, I might possibly be in error."

"My alibi is satisfactory, I trust," said Challenger with a faint twinkle.

Poirot smiled indulgently at the bronzed face in front of him. "You left Devonport at a few minutes past eight thirty. You arrived here at five minutes past ten—twenty minutes after the crime had been committed. But the distance from Devonport is only just over thirty miles and you have often done it in an hour, since the road is good. So, you see, your alibi is not good at all!"

"Well, I'm—"

"You comprehend, I inquire into everything. Your alibi, as I say, is not good. But there are other things besides alibis. You would like, I think, to marry Mademoiselle Nick?"

The sailor's face flushed.

"I've always wanted to marry her," he said huskily.

"Precisely. *Eh bien*, Mademoiselle Nick was engaged to another man. A reason, perhaps, for killing the other man. But that is unnecessary—he dies the death of a hero."

"So it *is* true—that Nick was engaged to Michael Seton? There's a rumor to that effect all over the town this morning."

"Yes, it is interesting how soon news spreads. You never suspected it before?"

"I knew Nick was engaged to someone; she told me so two days ago. But she didn't give me a clue as to who it was."

"It was Michael Seton. *Entre nous*, he has left her, I fancy, a very pretty fortune. Ah, assuredly it is not a moment for killing Mademoiselle Nick—from your point of view. She weeps for her lover now, but the heart consoles itself. She is young. And I think, monsieur, that she is very fond of you."

CHALLENGER was silent for a moment or two.

"If it should be—" he murmured.

There was a tap on the door. It was Frederica Rice.

"I've been looking for you," she said to Challenger. "They told me you were here. I wanted to know if you'd got my wrist watch back yet."

"Oh, yes, I called for it this morning."

He took it from his pocket and handed it to her. It was a watch of rather unusual shape—round, like a globe—set on a strap of plain black moiré. I remembered that I had seen one much the same shape on Nick Buckley's wrist.

She looked from one to the other of us. "Am I interrupting a conference?"

"No, indeed, madame. We were talking the gossip, not the crime. We were saying how quickly news spreads—how that everyone now knows that Mademoiselle Nick was engaged to that brave airman who perished."

"So Nick *was* engaged to Michael Seton!" exclaimed Frederica.

"It surprises you, madame?"

"It does a little. I don't know why. Certainly I did think he was very taken with her last autumn. They went about a lot together. And then, after Christmas, they both seemed to cool off. As far as I know, they hardly met."

"The secret, they kept it very well."

"That was because of old Sir Matthew, I suppose. He was really a little off his head I think."

"You had no suspicion, madame? And yet Mademoiselle Nick was such an intimate friend."

"Nick's a close little devil when she likes," murmured Frederica. "But I understand now why she's been so nervy lately."

"Your little friend is very attractive, madame."

"Old Jim Lazarus used to think so at one time," said Challenger with his loud, rather tactless laugh.

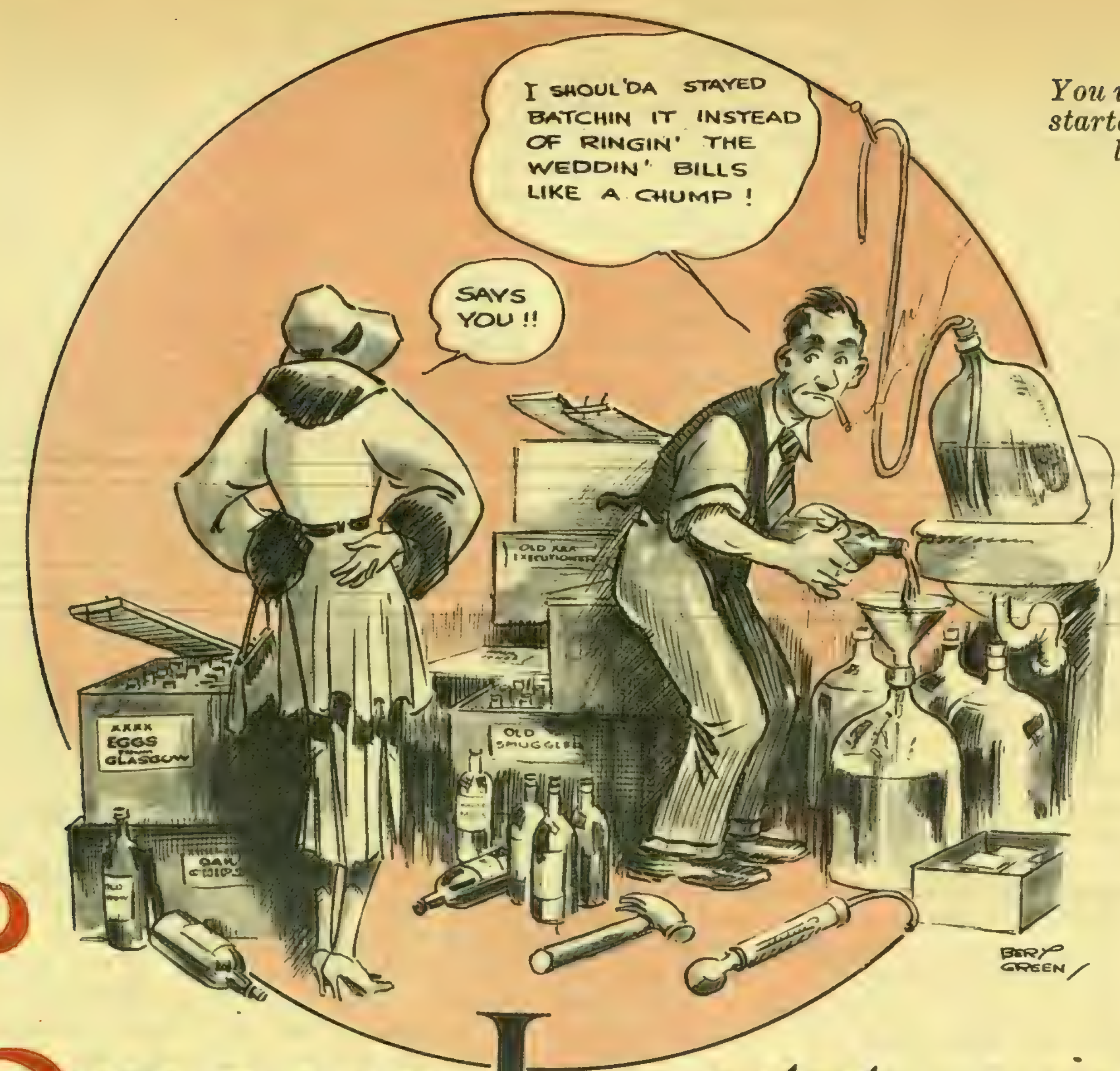
"Oh, Jim—" She shrugged her shoulders, but I thought she was annoyed. She turned to Poirot.

"Tell me, Monsieur Poirot, did you—" She stopped. Her tall figure swayed and her face turned whiter still. Her eyes were fixed on the center of the table.

"You are not well, madame?"

I pushed forward a chair, helped her to sink into it. She shook her head, murmured, "I'm all right," and leaned forward, her face between her hands.

Nick seems safe at the nursing home. But a strange thing happens to her, as you'll learn next week.


I SHOUL'DA STAYED BATCHIN IT INSTEAD OF RINGIN' THE WEDDIN' BILLS LIKE A CHUMP !
SAYS YOU !!
EGGS from GLASGOW
OLD SMUGGLER
OAK CHIPS
BERT GREEN

You was the one that started me off sellin light stuff.

Love Letters of an Interior Decorator

A Few Echoes from the Past

Words and Pictures by

BERT GREEN

(Reading time: 8 minutes.)

Paris, France.

DEAR MARG,

I just got your letter puttin up the squark. So youre goin with a box-fighter eh? You would!! Gee, thats a nifty. Some second rate pug with a tank town rep, I suppose? If you ask me, I think hes a front man for a Jumpin Tintype theatre. Why, you dont know a Champ from a low hit pre-lim.

It serves me right for goin goofy over the Cupid stuff. I shoulda stayed batchin it instead of ringin the weddin bills like a chump. Why if it hadnt been for *you,* Id still be drivin the milk route. Lookit me now, all I do is travel around the country like a stuffed shirt and listen to a bunch of doods glorify the cocktails. Why, if Id a stayed single Id be head of the milk company by now.

But instead of that, Im sellin booze. Yes, an whos to blame? YOU are!! You was the one that started me off sellin light stuff like gin, apple an moon to keep you in Theodores. Every time you wanted a new dress I had to *cut* a dozen cases of Scotch to crash the fractured line. Gees, what a set-up I was to bow you in to snooty society. Before that your hole family didnt know what a silk undie was? They was all wearin canvas.

Thats the trouble with some of you frails, you holler murder when youre brought up plungin dishes. But when a swell gent like *me* moves in, takes you outer the kitchen and knocks you down to the minister the first thing you do is start gimmie-gimmie and bye-buy.

You know very well when I first met you you slipped me that number one salestalk about TWO livin as cheap as ONE!! What a laf! One what?? One ARMY?? You said you wanted a nice little flat in the city where you could do your own cookin an make your own clothes. Yes, an what did *I* do but grab the niftiest De Lux apartment I could get with a breakfast nook to keep you happy.

Yeah, an *before* we were married you said you could cook anythin from a duck to a ten coarse dinner. What a dumb cluck I was. But *after* we got hooked you *forgot* all about it. You turned dumb—like a fox. Why you couldnt fry an egg with the headlight burnin. If I remember right, we used to keep the Can Opener Companies in yachts an clippin coupons.

Yes, and what about that first dress you made after we was tied? What a ballroom sensation *that* was? I hadda park the thing in the furnace fer fear the neighbors would think I was steppin out with somebody from the nut hatch.

Another thing, lookit that swell gown I bought you for

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-SEVEN]

$11.50 the day your old man got sprung from the cooler. You remember the comin out party we gave him? You thought that that dress was pretty nifty then, didnt you? Yeah, but *to-day* if you dont grab yourself a French frock with a price on it that looks like the cerial number on a new Ford you think its no good.

And whats more, how about the 200 bucks I saved up to get spliced on? What happened to *that?* What did?? Big hearted you, you slipped your old man 25 bills to buy himself a tux for the weddin and what did he do but hoist the dough and show up plastered. What a family!

Yeah, an your old lady too, look what she done! She went an hired a katerer to put the big flash on for the neighbors. Sure, on *my dough!* What a laf. Dishin out Patty de fore Grass an black coffee to a bunch of low pitch goofs who didnt know a demmy tasse from an eye dropper. Sure, an by the time the cider shampain moved in at twenty fish a container we didnt have enough dough left on the funnymoon to take a trolley ride.

If you remember right, your old lady told us that if we put on a doody weddin we'd be loaded down with Ritzy presents. We did! Three yards of linolium, a gold fish globe, two dozen paper napkins an a crum brush!! When it comes to big hearted relations that troup of yours wouldnt give you a busted strap in a subway.

Oh, I could go on tellin you plenty about them people but I hates to say anythin against em. Take that nit-witted brother of yours too, who paid the medical to take him apart when he got the spinal McGinnis, *who did??* I DID!! An what did it get me? Nothing but a load of grief.

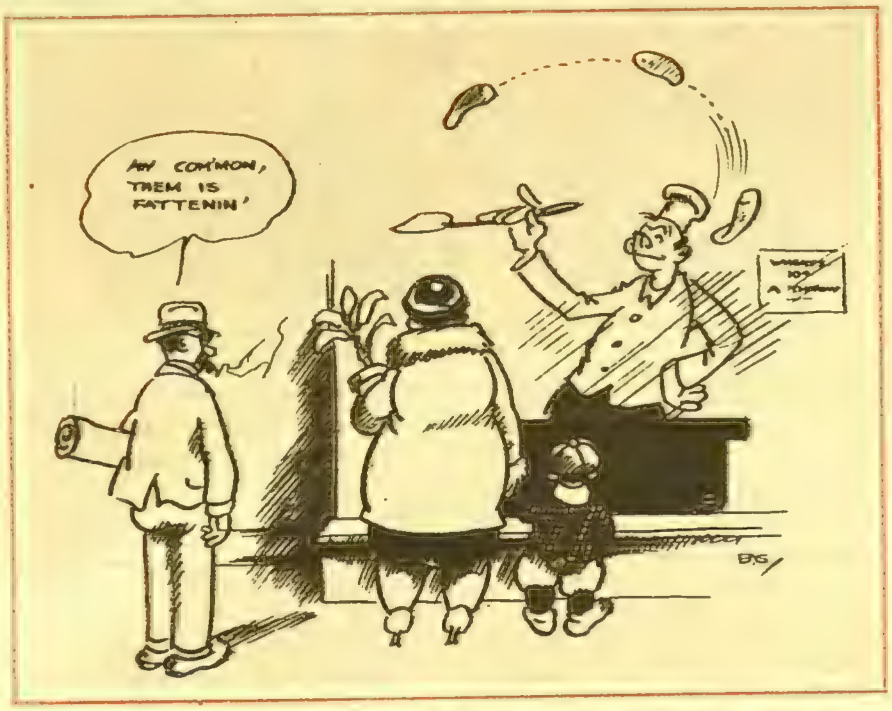
So now youre talkin about scramming out? Goin Reno, eh? Givin me the air for bein good to you so you can marry a punk prize fighter? Listen Kid, if that yokel ever gets a peek at that dizzy family of yours an throws his hat in, hes a bigger sap than I think he is. Believe me he'll have to take plenty on the chin to keep *you* in cookies an waves. I KNOW!! He'll go for the count every time the gong rings and love it.

You think because youre good lookin an strut a mean thigh you can tag your moniker on any guys payroll. For cryin out loud, youre not so hot! Thats the way with some of you angle faced gals, you got an idea that all you have to do is feature a coy glance, toss the gams around an straight eights an poils will fall in your lap. How d'ye get that way? Why, the closest *you* ever got to a poil necklace was on a Fifth Avenoo buss. Honest the only big shot you could ever make would be some old wayward fossil that combs his hair with a sponge.

Listen Kid, I dont mean to say nothin again you, but if you take my tip youll lay off that high powered mussle man whats tryin to snake you an be your drink.

I guess that will tie you for a while.

Yours trooly,
MIKE SHEA.


AW COM'MON, THEM IS FATTENIN'

You couldnt rate an honest job floppin wheats in a honky-tonk.

Hollywood, Cal.

DEAR MIKE,

Listen you poor sap, who the heck do you think youre bawlin out? Who are *you* to be wisin me up what to do? The first thing you know youll be breedin a black eye. Youre just sore because some other guy gives me a tumble. Thats more than *you* ever did, you big stiff. If I waited for you to entertain me, Id be pinch hitting for the bearded lady in a side show.

You talk about marrying me and keepin me in luxury, gosh what a giggle that is. If I remember correct, the only decent dress I ever wore when you married me was a knock down, second hand hand-me-down I made myself from a pair of drapes you won in a raffel.

Yes, and whats all this hooey about the doggie De Luxe flat you got when we were married? Gee, I love it. I suppose you mean that six flight walk-up you drew. A BROOM CLOSET an SINK I called it. You couldnt even cut a steak in it without bustin your elbow. You call that a home? Say, we were sittin around on egg crates for two years before we knew what a chair felt like. Why, if anybody ever came to see me Id meet em in the hall an take em for a walk for fear theyd think we moved out.

Yes, and the swell eats, whos fault was that? If we ever *had* anythin to cook, we had *nothin* to cook it in. And when we *did* have somethin to cook the gas company went South with the meter because the poor thing died for lack of quarters. What a romance!! All we had was BEANS,—BEANS,—BEANS! I was so beaned to death you couldnta told me from the Boston Tea Party. The next goof that tries to kid me into holy wedlock with a can of beans will be wireing Einstein whats behind the Perly Gates.

No foolin, to hear you gab youd think you surrounded me with stocks, bonds, sport cars an pieces of eight. Say, you wouldnt even give me a rubber on a busted bank. I was lucky to take it on the heel much less a gas buggy, an when it came to *silk hose*, the one pair I had rated more runs than a World Series.

The trouble with *you* is, hats dont come big enough to cover that scull of yours. The ultra conceit of some peoples off-spring slays me. Youre just a great big 15 & 5 wise crackin bootlegger extravagantin on other peoples jack. If you take my tip, youll grab yourself an honest job and *do things*. From now on, this kid is goin to pick a *real* John with somethin up above. *Im* goin to be *somebody*, get me, while youre siphoning jin!!

An another thing, you lay off my family, understand?!! If you dont,—somebodys goin to move a load of top soil to make room for your chassie! The idea of you tellin people that you got my old man a swell job as night-watchman in a garbage dump, is a big fib. As for *you*, you couldnt even rate an honest job floppin wheats in a honky-tonk!

When it comes to beefing, I wouldnt be putting other people in the grease if I were you. How about the time you made the big hop to Hollywood? Makin believe you was a big clipp an cutter from Wall Street? Say, you no more than stepped off the choo-choo than you began throwin wild parties to stars an screenland pests tryin to get clubby with em.

For *what*, I ask you? So you an that under cover schill of yours could stick em a grand an a half a case for BOOZE, thats what! You told em your private bootlegger rowed the stuff over from Glasgow. You framed em an took em plenty, you did! When all the time you were makin it in the bathtub. What giggle soup that was?? Two drinks an the actors couldnt tell weather they was playin Ben Her in a horse opera or Little Eva in What Price Glory!! Gawd, what a rackit!!

Yes, an when they got hep, what happened? They had the militia gunning for you! Why, the last they heard of *you* you was runnin through Arizona with your clothes stached in a five gallon gas can. The only way you made Broadway was to stop every car you met an tell em you ran outer gas. Thats one way to cross the country for nothin, you GREASEBALL!!!

If that dont hold you for a while, just foller my mail.

Yours truly,
MARG.

LIMERICKS

PAY $500 FOR

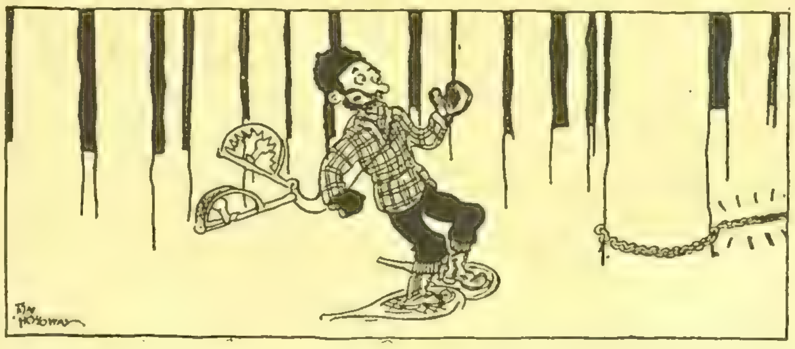
The Best Last Lines Each Week

New Prize Schedule!

27 Awards Increase Your Opportunity to Share in the Money

Now you have more than five times your former chance to win a share of the Limerick prize money. Instead of five prizes each week, Liberty now offers twenty-seven cash prizes, each one well worth the winning. If you have been just outside the winning list in the past, the chances are excellent that you will score a win under this new arrangement. It's an opportunity not to be neglected. One prize of $100, two prizes of $50 each, four prizes of $25 each and twenty prizes of $10 each. Win one this week! Simply read the four Limerick lines supplied below and write your own last line to complete the verse. Then submit it according to the brief rules at the right. And the best o' luck to you!

HERE'S THIS WEEK'S LIMERICK



A trapper, inspecting his snares,
Was given the worst of all scares
When he rounded a tree,
To discover that he

....

(You write the last line)

All last lines for this Limerick must be postmarked on or before midnight July 25. This gives everyone ample time to enter. Results will be published in Liberty dated August 29.

The RULES

Each week the first four lines of a Limerick will be printed in Liberty. Write a line to complete the Limerick, and mail it by first class mail to LIMERICKS, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

You don't have to use the form printed on this page unless you want to. You can copy the printed lines on another piece of paper. Be sure that your name and full address are plainly written or printed on the same sheet. Send in as many last lines as you wish for this Limerick. However, no contestant can win more than one of the prizes in any one week.

For the best line, $100 will be paid; for the second and third best, $50 each; for the fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh best, $25 each; and for the next twenty, $10 each. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant. Anyone, anywhere, can compete, except employees of Liberty and their families. Awards will be made on the basis of action, cleverness, and originality. All entrants agree to accept the judges' decisions as final. Because of the mass of clerical work involved no entries will be returned.

JUNE 20 PRIZE WINNERS

$250 FIRST PRIZE

The animals caged in the zoo
Seem quaint and amusing to you.
But once in a while
They, too, get a smile
There's more than just bars they see through.

Charles H. Cowgill, South Bend, Ind.

$100 SECOND PRIZE

If you find that it fits, wear the shoe.

Clara E. Rosebrook, Portland, Me.

$75 THIRD PRIZE

Spectators are spectacles, too.

Morris Horwitz, Philadelphia, Pa.

$50 FOURTH PRIZE

Even laugh right out loud at a few.

Katherine B. McCallen, Knoxville, Tenn.

$25 FIFTH PRIZE

Gee! It's lucky they're just "smilin' through."

Hugh Lambert, Springhill, Nova Scotia.

HONORABLE MENTION

F. J. Weigand, New Orleans, La.; E. M. Gray, Lombard, Ill.; Maud Lindsay, Sheffield, Ala.; Mrs. Melba Arlington, Huntington, Ind.; Margaret M. Dobarganes, Jacksonville, Fla.

MORE PRIZE WINNERS *and* ANOTHER CONTEST LIMERICK NEXT WEEK!

SHOW GIRL

A New DIXIE DUGAN Adventure

By

J. P. McEVOY

(Reading time: 24 minutes 30 seconds.)

THE "Teddy" Pages are spending a protracted honeymoon in Europe. Teddy belongs to the colossally rich Pages, and Dixie is a former film star.

Teddy does not allow marriage to end his rôle of international playboy. In fact, he sees so much of le Mégot, the dancer, that Dixie, after she has run into Jimmy Doyle, the producer, finds herself thinking wistfully of Jimmy, who was mad about her when she was Dixie Dugan, and still loves her.

PART NINE—DIXIE'S NEW RÔLE

Hotel Chatham,
Rue Daunau,
Paris.

DIXIE, MY LOVE:

Running up to Deauville while you do your pesky shopping. Sick of collections.

Come on up when you're finished. Have reservations for us at the Normandy. Hope you don't mind note. Can't stand discussions. Love, TEDDY.

MYSTERIOUS GREEK PLUNGER SADDENS CASINOS AS HE QUITS

Gambling for big stakes at the leading resorts of France will be lessened necessarily by the withdrawal of the Greek syndicate and plungers who find the twenty-five-per-cent government tax on winnings to be too exorbitant.

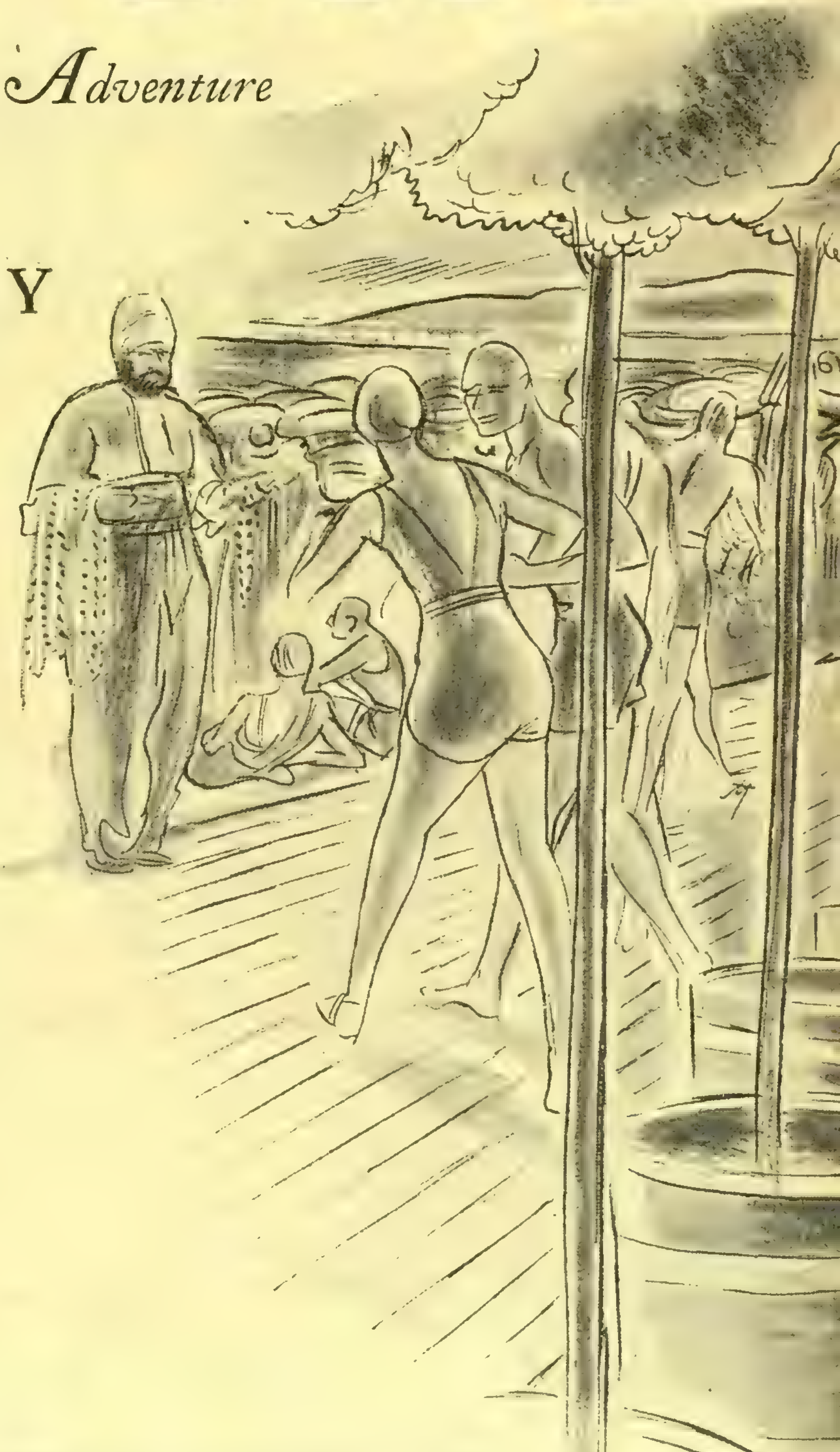
Over last week-end at Deauville, one individual lost more than $350,000.

That individual took over the bank in the private baccarat room where Zographos, head of the Greek syndicate, had held forth for long. His reputation as a heavy player attracted scores of gamblers. Luck was against him, though, and in one hour of play he lost 1,000,000 francs. After several long sessions with fortune still against him, he packed up and left, his opponents being richer by nearly 10,000,000 francs.

Among those seen in the *salle privée* last night were Grand Duke Dmitri, Lord Michelham, the Duke de Santa Christina, M. and Mme. Philippe Berthelot, the Marquess of Villaviciosa, the Aga Khan, Maurice Rostand, M. André Citroen, Prince Aage of Denmark, and numerous Americans, including the effervescent Mr. "Teddy" Page and his bride, the famous cinema star, Dixie Dugan, who are stopping at the Normandy.

DEAUVILLE AUJOURD'HUI

THE NEW GOLF ET GOLF DE DEAUVILLE	Tous les Jours	8 h. à 19 h.
TENNIS	Sur les Courts du Club	9 h. à 19 h.
BAR DU SOLEIL BAR DE LA PLAGE NOUVELLE PLAGE	En Plein Air	9 h. à 24 h.
CONCOURS HIPPIQUE	Saluts d'Obstacles Officiers Présentation de Hacks	14 h.
TIR AUX PIGEONS	Prix d'Italie (20,000 fr.)	14 h.
POLO	Match	16 h. 30
CINÉMA	Le Danseur Inconnu Tout Deauville à l'Ecran	20 h. 45
THÉÂTRE	Mireille	21 h.



TEDDY wouldn't leave the Bar du Soleil where you can dive from under an umbrella into the ocean and back to your cocktail without losing a drop.

LES AMBASSADEURS: Thé Dansant
Au Dîner
Attractions
BILLY ARNOLD et son Orchestre
Orquesta Tipica Inglés
avec les danseurs LE MÉGOT et MARCEL

CHEZ BRUMMELL Soupers

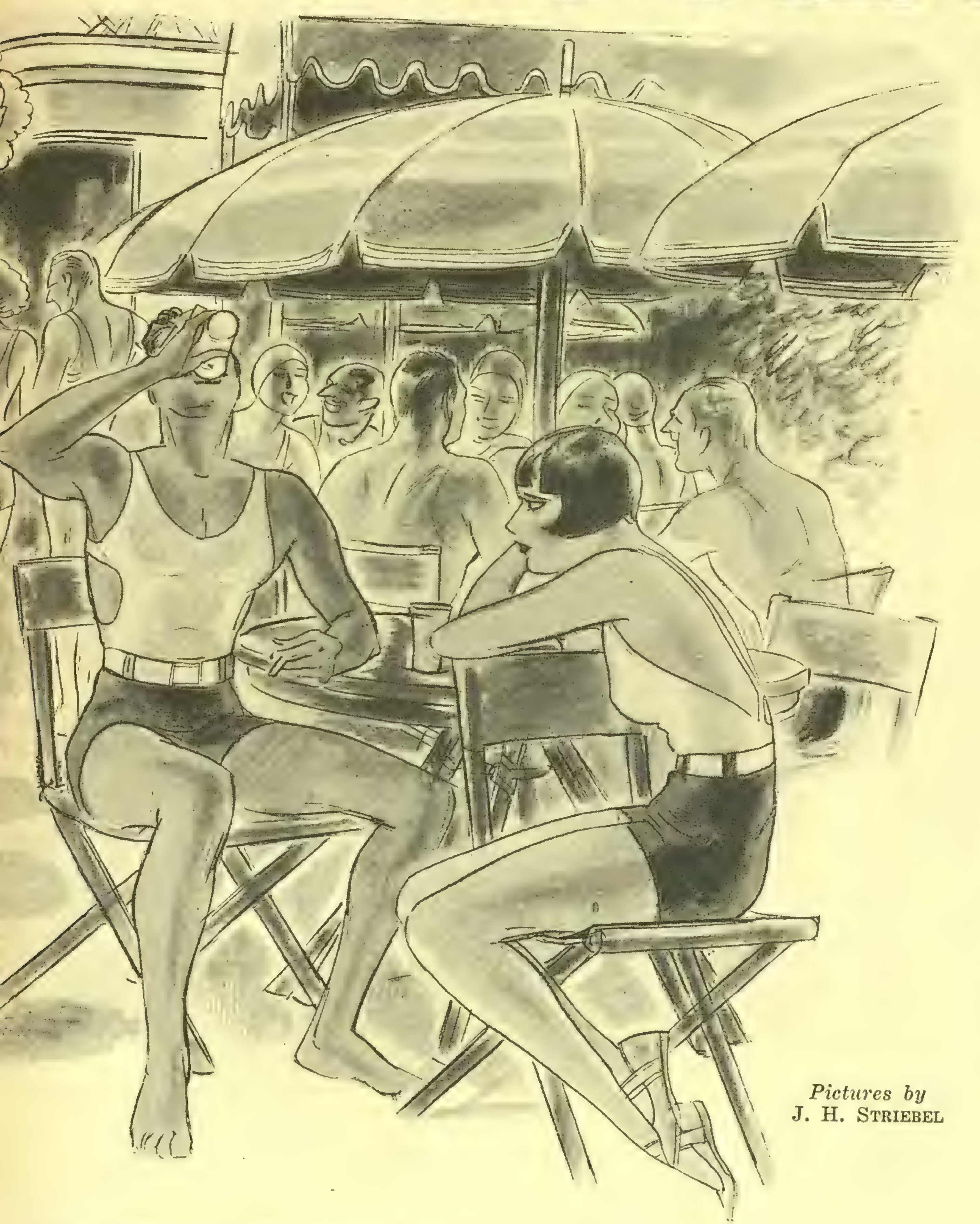
FIRE BALLOONS IN DEAUVILLE SKY

Fire balloons floated slowly over Deauville on Sunday evening, when the sky was ablaze with rockets, fire stars, and golden rain.

It was a fitting climax to a glorious day.

Powerful searchlights displayed to the night the beauties of the casino gardens, the multitude of flowers glowing richly in the brilliant light.

in SOCIETY



Pictures by
J. H. STRIEBEL

DIXIE: My God, I can hear that.

TEDDY: Oh, there goes le Mégot. Let's ask her over.

DIXIE: Don't you see enough of her when I'm not along?

TEDDY: Don't be like that.

DIXIE: Don't *you* be like that.

" Deauville, plage d'amour,
Deauville, divin séjour"...

DIXIE: It made me sick to my stomach to see them shooting those live pigeons today. They hadn't a Chinaman's chance.

TEDDY: Everything makes you sick to your stomach these days.

DIXIE: That's kidding on the square, too.

TEDDY: Who's kidding? Oh, hello there!

LE MÉGOT *(brushing by, softly): Ca va, mon chouchou?*

DIXIE: What's that?

TEDDY: What's what?

DIXIE: What she just said as she went by. Shoo-shoo.

TEDDY: How do I know?

DIXIE: Why don't you ask her sometime?

TEDDY: Lay off me.

DIXIE: You better lay off her. Her partner will put a knife between your ribs some day.

TEDDY: That would please you.

DIXIE: Immensely.

" Deauville, Deauville,
Plage de luxe et de beauté,
Plage de fleurs " . . .

Chez Brummell—Billy Arnold's Orchestra (singing):

" Deauville, Deauville,
Plage de luxe et de beauté,
Plage de fleurs " . . .

DIXIE: How much did you lose tonight?

TEDDY: I don't know. What does it matter, anyway?

DIXIE: You haven't a chance against a gambler like Zographos. You get too excited. What a cool oyster he is.

TEDDY: I'll get it back tomorrow night.

" Deauville, Deauville,
Sur ta rive enchantée on croit au bonheur " . . .

DIXIE: What are they singing about?

TEDDY: Deauville.

DEAUVILLE GRAND PRIX PAGEANTRY

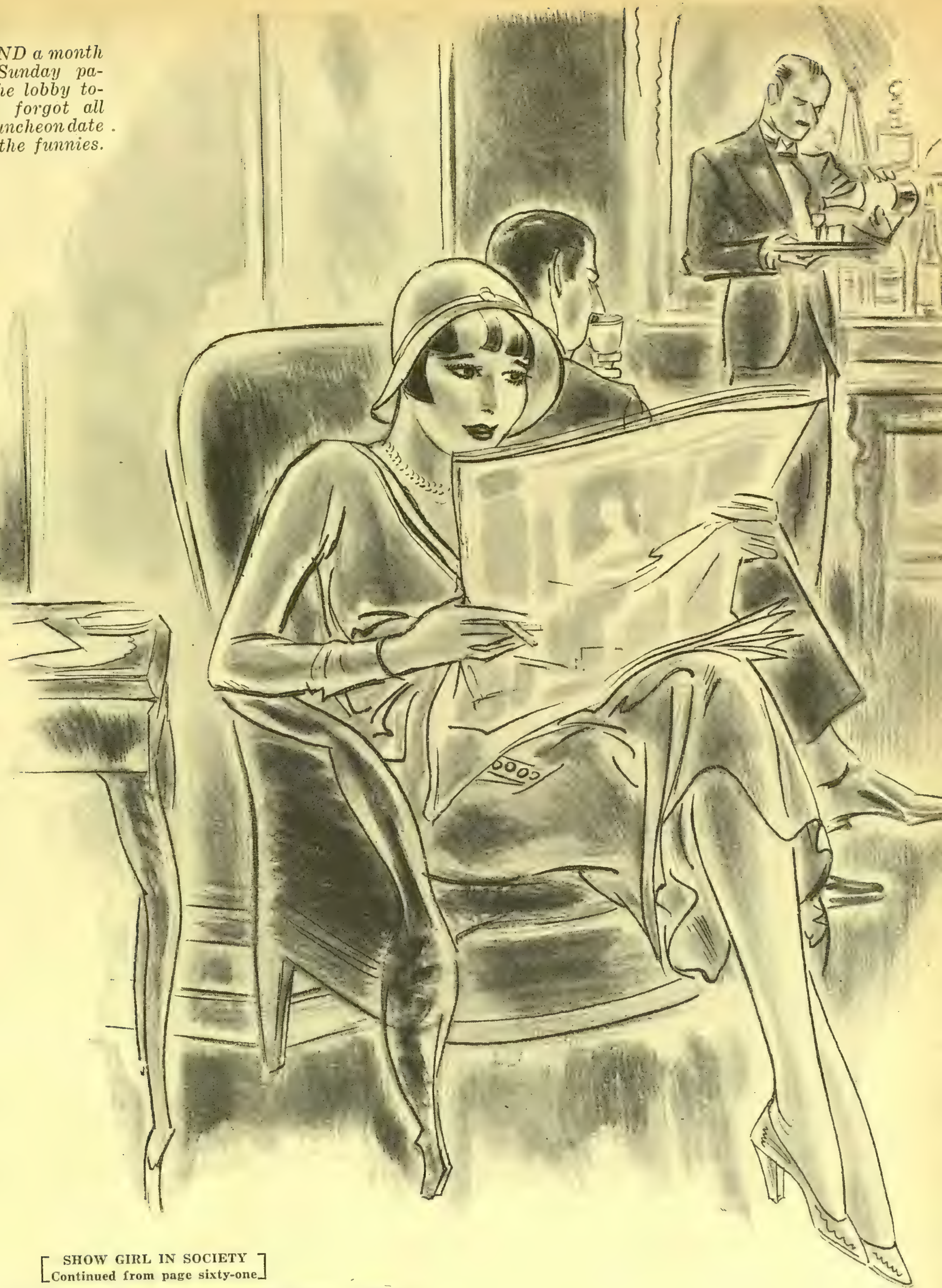
Rieur (93 to 2 against)	1
Motrico (20-1)	2
Le Châtelet (8-1)	3
L'Abbesse de Menin (60-1)	4

The Grand Prix de Deauville and 560,000 francs were won today by M. Georges Wildenstein, with his forty-one-to-one outsider, Rieur. The Grand Prix marks the end of the Grande Semaine, and the scene on the famous and pretty race course was a fitting climax.

It was a great scene, the stands seething with animation; the most famous names in France, America, and Britain chatting, and all equally excited; the gay silks of the jockeys; the beautifully garbed women moving across the lawns; and from the stands could be seen the great yachts in the new basin, with thousands of flags and pen-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

I FOUND a month old Sunday paper in the lobby today and forgot all about a luncheon date reading the funnies.



SHOW GIRL IN SOCIETY
Continued from page sixty-one

nants flying from their masts in honor of the day. It was an immense garden party.

Hotel George V,
Paris.

NITA, OLD SOCKS!

In Paris again, believe it or not. After one mad week in Deauville: a movie director's dream of black princes and white shoulders and red tennis courts and pink geraniums against a blue sea. Teddy wouldn't leave the Bar du Soleil where you can dive from under a striped umbrella into the ocean and back to your cocktail without losing a drop. That is, if you can get through the Maharajahs, African diamond merchants, American brokers, and the *cocottes de luxe,* each a Baroness, no less, to hear her tell it.

Says Teddy, pushing me on the train, why should I leave here to look at a lot of skinny mannequins with clothes on? Get over your fittings or whatever you call it, and I'll come back to Paris and take you to Biarritz.

O. K. says I, only on the condition that you stay away from the baccarat.

So here am I and tonight I'm going to L'Escargot with Toohey, the Variety mug, and taste my first snails—fooey!

How are those dear Etats Unis? I found a month old Sunday paper in the lobby today and forgot all about a luncheon date at Armonville in the Bois reading the funnies and what's even funnier the society news from poor old Newport where it seems my dear mother-in-law, Mrs. W. K., is doing herself proud these days giving stuffy parties for Teddy's deb sister Serena, who will be brought out in November and I'll have to be there, worse luck.

Teddy's father, it seems, is in London doing something about a new British oil company. I wish he'd come over to Paris and visit us. He's a swell guy, Nita, simple as an old shoe, for all his millions. I'm crazy about him, and he likes me too.

Nita, I don't know what to think. Maybe I'm just imagining things, but you remember I wrote to you just before I went to Deauville and said I was feeling funny. Well, it isn't so funny any more, and I don't know what to do.

I haven't said anything to Teddy—there'd be no sense in that anyway unless I was sure. Maybe I ought to go to a doctor and find out.

I'm going to ask Toohey tonight how I can go about finding a good American doctor, although I suppose a French doctor could tell you just as well if you're going to have a baby or not. But they have such funny whiskers—French doctors, I mean, not French babies. Maybe it's twins—God's teeth!

But wouldn't Teddy jump clear out of the ocean if he got a wire from me tomorrow saying you're going to be a father, poor boy.

Telephone! Toohey downstairs, my guess, and I'm only half dressed.

S'long, DIXIE.

RADIOTELEGRAMME

DEAUVILLE

WEBBPAT
NEW YORK

IMPERATIVE YOU COMMUNICATE WITH MY FATHER IMMEDIATELY STOP IN TERRIBLE TROUBLE HERE WITH FRENCH AUTHORITIES AS RESULT OF SUICIDE OF MARCEL A DANCER WHO LEFT LETTER TO POLICE CLAIMING MY INTIMACY WITH HIS PARTNER LE MEGOT CAUSE OF HIS DEATH STOP AM INNOCENT BUT BEING HELD HERE PENDING INVESTIGATION CABLE ANSWER HOTEL NORMANDY

PAGE

NEW YORK

AGE
OTEL NORMANDY
EAUVILLE
RANCE

ON RECEIPT YOUR CABLE LOCATED OUR FATHER IN LONDON AND TELEHONED HIM STOP HE IS FLYING TO EAUVILLE IMMEDIATELY KEEP ADISED

WEBBPAT

TELEGRAMME

PARIS

TEDDY PAGE
HOTEL NORMANDY
DEAUVILLE

JUST CAME FROM SEEING DOCTOR AT AMERICAN HOSPITAL AND HE SAYS CONGRATULATIONS LITTLE GIRL YOU ARE GOING TO BE A MOTHER STOP ARE YOU HAPPY TEDDY DARLING

DIXIE

NEW YORK

W K PAGE
NORMANDY HOTEL
DEAUVILLE
FRANCE

HAPPY TO INFORM YOU WE HAVE MADE ALL RESERVATIONS ACCORDING TO INSTRUCTIONS FROM YOUR OFFICE HERE FOR ILE DE FRANCE SAILING LE HAVRE SATURDAY STOP VILLAR PURSER WILL SUPPRESS NAMES OF YOUR PARTY FROM PASSENGER LIST AND FROM SHIP CABLES OF PORT ARRIVALS AND TAKE EVERY CARE OF YOU KINDEST REGARDS

TILLIER
FRENCH LINE

(From The Tatler)

Many a night-club owner in the Febrile Fifties is rubbing his hands with glee over the news that Playboy Teddy Page is back in town from Europe.

He might be across the water yet if it hadn't been for the potent ministrations of his father, who got him out of the Deauville police clutches and smuggled him and his show-girl bride, Dixie Dugan, back on the Ile de France under assumed names.

THE MEMOIRS OF PATRICIA PAGE

By

Patricia Page

(To Be Opened Fifty Years After Her Decease)

CHAPTER FOUR

I am sure the interested readers who will pour over these memoirs fifty years from hence will be startled at the lack of interest in life by one so young as I, specially since apparently I seem to have everything to live for and am blessed with the advantages of wealth and social position.

But the more discerning of these readers will see at a glance that when one's first young love is blighted then what price the world and its pleasures, especially when most of these pleasures are denyed one because you are still considered a child although you have twice the brains of your sister who just because she is a couple of years older and is coming out gets all the cake while you must be content with the crumbs that fall from the table like Lazarus of old.

I had every intention of not going on with these Memoirs and letting them fall by the wayside but now that I am back in school again thanks to pressure from my family because the school wasn't so keen to have me after my escapade where I escaped from

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

FLAMING RED SUNBURN

There is no need to put up with this torture when you can get speedy and blessed relief by applying a film of MENTHOLATUM. It is cooling and soothing.

In Jars and Tubes . . 30c
Three times as much in
Large Jars 60c

MENTHOLATUM
SOOTHES AFTER SHAVING

TRIAL OFFER

Mail Valuable Coupon

Dept. L F, Mentholatum Company, Wichita, Kansas
Please send me TRIAL TUBE of MENTHOLATUM.
Enclosed is 4c to cover mailing cost.

Name

Address

LAW STUDY AT HOME

Become a lawyer. Legally trained men win high positions and big success in business and public life. Be independent. Greater opportunities now than ever before. Big corporations are headed by men with legal training. Earn **$5,000 to $10,000 annually.** We guide you step by step. You can train at home during spare time. Degree of LL. B. conferred. LaSalle students found among practicing attorneys of every state. We furnish all text material, including fourteen-volume Law Library. Low cost, easy terms. Get our valuable 64-page "Law Guide" and "Evidence" books FREE. Send for them NOW.
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The World's Largest Business Training Institution

EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make $15 to $50 weekly in spare or full time at home coloring photographs. No experience needed. No canvassing. We instruct you by our new simple Photo-Color process and supply you with work. Write for particulars and Free Book to-day.
The IRVING-VANCE COMPANY Ltd.
142 Hart Building, Toronto, Can.

Boys! what a load of Prizes you can win this SUMMER

FREE swimmin' suits, baseball equipment (including the dandiest bats, balls, gloves and uniforms you've ever laid your eyes on), tennis rackets—and well—we could go on and on and on just *talking* about such prizes. But the three fellows pictured here, and more than 50,000 other fellows in the United States and Canada are doing more than just *talking* about them. They're *getting* them! And when they return to school in the fall, they'll have lots more than a good tan to show for a summer well spent.

James Simpson (Pa.)

Raymond Donahoe (Tenn.)

The same opportunity these fellows have for earning peachy prizes (and plenty of money besides) is being offered to you. It's easy. Takes just a bit of your spare time. And the rewards are great!

Mail the coupon below—and we'll tell you how to make this summer the happiest, *best rewarded* summer ever!

Fred Long (Ala.)

Mail Now!

Liberty Magazine, *Boy Sales Division,* L-7-25-31
Macfadden Publications, Inc.,
1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Please tell me how to join your organization of boy salesmen and make money.

NAME........................AGE..........
ADDRESS.......................................
CITY........................STATE........
Have one of your parents show approval by signing here.
....

SHOW GIRL IN SOCIETY
Continued from page sixty-three

tirany and started off for Hollywood there to win fame and fortune but paused in Chicago long enough to meet my fate. Ah, Dimi, Dimi! When will these straining eyes see your beloved form again?

So here I am once more interested in literary matters and determined to put down a faithful record of my Memoirs so that many years from now these poor words of mine will faithfully mirror the morals and manners of my epoch.

First I will pass over lightly the usual summer anticks of my family in Newport where mother gave a lot of stupid parties for sister Serena leaving me out in the cold as usual.

NOTHING too good for her—but for me—only rags and ashes. So we will dismiss the summer as of no importance and Newport too which is a place where nothing much happens except the people eat off each other all summer and pass on to the present which is one continual uproar around the place. Pins everywhere you sit and pieces of this and snips of that and lists and fittings and piles of engraved invitations and secrateries addressing envelopes in a neat but not classy hand writing and telephones ringing all the time all over the place and Serena dashing off to the Junior League for lectures and field trips for provisional members as if a dumbell like Serena could ever make the grade and mother saying get out of here and go to your room.

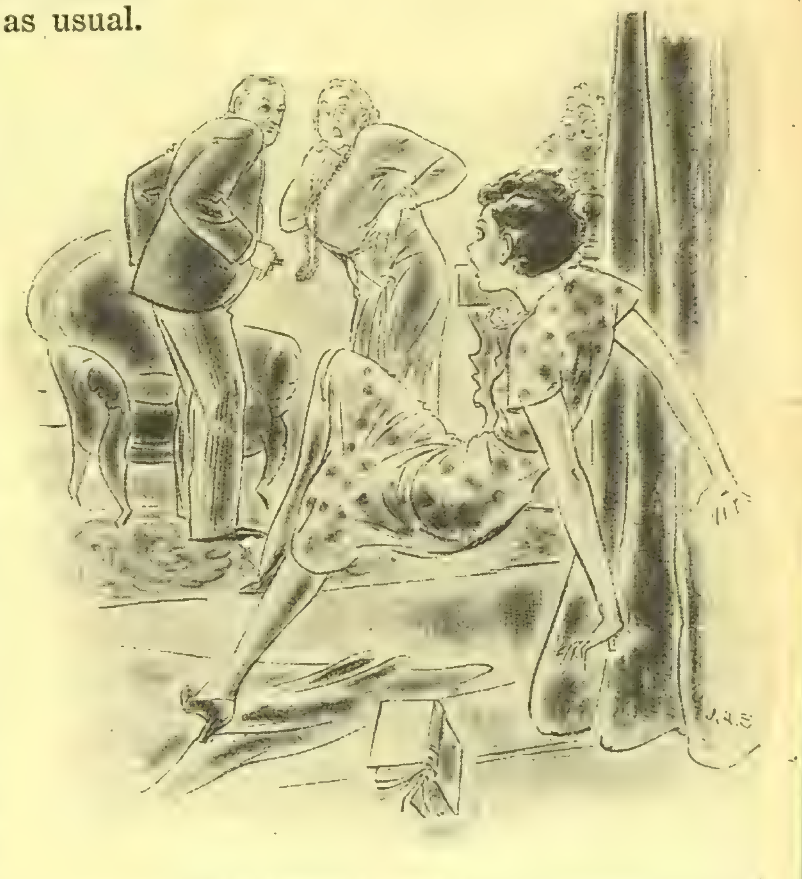
Why you'd think I was a leper just because I tried on a few of Serena's dresses and if I do say so they looked better then than they'll ever look again.

She could learn a lot about human desensy and the simple art of being just a regular person from Dixie my sister in law who is back from Paris with the spiffiest bunch of clothes you ever saw all of which she lets me try on and parade around the house in to my heart's content.

Maybe I'll fall heir to some of these swell models even though Dixie hasn't said anything to me about it but I overheard mother and father discussing it when they thought I wasn't around but they promptly shut up and changed the subject when I hove into site because I'm still supposed to be an infant and believe in storks I presume or cabbages like that French song I used to learn in the nursery, which I call pretty hard luck getting a lot of lovely clothes from Vionnet and places like that and then find you can't wear them because you're going to have a baby with the possible exception of Reboux hats which look simply ducky on me when I push my hair back making me look at least 18 years old if not older.

And don't I wish I was (were?).

The house seems to be full of secrets these days which I can get only snatches of by appearing unexpectedly where I'm not wanted so I still don't know just how father got Teddy out of that scrape in Deauville where somebody comited suicide just because he was jealous of Teddy which would puzzle an older head than mine but he did and I suppose father bought off the French government which he has enough money to do because money is power as Dimi used to say.



The house seems full of secrets which I can get only snatches of by appearing unexpectedly.

Dear, Dear Dimi—where are you now? I see your somber black eyes and your pale studious face rise before me in stern accusation like Banquo's ghost which we are having in school these days worse luck.

Are you still toiling secretly and with dire determination to overthrow the capitalistical system of which I alas am a useless member but lucky for me you don't know it?

Will these tear dimed eyes ever feast themselves on your beloved face once more? I fear not, alas, and so ending on this despairing note I close the fourth chapter of my Memoirs.

Hotel Scribe,
Paris.

DIXIE DARLING,

Everything over here pretty much as you left it. Paris still buzzing over Marcel's suicide. You and Teddy pretty lucky to get out of the mess so easily.

Ran into Jimmy the other night. He told me about meeting you down at Juan-les-Pins. Had just come back from Biarritz and is still gathering material for his society movie for Colossal, your old outfit.

Wanted to know if I would ask you to get together some authentic inside dope on débutantes and what it costs to bring them out and how it's done, etc. and I told him it just happened there'd be one coming out in your family this fall and you'd be in a good spot to tell him all about it.

Do you want to send it to me over here or to him direct care of New York office Colossal Films?

I had to get away in such a hurry to cover the collections over here while they were still fresh I didn't have a chance to talk to you as much as I wanted. Of course the family's thrilled about you going to have a baby. Now as to helping you to get your layette over here. It seems that's a foolish extravagance. There's a ninety per cent duty on handwork and you can get practically the same thing for much less in New York at Kargere or Grande Maison de Blanc, etc., which specialize in that sort of thing.

Write me care of the Chase Bank if there's anything else you want.

Love, NITA.

New York City.

NITA DARLING,

You should see me in my new rôle of young society matron. I always associated that word with a generous waistline. Reminds me of that song Careless Love.

Where am I? Just now I'm in a new six room duplex on Park Avenue which the family has furnished for Teddy and me and the baby makes three. I'm sitting very pretty with the family these days. The old girl isn't so happy that I'm going to make her a grandmother but old W. K. is very pleased and is going to settle a lot of money on the little stranger which will probably ruin him twenty years from now just the way his father was spoiled. Nobody ever learns.

Meanwhile I'm in a welter of new glassware, new linen, initials, and servants and Teddy's mother who keeps coming up and rearranging the furniture and Teddy staggering home around four o'clock all tired out from a big day down on the Street.

It seems he is a customer's man whatever that is. Something to do with digging up new accounts for one of the brokers who handles a lot of his father's business. Everyone is very thrilled over Teddy actually being at work. The family can hardly believe it. Teddy seems in a daze himself especially after we've been out on a late party and he has to be dragged out of bed in order to be at his office by nine-thirty. But I haven't much time to console him 'cause I have not only my own house to put in order which is lots of fun but I'm helping with teas for Serena who is coming out this month—that's going to be a real riot.

Ever since we came home it's been one shindig after another, beginning with a party at Teddy's mother's place for the polo players out at Westbury last September. And what a party that was!

It was held one night on the grounds of the Page estate, an orchestra behind every tree and a tub of champagne in every bush and Teddy suggested pepping it up for the polo boys and the other guests by getting the Vanities troupe out there to do the fan dance number the way they did it in the show before the police objected. It seems the darlings wear nothing but the fans which they wave in an absent-minded manner so Mrs. W. K. hired the whole troupe to come out after the show and at the very height of the festivities they danced out on the lawn in their birthday clothes and waved their fans.

From that point on the party got completely out of control—so much so that Mrs. Page hunted up the manager of the troupe and begged him frantically to take the girls away.

He said he was sorry but he couldn't. And she says why not I'd like to know. And he says because the guests won't let them go. And that was only one incident of the party which seemed to scatter over a good part of Long Island until it finally wound up around eight o'clock in the morning.

The Tuxedo Autumn Ball was very tame in comparison, but very utterly ut and hoity-toity and of course Serena being a new deb she had to make her appearance at this or she simply wouldn't count.

The next big spree was the opening of the opera which really starts the season and gave me a chance to knock the other young matrons for loops with my new outfit from Paris.

WELL, I'd better wear the darling things while I can still get into them. Isn't that just my luck the first time I had a real wardrobe!

The Horse Show gave us another excuse to have flocks of dinners, before, during and after. It was loads of fun. What else is there to report? I can't think of anything except to answer Jimmy's query about débutantes. As I told you before Teddy's family is bringing their daughter Serena out this month, just before Thanksgiving and since I'm right in the middle of the campaign I'm in a good spot to gather all the data Jimmy could ever hope for.

Suppose I wait until after the big ball which is only a couple of weeks away and then I can either send you the whole thing or jot it all down and ship it direct to Jimmy.

Judging from the elaborate preparations it looks like something for Cecil de Mille. Joseph Urban who does the Ziegfeld scenery is going to redecorate the Crystal Room of the Ritz. The ceiling will be covered with orchids, the walls and stairways lined with silver trees on which individual rosebuds—real ones—will be fastened, and 3000 engraved invitations are going out for the ball and supper to follow.

You should have what it'll cost to wet down this mob with champagne.

DIXIE.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Stop Itching Skin

Don't worry longer with Itching skin Dandruff, Rashes, Blemishes, Pimples and other annoying skin irritations. Get a bottle of cooling, healing, antiseptic Zemo—the safe, dependable way to relieve itching torture. Convenient to use any time—does not show. All druggists, 35c, 60c, $1.00.

zemo
FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

Help Wanted

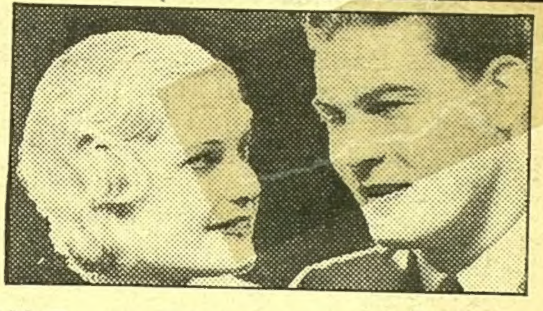
Due to expanding our business, we require the services of ambitious persons for local work in many new sections. The work is pleasant and dignified. Pay is good.

No investment—no previous experience required. All that is necessary is a willingness on your part to carry out our instructions, make calls on customers and handle their orders. If you are now employed, we can use your spare time in a way that will not interfere with your present employment—yet pay you well for whatever time you work.

If you are making less than $150 a month, my offer will appeal to you. Your spare time will pay you well—full time will bring you a good income.

Costs nothing to investigate, and the opportunity is a good one. Quick action is necessary as we expect to receive many applications. Write me today giving name, address, age and length of time in your locality. If your territory is open I will send full particulars by return mail and place all the facts before you.

ALBERT MILLS, Employment Mgr.,
7741 Monmouth Ave. Cincinnati, Ohio



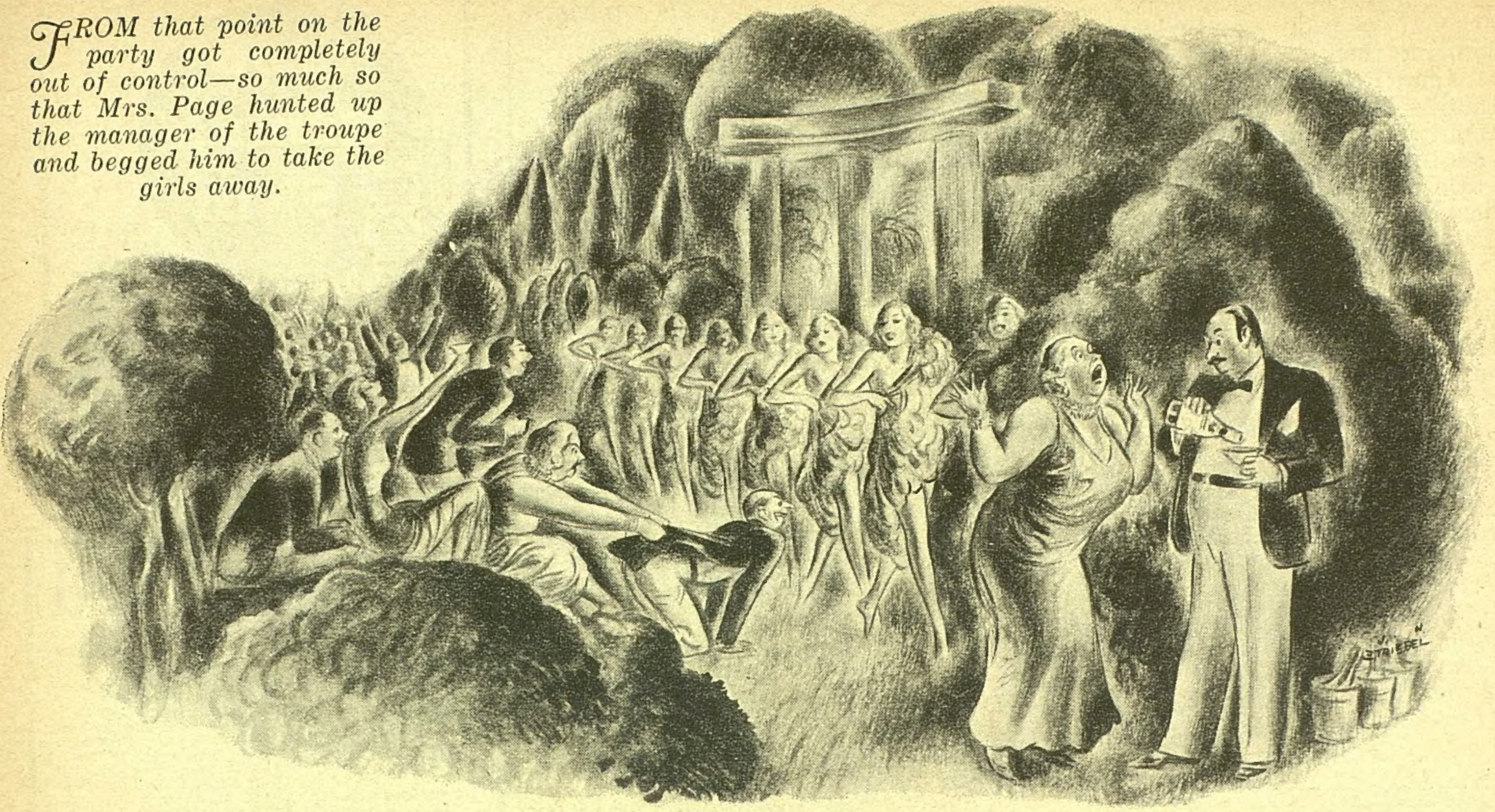
"Her Blonde Hair won me!"

ROMANCE always comes to blondes who keep their hair golden. And it's so easy with Blondex. This special shampoo not only prevents darkening—but safely restores natural golden color to dull, faded light hair. Not a dye. No harmful chemicals. Fine for scalp. Used and recommended by scores of famous blonde movie stars. At all leading drug and department stores.

ASTHMA
RMB Rx
Why suffer longer? R. M. B. Prescription has cleared up the most stubborn cases of ASTHMA, HAYFEVER, BRONCHITIS, almost immediately. Thousands now ENJOY NEW FREEDOM. Free information sent you gladly.
R. M. B. LABORATORIES, INC.
565 Alaska Bldg. Seattle, Wash.

WHOOPING COUGH
Get Roche's, world's leading remedy, at drug store. Rub on chest.
E. Fougera & Co., N.Y.
MILLIONS SOLD AT $1.90 IT MUST BE GOOD
Also for Croup, Bronchitis, colds. Economical because safe, sure. Breaks congestion quick.
ROCHE'S ENGLISH EMBROCATION

FROM that point on the party got completely out of control—so much so that Mrs. Page hunted up the manager of the troupe and begged him to take the girls away.



SHOW GIRL IN SOCIETY
Continued from page sixty-five

JUNIOR LEAGUE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, INC.
221 East 71st Street, New York City

Miss Serena Page,
1053 Fifth Avenue,
New York City.

DEAR MISS PAGE:

Inclosed you will find an abridged summary of the current work for provisional members showing the time and place of the next two field trips.

Please note the girls leave the Junior League promptly at ten o'clock sharp, so it would be well to get here about nine-thirty.

As you know, original papers are to be written by the provisionals on each field trip.

They will not be graded unless they are turned in on the days due.

Sincerely, MARGARET SPARROW.

BEHIND CITY SKYSCRAPERS

An Introductory Survey of Social Work Offered by the Provisional Members Committee of the New York Junior League.

(The satisfactory completion of the course is necessary to qualify for membership in the Junior League. Any girl failing to pass the course will be dropped from provisional membership next October.)

Tuesday, 10:00 A. M. Trip to an Industrial Plant. (The National Biscuit Co.)

Thursday, 10:00 A. M. Trip to the House of Refuge Reformatory. The Committee will leave the Junior League promptly at ten o'clock.

C	R	A	M	P		G	R	A	S	S		B	R	A	S	S
R	E	G	A	L		R	E	M	I	T		R	A	B	A	T
O	V	A	T	E		A	L	A	T	E		I	M	A	G	E
S	E	T	■	W	A	D	E	■	T	E	R	M	■	S	E	E
S	L	E	D	■	G	E	N	T	I	L	E	■	R	E	S	P
			O	R	E	■	T	O	N	■	T	O	O			
A	R	E	N	A	■	L	E	D	G	E	■	R	O	A	S	T
D	E	M	E	N	T	E	D	■	S	T	R	A	D	D	L	E
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E	L	D	E	R	■	R	I	T	E	S	■	O	A	S	T	S
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S	C	A	R	■	O	P	P	R	E	S	S	■	E	L	A	N
H	A	M	■	M	A	R	E	■	G	I	M	P	■	A	N	A
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P	L	E	A	T		M	E	D	E	S		T	I	N	T	S

Answer to the puzzle on page 48

A	U	G	E	A	N	■	B	A	R	I	C	■	S	P	A
S	T	O	R	M	■	F	I	R	E	S	■	P	E	A	R
S	E	R	E	■	V	A	P	I	D	■	P	L	A	Y	A
■	S	E	C	R	E	T	E	D	■	T	E	A	S	E	D
T	■	S	T	O	R	E	D	■	U	S	E	S	■	R	O
A	N	■	S	A	G	S	■	S	P	A	R	T	A	■	S
R	O	B	■	M	E	■	A	T	■	R	E	E	V	E	■
E	R	O	S	■	R	O	L	E	S	■	D	R	I	E	S
S	I	N	A	I	■	M	O	R	O	S	■	S	A	L	E
■	A	D	I	T	S	■	E	N	■	A	A	■	N	E	T
P	■	S	L	A	N	T	S	■	S	I	L	T	■	R	E
O	R	■	O	L	I	O	■	B	I	N	A	R	Y	■	E
L	A	R	R	U	P	■	P	A	N	T	R	I	E	S	■
I	D	O	L	S	■	R	O	B	E	S	■	B	A	L	E
T	I	D	Y	■	B	A	R	E	S	■	H	E	R	O	N
E	O	S	■	M	E	T	E	S	■	P	A	S	S	E	D

Answer to the puzzle on page 49

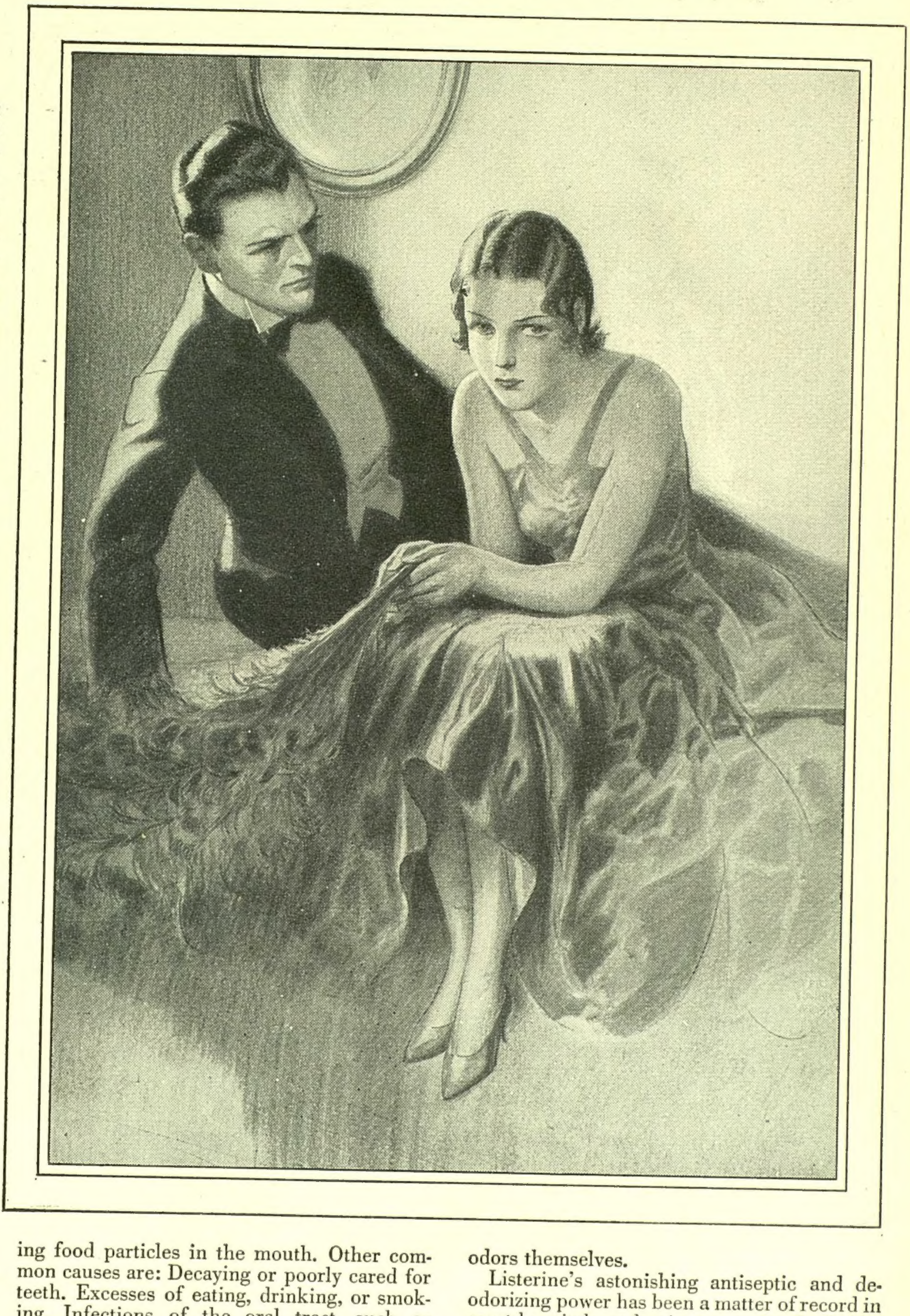
GRANDE MAISON DE BLANC, INC.
The Trousseau House of America
New York *Palm Beach* *Paris*

Mrs. Theodore Page
895 Park Avenue,
New York City

18	Plain slips and 18 dresses @ 7.50	$270.00
18	Embroidered and lace-trimmed @ 38.00	684.00
2	Christening robes @ 300.00	600.00
24	Long white skirts @ 16.50	396.00
2	Christening skirts @ 75.00	150.00
24	Flannel skirts @ 9.50	228.00
24	Silk and wool shirts @ 1.50	36.00
24	Plain flannel binders @ .65	15.60
1	Christening coat	150.00
10	Silk bonnets @ 22.50	225.00
12	Lingerie bonnets @ 26.50	318.00
9	Crêpe de Chine wrappers @ 21.50	193.50
6	Cashmere silk-lined wrappers @ 17.50	105.00
18	Crêpe de Chine short sacques @ 12.50	225.00
20	Baby sweaters @ 5.75	115.00
12	Crêpe de Chine wrappers padded @ 22.50	270.00
12	Crêpe de Chine afghans to match @ 22.50	270.00
4	Crêpe de Chine carriage covers @ 110.00	440.00
4	Pillow covers to match @ 42.50	170.00
10	Lingerie covers for bassinet @ 58.50	585.00
24	Lingerie pillow slips @ 28.50	684.00
24	Plain hand hemstitched sheets @ 2.00	48.00
12	Embroidered and lace-trimmed bassinet blankets @ 12.50	150.00
18	Wrapping blankets @ 16.50 pair	148.50
18	Knitted afghans @ 10.50	189.00
12	Lace-trimmed @ 20.00	240.00
9	dozen diapers 18 x 36 @ 2.00 per dozen	18.00
9	dozen diapers 22 x 44 @ 3.00 per dozen	27.00
36	Crib pads 17 x 18 @ .35	12.60
36	Crib pads 27 x 40 @ .95	34.20
18	Rubber sheets @ 1.65	29.70
18	Arnold knit nightgowns @ 1.10	19.80
12	Arnold bath aprons @ 3.00	36.00
	Total	$7,082.90

Next week the spotlight shifts from Dixie, and her expensive preparations for welcoming the stork, to Patricia and her Dimi. You'll chuckle as you watch Dimi's hatred of the "capitalistical system" vent itself in a startling way.

She couldn't BRING HERSELF TO TELL HIM



She knew it was coming. She knew it the moment he suggested they sit out the dance. There was a suggestion of tenseness about him. A determined look in his eye.

It seemed strange that he was a man now; with a man's seriousness. She remembered how, as early as grammar school days, he wore an air of perpetual joviality. Even when he played quarter for Central High School and was floored by bone-breaking tackles, he always came up with a laughing manner, suggesting that the matter was a grand joke. He carried that manner through his football days at Michigan. But now there was no trace of it.

"I can't stand it any longer, Wilma," he blurted out, "the way you've been treating me the last few months . . ."

"What do you mean—the way I've been treating you?"

"You know—avoiding me...breaking engagements. It has just about floored me, and Wilma, you know I'm crazy about you. Have been for ten years. I can't go on this way any longer. Why don't you marry me... put me out of my misery?"

He rushed into an excited exposition of how happy they could be together. When it was over she slowly shook her head.

"Don't you care for me?" he begged.

"You know I do, Ross Temple."

Down in her heart she knew that she was fonder of him than any man she had ever met. And yet . . .

"Then why?" he demanded fiercely. "Do you think I'll make a fool of myself with father's money?"

She shook her head. "You might have done that once—but not now. You're no simpleton, Ross."

She really admired him for the success he had made by his own efforts. She could count on the fingers of one hand, the men in town who were earning what he earned.

He leaned toward her, almost pathetically. "Is there someone else? Is that fellow in New York . . .?"

"Don't be ridiculous!"

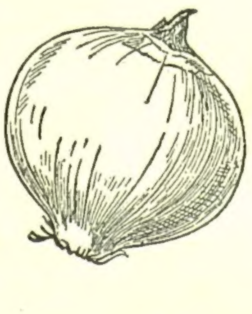
He turned on her again as if he would shake her. "Then *why?* Give me some reason. Don't sit there shaking your head. What's wrong? What have I done? I can stand the truth."

She wanted to tell him. *It was only fair that he should know.* She wanted to say to him—"Go and rid yourself of the barrier that so recently has risen between us, then come back to me." She even wanted to name that barrier, but she couldn't bring herself to do it. No woman could.

* * *

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the one unforgivable social fault.

The insidious thing about it is that you yourself never know when you have it. And even your best friend won't tell you. It is a matter that can't be talked about.



Are you sure about yourself?

Few escape halitosis entirely, because every day in normal mouths, conditions that cause unpleasant breath may arise or are present.

Its commonest cause is fermenting food particles in the mouth. Other common causes are: Decaying or poorly cared for teeth. Excesses of eating, drinking, or smoking. Infections of the oral tract, such as catarrh, colds, trench mouth, and pyorrhea.

The one way to put your breath beyond suspicion is to rinse the mouth with full strength Listerine. Every morning. Every night. And between times before meeting others.

Why Listerine deodorizes

Because of its amazing germicidal power, Listerine halts fermentation and checks infection, both a major cause of odors. Then it destroys the odors themselves.

Listerine's astonishing antiseptic and deodorizing power has been a matter of record in great hospitals and private practice for half a century. There is no scientific evidence that any antiseptic possesses greater deodorant power than Listerine.

Even the onion yields

You know yourself that there are few more arrogant odors than onion and fish. Yet Listerine makes short work of them. Try it yourself some time. Rub a little onion or fish on your hand. Then apply Listerine and see how quickly such odors disappear. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

-and even the ONION yields to it!

Consider your Adam's Apple!!*

Don't Rasp Your Throat With Harsh Irritants

LUCKIES are always kind to your throat

"Reach for a LUCKY instead"

What effect have harsh irritants present in all raw tobaccos upon the throat? A famous authority, retained by us to study throat irritation says:

> *"The tissues above and below the vocal chords and the vocal chords themselves may become acutely or chronically congested as a result of the inhalation of irritating fumes in the case of chemists for example."*

LUCKY STRIKE'S exclusive "TOASTING" Process expels certain harsh irritants present in all raw tobaccos. We sell these expelled irritants to manufacturers of chemical compounds. They are not present in your LUCKY STRIKE. So Consider your Adam's Apple—that is your larynx—your voice box—it contains your vocal chords. Don't rasp your throat with harsh irritants. Be careful in your choice of cigarettes. Reach for a LUCKY instead.

Hazel Bofinger

NEW YORK, N. Y.

LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
TWENTY

© 1931, The A. T. Co., Mfrs.

"It's toasted"

Including the use of Ultra Violet Rays

Sunshine Mellows—Heat Purifies

Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough

TUNE IN—The Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening over N. B. C. networks.